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ŒDIPUS AT COLONOS

FROM THE CHORAL PIECE OF SOPHOCLES.

Thou hast come to the land of the steed!
Oh stranger—to homes of the blest!
To the clime that is fairest indeed;
To Colonos, the silvery drest!
Where the voice of the nightingale ever
Is heard in the green-growing vale;
Where she dwells with the ivy, that never
Hath moved its dark leaves to the gale;
Where the sun never shone thro' the groves of the God;
Where the fruits of the trees over-teem;
Where never the foot of the traveller trod,
Nor star shot a wandering beam;
Where Bacchus still roves through the blissful abode,
And woos the young nymphs by the stream.

Thou hast come where the Narcis, each day,
With its clusters, doth burst into bloom;
Where the dew-drops bespangle the ray
Of the crocus, all gold, and perfume:
Where flowerets their colors display,
That crowned the fair goddess of old;
Where the fountains unceasingly play,
That down to Cephissus are rolled.
Thou hast come to the clime where the muse
Never spurned, with her chorus, to dance;
Where ever the mother of beauty doth choose
To kindle young love by her glance;
To the clime of bright stars and sweet dews,
To the land of the spear and the lance!

Thou hast come where there groweth a tree,
Unplanted, and darkly up-sprung!
None such by the Dorian sea,
Or the land of the east, hath been sung;
'Tis the fear of our foes,—and shall be
Forever the nurse of our young!

'Tis the azure-leaved fountain of oil,
Aye watched by the Morian Jove;
'Tis the olive—that none shall despoil
Of the blue-eyed Athené above!
Yet more may we sing of our soil,
Of the motherly land that we love!

Our land is the queen of the sea!
Our land is the land of the steed!
And such 'tis our glory to be,—
To the god who gave all, be the meed!
Posidon, thine own be the praise,
For the boast of our song, and our lyre!
He only to heights of such glory could raise
Who curbed the steed's spirit of fire,
And launched the light car o'er the ways
Of the wave-footed Nereids' sire.

Highlands of the Hudson, July, 1839.

VOL. V.—73

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.*

Thirty years ago, it was an easy task, in our country, to make a poetical reputation. A few metrical compositions, thrown together into a thin mis-shapen volume, were quite sufficient to form a halo, or weave a garland, for the brows of any infatuated young person, who, like Gray's 'moping owl,' took solitary satisfaction in complaining to the moon. In those days there was a plentiful lack of 'the vision and the faculty divine;' and when, occasionally, it chanced to shine upon the upturned, wondering eyes of mortals, they almost looked to behold the dispenser of fanciful splendors,

Bestride the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sail upon the bosom of the air.

To the fact we assert, bear witness the names of many who, never having perpetrated verses enough to eke out a volume, were destined to an immortality of preservation in the amber of Mr. Samuel Kettell's 'Specimens of American Poetry.' Were it not for the existence and assistance of that illustrious compendium, we have some doubt whether we should ever have been aware of the brilliant sparkles which those meteors emitted in their time. Even under the supposition that their glories had burst through the obscurity of our researches, we should hardly have deemed them fixed stars in the firmament of fame, had they not so appeared to the telescopic observation of Mr. Kettell.

* We have before us a work entitled "The Ruins of Athens; Titania's Banquet, a mask; and other Poems;" of which we intended to publish a review. But the above article, from the Democratic Review, having fallen under our eye, containing a notice of Mr. Hill's volume, among others, we have concluded to substitute it for the intended review. We do not say that we are prepared to adopt all the opinions of the writer set forth in the above. There will be a difference of opinion, perhaps, among our readers—which will be decided by each individual agreeably to his own taste—as to whether Mr. Bryant is entitled to the topmost seat among our American poets. Of this we are certain, that his *Thanatopsis* and his *Lines to the Evening Wind*, are powerful claims to that high honor. We say *high honor*, for, although, as the reviewer well remarks, "thirty years ago it was an easy task in our country, to make a poetical reputation," and the chief of such poets, *then*, would, perhaps, *now* be harping his measures to the dull waters of Lethe—still, at the present day, he who wins the palm must indeed be one of whose work it can be said, that "from the library of English poets it would be difficult to select a more freshly pleasing volume." There are lyres of glorious tone strung all along on the heights of our Parnassus, and twined with wreaths wet with the dews of Helicon, and he who touches the most cunning chord of all, must use a master-hand and draw out all the sweetest music of his instrument. We are gratified to find that Halleck and Sprague are placed so high in the list. But we ask, where is the name of him who wrote the "Coral Grove?" Where is the name of "Percival?" We do not see it among the number. Surely, when our choicest spirits are mentioned he deserves a place?

We have already inflicted quite an article upon the reader in the form of a note, and we hasten, therefore, to relieve him of our "talk," by urging him to partake of the banquet cullied for him among the rich dainties of the Democratic Review.

[Editor So. Lit. Messenger.]

This gentleman has generously provided us with the names of some hundreds of American poets, and of each one in particular has framed a brief biographical notice, which must be extremely consoling to the friends of the departed. Should this resurrectionist of the dry and crumbling remains of defunct poetasters, philanthropically set himself to digging at this day, he would find a hundred subjects where he found one before, all fitted to adorn his museum of decayed specimens.

We fear that we have fallen into a little metaphorical confusion, in expatiating on the labors of Mr. Kettell; but it cannot be greater than that of his 'poets.' If the appellation of 'poets' were awarded to most of the metre-ballad-mongers, whose twattle has been thus resuscitated, we are right in the asseveration that the bays of poetic renown must, at no very distant period, have been of facile attainment. At present, it is a task of some magnitude, and we assert this in the face of any merely fictitious reputation which some self-deceiving rhymers may fancy that he enjoys. Your mere poetaster now is not distinguished from the herd of common men; no one turns to mark his abstracted air, or the fine phrenzy of his rolling eye; he may write 'till his ink be dry,' and unless he can excel most of the 'specimens,' he must confine his 'wild love of fame' to the perusers of the journal, through which his sentimental slip-slop is drizzled on to the public. And why is this? What has wrought this change in the public estimation of verse-making and verse-makers? We reply, unhesitatingly, the large quantity of excellent poetry, really, intrinsically excellent, which has been published within these last thirty years.

It is by no means our intention to attempt, within the judicious boundaries prescribed to a paper in a Democratic Review, (where many voices may claim audience) an investigation or exposition of all the good verses which have appeared within the specified period of time. Far from it. We propose simply to set down

"A chosen tally of that singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,"

have worthily achieved, and are worthy to bear, the name and fame of 'poets.' Besides these, we shall confine our remarks to the few authors whose books have been published so lately as to authorize their selection as texts to a cursory dissertation on recent American poetry.

We would state fairly in the outset, that we are about to express our own honest opinions, not those of the public; and the reason that we consider these opinions worthy to be expressed is, because they are formed not hastily or with prejudice, but reflectingly and with judgment. We shall not draw rein upon our pen, but let it race freely and merrily over the whole course; thus shall we the more speedily attain the goal, and be watched with more excited gratification by our goodly crowd of spectators. Some of our notions will be found to agree wonderfully well with those entertained by his majesty, the many; while others will differ so entirely, that they will be pronounced queer and paradoxical. We commence our career from one point of general agreement, which is this: Mr. William Cullen Bryant is the best poet in America. As it is quite needless to enter upon the

proof of a fact which is strikingly evident, we shall not undertake to adduce the testimony which is so abundantly afforded by many of his long-published pieces. We have examined this testimony again and again, and always with increased delight. It is rich and copious. From the library of English poets it would be difficult to select a more freshly pleasing volume than Mr. Bryant's. It administers welcome nurture to the contemplative mind. It contains but little to excite the joyous and merry-hearted to louder mirth, but much to soothe and soften the elated spirit into a quietude that more nearly approaches true happiness. 'Thanatopsis' is not so sublime as 'Coleridge's Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni,' but its effect on the imagination of the reader is scarcely less grand. It is not so perfect a production as the 'Elegy in a Country Church Yard,' but its strains Æolian sweep through the mind with a power equally subduing, for it breathes the same 'sad, sweet music of humanity.' Its concluding lines fall upon the ear as if uttered by some warning angel.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Next, scarcely inferior to this, comes the 'Hymn to the Evening Wind.' Either would of itself be enough to stamp its author as a man of high poetical genius. These two, and the 'Song of Marion's Men,' are as common and as popular in the United States as many of the oldest lyrics of the British bards.

Had Mr. Bryant stopped with the volume which comprises, with many others scarcely less admirable, these three fine poems, we should have been equally free to grant him the place which he now holds by general consent; but we should have done so with less lively gratification than we now experience—arising, as it does, from our appreciation of his late pieces, given to the public in the pages of this Review. The pieces to which we allude are not familiar alone to the readers of this journal; their transfer to the columns of nearly every journal from the disputed territory to the seat of the Florida war has made them equally familiar to our countrymen in general. They have been rightfully designated by a Northern critic as 'not only acquisitions to American literature but additions to the English language.' They emanate from the same rich source of genius, which has so abundantly proved that their author is destined to occupy an enduring rank among the authors of the age. There is but one other man in existence who could have created such lines, on such a subject, as those that flow like living streams of beauty from 'The Fountain.' No known living poet but Wordsworth could have originated the glorious thought in four lines, which we shall presently quote. They occur in the magnificent stanzas entitled 'The Battle Field,' printed a year since in this magazine. In reading the whole poem, they did not so break away from the entire chain of melody as to produce the single and startling effect which they afterwards did, upon our

encountering them casually in Mr. Forrest's oration, on our last anniversary of national independence. There is a Shakspearean grandeur in the idea, and a Miltonic dignity in its expression. Read aloud.

"Truth crush'd to earth, will rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

To Mr. Halleck, we are willing to assign a rank inferior only to that occupied by Mr. Bryant in the scale of those who have so elevated the standard of American poetry during these latter years. If a man were to be judged by the quantity, not by the quality of his works, then would Mr. Halleck's laurels be few and faded. As it is,

"Few have worn a greener wreath,
Than that which binds his hair."

To use an expressive mercantile phrase, he has done a very small business on a large capital. In this respect he excels every modern poet, except Gray. His taste is quite as fastidious as Gray's or Campbell's; there is the same intense polish in his lines, and the same exquisite nicety in his versification. We wish that he had imitated their sobriety. They never indulge in antics or cut pirouettes at the conclusion of a poetical movement, as stately and graceful as a minuet. The fair form of 'Alnwick Castle' is spoiled by its mean and miserable ending. If this be wit, we beg to be spared its infliction. Mr. Halleck's finest poem are his lines in memory of Burns; they were probably suggested by Wordsworth's Rob Roy, but are none the less attractive on that account.

Equal to Mr. Halleck, and superior—in that he has written so much more—is Mr. Charles Sprague. It is curious that both these gentlemen should be the curators of extensive money concerns. That the mind of one at least has received no sordid taint, we may infer from this distich:

"The fool who holds it heresy to think,
And loves no music but the dollar's clink."

Mr. Sprague has wrought rich treasures from every vein that he has struck. He has been so successful in all, that we are doubtful in which he has best succeeded. He displays the same singular felicity in sarcastic, pathetic, and spirited verse. His 'Curiosity' is a noble poem; the language has scarcely a more splendid lyric than his Shakspeare Ode, and we know of few strains of deeper tenderness than those on the Death of a Sister, the Family Reunion, and others of the same tone. The arrow that would find a chink in Mr. Sprague's bright armor, must be more adroitly aimed than ours; he is impervious to our criticism.

In thus cursorily speaking of three of our best poets, we have sufficiently proved our postulate; as long as they, and others like them, live to write, (we wish that they wrote to live,) there will be little danger of our tolerating that which is in itself indifferent, because it is comparatively good. Before passing, however, to speak of those writers whose more recent works immediately invite our observations, we would name one, to whom may, with singular fidelity, be applied Pope's expressive line:

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, a rabid opposition paper, has all the richest endowments of genius. He deserted 'the muse's bower,' to fight and scuffle on the dusty arena of politics. He flung aside his golden-voiced lute for the brazen-throated trumpet. Some of his earlier effusions are 'beautiful exceedingly.' His lines by his mother's grave, written at the age of fourteen, are more remarkable than any other juvenile production we ever saw. They breathe the very soul of sorrow; nothing could be more irresistibly touching and plaintive. His latter pieces, especially those which tell of love, seem flushed with the rosiest hues of passion, pervaded with a glow like old Anacreon's. His fault is too lavish a profusion of imagery, the use of too many spangling epithets, which despoil his thoughts of their simplicity and beauty. Practice would have amended this—but he has not practiced—he probably never will again practice poetry; he is a politician. Some of the most valuable contributions to American poetry have been made by those who have never yet had ambition enough to collect their scattered effusions into volumes. To convince the reader how sincerely this is to be regretted, we need mention no other names than those of the two last mentioned writers, Sprague and Prentice. We would that they could be persuaded to do so at this time, and we would that every writer upon whose efforts public approval has set its seal could be induced to follow the example.

Mr. Dawes' 'Athenia of Damascus,' Mr. Willis's 'Bianca Visconti,' and Mr. Epes Sargent's 'Velasco'—a tragedy which was successfully brought forward at the Park theatre, in New York, and which has met with considerable praise from the periodical press—have all appeared within the last six months. Neither of these dramas have extraordinary merit; that by Mr. Sargent is by far the best as a whole, although those of Mr. Dawes and Mr. Willis contain finer passages of a fanciful description. We shall now speak of these dramas, though not with the particularity to which their defects as well as merits entitle them. That of Mr. Dawes has appeared in a separate form as well as in his volume. It legitimately claims our attention among his other poetical works—which will be last treated in this paper, since they are the most important under notice. We would premise our remarks on the other two dramas, with the mention of the fact, that they are the only native productions of merit, which have been given to the public in readable form, after their representation at the theatre. Dr. Robert M. Bird, of Philadelphia, author of Calavar, The Infidel, &c., was the first of any eminence who came forward as a dramatist. His 'Gladiator,' and 'Broker of Bogota,' never found their way to the publishers, less, as we imagine, through fear of their being submitted to the test of literary criticism, than from apprehension of diminishing their attractiveness on the stage.

Mr. Willis has published three dramatic works. The first was the tragedy which lies in a very neat garb before us, and is called 'Bianca Visconti, or the Heart Overtasked.' It was written two years since, with a view to the acting by Miss Clifton of the principal female character. This is the way in which all American writing for the stage has been elicited. Mr. Dawes' 'Athenia' was written for a Mrs. George Jones, (a woman, like Miss Clifton, of fine appearance, and

it has been stated of superior histrionic power) and Mr. Sargent's 'Izadore,' the heroine in 'Velasco,' for Miss Tree. The effect of this must be to direct the author's attention to one bright point, from which he trusts to diffuse a radiance over the whole piece. Other matters are merely auxiliary—and the consequence is an inferior development of character, and no very skilful management of plot. This criticism applies to Mr. Willis's performances rather than to those of the other two writers.

After the somewhat equivocal success of 'Bianca Visconti,' Mr. Willis was betrayed into the perpetration of a comedy, which was (to use the common phrase) 'damned' silently on the second night of representation. It is said to have been so broadly farcical and so outrageously absurd, that it proved impossible, even for an audience fully determined on being delighted, to endure it. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, Mr. Willis steps like a stalwart knight again into the lists. If we were to credit the daily journals, we should believe that he had rent the laurel from Shakspeare's bust to adorn his living temples, and that in 'Tortosa, or the Usurer,' the world beheld a comedy, such as no age since that of good Queen Bess can boast. The truth is, that there is little or no dramatic power displayed in the piece. It is like Bianca Visconti, to which it is decidedly inferior in stage effect—a graceful poem running over with sparkling conceits and glittering fancies, which bubble up and burst on the surface like the air-jewels in a beaker of rosy champagne.

It has been remarked of the plays of Sheridan Knowles, that in no one of them is there an allusion which would call a blush to the cheek of purity. This is a high degree of praise which cannot be awarded to the dramas of Mr. Willis. There is an indelicacy on the second page of 'Bianca Visconti,' and there are several in the comedy of 'Tortosa.' When will authors learn that filth is filth, though it be wrapped in a web woven from the costliest looms of Cashmere? We will not detain the reader with an analysis of the tragedy before us. The plot is poor in incident, but managed so as to stimulate and increase the interest of the reader the more as he approaches toward the catastrophe. It is tragic enough to suit the taste of one who would 'sup full with horrors.' It hinges upon the high dramatic circumstance of a sister being accessory to the murder of a young and innocent brother, who stands in the path of her lover's ambition. But we leave the plot, which we do not like, for the poetry, which we do like—and with which it is our duty to deal in this paper. Here is a beautiful passage, expressive of Bianca's joy at the fruition of her long cherished hopes of happiness with her bridegroom, Sforza—beautiful, though it trenches on the 'isle' in Moore's 'Blue summer ocean far off and alone.'

"Oh, I'll build

A home upon some green and flowery isle
In the lone lakes, where we will use our empire
Only to keep away the gazing world.
The purple mountains and the glassy waters
Shall make a hush'd pavilion with the sky,
And we too in the midst will live alone,
Counting the hours by stars and waking birds,
And jealous but of sleep!"

"I remember

The fair Giovana in her pride at Naples.
Gods! what a light enveloped her! She left
Little to shine in history—but her beauty
Was of that order that the universe
Seem'd governed by her motion. Men look'd on her
As if her next step would arrest the world;
And as the sea-bird seems to rule the wave,
He rides so buoyantly, all things around her—
The glittering army, the spread gonfalon,
The pomp, the music, the bright sun in Heaven—
Seemed glorious by her leave."

Here is something musical that will be deemed exquisite, till one endeavors to get at the meaning, and perceives that it begins with a hypothesis, very like a bull.

"If the rose

Were born a lily, and, by force of heart
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone—
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there
But for the bright originals in Heaven!"

The finest scene in the piece—and it is, poetically, very beautiful—is that in the fifth act, of an interview between Sforza, the hero, Bianca, and her young brother Giulio. We should like to give it as the fairest specimen of Mr. Willis's dramatic as well as poetic powers; but the limits, to which the number of matters treated in this article restrains us, forbid. The final melancholy madness of Bianca is so like Ophelia's, that we are ready to award to it the praise of successful imitation.

Mr. Willis's dramas will hardly keep even short-lived possession of the stage, but they will maintain a more respectable rank in imaginative literature than his formerly published poems. They are less disfigured by affectations, and are pervaded by a more masculine tone of sentiment. They show that the author has of late conceived a nobler ambition, than to be the Waller of modern court circles—a *preux chevalier*, a sort of Sir Piercie Shafton, enrapturing the intellects of boarding schools misses with metrical euphuisms and elaborate fooleries. He seems to have learned to reflect more upon his art, and less upon himself. Such reflection may not be so agreeable, but we will find it far more beneficial; the famous Greek precept, and Pope's scarcely less famous line, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Sargent is the author of several fugitive poems of considerable merit. He writes with scrupulous correctness, rather than remarkable power. He is guided rather by nice taste than bold ambition. He never startles his reader, nor shocks him; he is never venturesome, never 'in wandering mazes lost;' the path he treads lies smooth, and plain, and verdant before him, and he is sure that he has answerable skill to pick his steps. He never walks blindfold, or with his eyes behind him. Had he been Icarus, he would never have attempted to fly, even had his wings been made of feathers instead of wax. He is not wanting, however, in self-confidence, for he is sure of success by never overestimating his own powers. He will take a permanent, though not very brilliant, position among our writers. Were he more daring, he might reach a higher

point; but as there is no danger of his aiming beyond his reach, so there is none of his not reaching his aim. Of this we are certain;—in his future course he will culminate, and not decline. His modesty, no less than his abilities, entitles him to our most favorable consideration. His play, 'Velasco,' was quietly issued from the prolific press of the Harpers with little or no flourish of trumpets. It was read and liked. It was acted, and succeeded. The newspapers puffed it as they do every thing else, *ad nauseam*. This set the author's fame afloat, and a strong voice of judicious approval has kept it sailing on bravely ever since. We shall not swell the gale, but keep it blowing.

Since to Mr. Sargent has been accorded the praise of being the best dramatist in the country—a praise it would be difficult to gainsay—we should be glad to exhibit his pretensions by liberal quotations. This would also prove the justice of our other remarks; but we must rest content with simply showing, from this play, that he is a poet of no inferior merit. We could do this more efficiently from his first dramatic attempt, called 'The Genoese.' It has not been published; but should be, were it unredeemed, except by certain beautiful passages. Though it was horribly mangled at the Park theatre, we saw and heard enough to make us prefer its story, plot, and incidents, to those of 'Velasco.' In the play before us, we regard the choice of all these as unfortunate; the melo-dramatic termination of the third act is decidedly bad. But to the poetry. Here is a subject for the pencil of Weir:

"Our routed troops were flying in dismay
Before the turban'd Moors, when from the gloom
Of a green thicket rushed a mounted knight!
His charger white as snow—his battle-axe
Poised in his right hand, while his left upreared
The Christian ensign, blazoning the cross!"

Here is an exquisite figure; the last line is eminently good.

"Oh! ne'er did mariner, long toss'd at sea,
With no benignant star to point his course,
Hail with more rapture the first gleam of land,
Than I from War's seam'd visage and wild glance,
Turn to the blue eyes of maternal peace!"

These words of parting between a brother and sister, when the latter is about to be wedded, remind us, by their pathos, of certain touches in 'Ion.'

JULIO.—"Alas! I never yet have parted from thee
With the sad thought, that ere we met again
Thou wouldst be all another's—never more
The gay, free-hearted, fond, and careless girl,
Whose laugh in bower and hall was sweetest music.
Is not the thought well worth a casual tear?"

IZIDORA.—Why should I be less happy or less fond?
The influence of all outward things—
The sky, the sunshine, and the vernal earth,
Beauty and song—will they not be the same?
Ah! there are spirits in this fretful world
Which grow not old, and change not with the seasons!

JULIO.—Oh, let not that assure thee! Time, my sister,
Is not content with marring outward charms;
His deepening furrows reach the spirit's core."

The following, exhibiting the rage that pervades the breast of an old Castilian, who has been insulted by a blow, and is impotent to avenge the injury, is full of force and spirit:

DE LERMA—(taking up his sword.)—"Thou treacherous steel! art thou the same, alas!

Of yore so crimson'd in the Moorish wars?
Methinks there should have been a soul in thee—
The soul of victories and great achievements,
To form a living instrument of vengeance,
And, in the weakness of thy master's arm,
To leap spontaneous to his honor's rescue.
Go! 't is a mockery to wear thee now.

[Throws down his sword.

Struck like a menial! buffeted! degraded!
And baffled in my impotent attack!
Oh Fate! oh Time!—Why, when ye took away
From this right arm its cunning and its strength—
Its power to shield from wrong, or to redress,
Did ye not pluck from out this swelling heart
Its torturing sense of insult and of shame?
I am sunk lower than the lowest wretch!
Oh, that the earth might hide me!—that I might
Sink fathoms deep beneath its peaceful breast!"

We are willing to rest our assertion, that this piece contains evidences of decided poetical genius, on one more extract:

SCENE III.—*A glen near the castle of Gonzalez. A storm is raging, with thunder and lightning. Enter Velasco from the rocks in the back-ground.*

VELASCO.—"I lay my brow against the marble rock,
I hold it throbbing to the dewy grass;
There is no coldness in the summer rain!
The elements have lost their attributes.
The oaks are shiver'd round me, in the blaze
Of the near lightning, as it bursts the folds
Of its black cerements; but no gracious bolt
Blasts me or scathes! A wilder storm is here!
The fiery quiver of the clouds will be
Exhausted soon—the hurricane will sink;
And, through the vista of the western clouds,
The slant rays of the setting sun will stream;
And birds, on every glistening bow, will hail
The refulgent brightness and the fresher'd air;
But when will pass away from this sad heart
The cloud of grief—the tempest of remorse?
When will the winged hopes, that glanced and sang
In joy's melodious atmosphere, return,
To welcome back the gladness of the soul?"

In bidding adieu to Mr. Sargent, we greet the appearance of a writer who differs from him in every essential characteristic, as much as it is possible for one person to differ from another. The author of the 'Ruins of Athens' is evidently a man of taste, feeling, fancy and imagination, and yet we are free to say that he is not destined to be a poet. The present work has been before the public some years; and if it has not made his name particularly familiar as a poet, the present republication—for it bears neither the name nor the semblance of a second edition—is not likely to increase the small acquaintance that now exists. It is composed of a number of exemplifications of rhythm and metre, which have very much the air of exercises. Some will do, and others will not. Mr. Hill has courage enough, but lacks strength. He is evidently a disciple of Byron and Shelly, and all those whom the author of Philip Van Artevelde wisely classes as 'the Phantastic School.' These are they who behold Nature by torchlight instead of daylight and starlight. They delight in the glare of strong radiance, and the gloom of deep shadow. Yet we are perhaps wrong in supposing that Mr. Hill is more an admirer of such volcanic effulgence than of the serene glories of poets like Wordsworth; for he is a thorough imitator of them

all. He lays little claim to original talent, and we find even more in his avowed 'Imitations,' than in other portions of his handsome, but very badly printed volume. The first long piece, 'The Ruins of Athens,' is in the Childe Harold stanza, and very Childe Haroldish. The second, 'Titania's Banquet,' is pretty, but is rather the effluence of a mind where there had been a mingling up of Shakspeare's 'Midsummer's Night Dream,' Tom Hood's 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' and Dr. Drake's 'Culprit Fay,' in 'most admired disorder.' Mr. Hill is not, however, without merit conspicuous and commendable in his class. He is an excellent versifier, and chisels out his poetical statues with laudable assiduity. If he does not produce a Laocoon, or a Venus, it is not his fault. He is, therefore, entitled to the credit of considerable success, particularly in his descriptive pieces, imitatory of Wordsworth. He chose a good master there—much better than Tom Moore, and other worthies, whose manners and dress are elsewhere assumed.

There are, nevertheless, as we have said before, displayed throughout this volume much both of taste and feeling; and it is only in the severe impartiality of criticism, adjudicating the formidable claims of a poet and his volume, to be connected with our permanent literature, that we have been compelled to use a single word of disparagement. As contributions in the magazines to our monthly anthology, as the offerings of a man of refinement and education to the enjoyments of social life, these poems would win for their amiable author all the praise and distinction of which a delicate and susceptible mind need be ambitious. We shall be willing, and even rejoiced, if the public voice, in investing him with the bays of the poet, will do more; and we cheerfully lend our aid to that great consummation of book-making, by copying the following excellent stanzas:

TO A FLOWER FROM THE ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS.

"Frail, withered leaf! thy tints are shed,
Thine odor scents a distant air;
No spirit here survives the dead,
And seems to say, 'The relic spare!'
Around me flowers in sunshine sleep,
Whose dewy sweets arrest the bee,
Or blushing at my window peep;
Yet do I turn from them to thee.

"For thou wast cradled—nurtured, where
The men, whose birth was Freedom's, rose;
There still survive their trophies; there
The bones of heroes—gods, repose;
Memorial of feelings high
As met the mount my awe-struck gaze,
Whose relics, though in dust they lie,
Bespeak the pride of former days.

"Prized, in remembrance of a spot,
Whose time-worn image haunts me still;
For who has marked, and e'er forgot,
The trophies of that glorious hill?
Still, though in shattered pride, elate,
But soon to perish, like the flower
Sprung from the dust that strews the seat,
The monuments of human power."

We now approach the most serious portion of our task. Mr. Rufus Dawes is a genuine poet. He has an eye quick to distinguish the beautiful, and an ear

sensitively alive to the delicate music that pervades the air, and yet comes from no visible instrument. He is much inclined to philosophical musing, and addicted to refined abstractions. His mood is wild and speculative, yet study has imparted to him good taste. Sometimes, however, he goes sadly astray. He has done so in the book before us; and were it not for an occasional

dash of purity and brightness,

Which shows the man of sense and of politeness,

we should have guessed every new poet to be the writer of 'Geraldine,' before Rufus Dawes. We protest against the nondescript style therein displayed—against the unnatural blending of the bold and strong with the frail and feeble. That splendidly vicious poem, Don Juan, was, if not the first, the principal source of the popular taste for this incongruous intermixture of high and low ideas in poetry. Hostile as it is to every precept of a correct, critical taste, this style continues to find its imitators. We regret to censure Mr. Dawes as one of them. His 'Athenia of Damascus,' and many of the miscellaneous effusions collected into this volume, evince his capacity for purer and better things, and make us certain that he can touch the finer chords of sentiment, and wake the deeper melodies of nature. 'Geraldine,' the leading production of this volume, is an exaggerated specimen of the villainous style of Don Juan. Its rhythm is the same, and the resemblance is pretty exact in all respects, save the number of lines in each stanza. Its versification is like that of Mr. Halleck's 'Fanny,'—than which no equal number of verses were ever more egregiously overrated—and its efforts at wit are something similar, though more vulgar and less comprehensible. 'Fanny' was famously liked in its day, and the Gothamites chuckled over it, because they entered fully into the spirit of its local jokes and personal allusions. If we remember aright, there are no stanzas in it worthy of preservation, except those often-quoted ones commencing—

"Weekawken! in thy mountain scenery yet."

We challenge any stranger to account for the great popularity with which it was originally attended, and which its remembrance now maintains. The author, of course, is not at fault; his object was to amuse the town, and he succeeded. He probably never dreamed that 'Fanny' would be more than the belle of a single season; if her many admirers are now clamorous for her re-appearance in a new attire, he is not to be reprehended for acceding to their wishes, provided they are willing to pay him roundly for the trouble of a second bringing out. No similar apology can be made for the chaperon of 'Geraldine.' She makes her debut in all the pride and splendor of an elegant dress—by no means an unpretending aspirant for admiration. We are ungallant enough to pronounce the lady a fright, and to recommend her speedy consignment to the shades of quietest obscurity.

The critic can have a no more unpleasant duty to perform than one of condemnation, even where he feels perfectly indifferent to the subject of his strictures. This duty becomes peculiarly irksome when he takes up the work of an author, in whose favor he had been agreeably prepossessed, and finds nothing but stubble where he looked for little else than flowers. Were we

equally disposed, with his warmest friends, to extol Mr. Dawes' poetry, (and that we are, he has but to know us to feel assured,) we could not, if we simply regarded the author and not the public, avoid an exemplary, though brief, exposure of the gross demerits of the production which gives a name to this volume, and which is made first and most distinctly to demand the reader's attention. To do this in as few words as possible, and with the fewest possible citations, shall be our earnest endeavor. The choice of metre was the author's first misfortune. It is both feeble and common, and should have been rejected on both accounts. Yet, in the opening stanzas, the author puts it to its very best use, giving it all the tone and swell of which it is susceptible. The strain first assumes tenderness, in description, and then draws near to sublimity, in invocation. Afterwards it glides off into a metaphysical flourish, at the beginning and end of which a father and daughter are introduced—the first being surnamed 'Wilton,' and the latter christened 'Geraldine.'

Now the story runs that this young lady, as heroines always do in poems, falls in love with a good-for-nothing, 'ne'er-do-weel' sort of a scape-grace. His name is Waldron, and he loves Geraldine to distraction, as he takes pains to evince by killing a rival, and running away with an improper female, who is called Alice Acus, so as to rhyme with 'make us.' Previous to this delicate piece of attention on his part, he turns pirate—a regular out-and-out Corsair, and rushes, in the maddest spirit of desperation, to sea, in a 'long, low, black-looking' schooner.' Geraldine, as is becoming under the circumstances, goes into a galloping consumption, looks pale and hectic, and cries pretty much all the time, because the cruel fates have separated her from her amiable admirer. Old Wilton, her papa, judiciously determines to carry his sick daughter to a warmer climate. They depart in a ship, which is of course attacked by the pirate Waldron; and the upshot of the whole matter is the indiscriminate demise, in the most horrible way, of the entire party. This rigmarole is more ridiculous in the author's verse than in our prose; it occupies, however, but a small portion of the poem, the chief part being the most irrelevant digression. Herein it resembles Don Juan most manifestly. There is a light mingling of coarse humor and affected pathos, a similar use of slang terms and vulgar expressions, the same striving after oddity of rhyme, with equally shocking success. There are, moreover, repeated attempts at the tender, the devotional, and the sublime, which, *unlike* those of Don Juan, are bombastic failures.

If the following commissions are not enough to send to the tomb of the Capulets any poem by any poet, then are slang, silliness, and smut, 'tolerable, and to be endured.'

"The goose that has the largest share of stuffing."

"And very often went to bed a beast."

"And many, who to ruin are turned over,
But 'go to grass,' to roll themselves 'in clover.'"

"Who awes the great menagerie of fops,
In admiration at his whisker crops."

"Alphesibæus might renounce his jumps,
To see *saltantes satyros* in pumps."

"Throw off your modesty, and damn your eyes."

"Suppose you have some half a dozen daughters,
From four feet high to five, with some odd inches,
But cast your bread, you know, upon the waters,
And save the shoe from telling where it pinches.
Throw open wide your doors—burn spermaceti,
And never more despair of Bell or Betty."

"And so the city Fair of matrimony

Blazes for ever, and the bids run high.

"What's offered, ladies, for this matter o' money?—
A hundred thousand in the stocks! who'll buy?—
Going!—who bids?—going!—he's good as Rothschild—
Gone!—and Miss Wilhelmina rocks the Goth's child."

"Poor devil that was married for his Bentons,
And having lost them, shares his rib's repentance."

"But now-a-days instead of wasting pearls,
They have a way of melting down the girls."

"Pope Alexander always had his followers,
As Alexander Pope has had his swallowers."

"May rob the very altar of a horn,
'Sprinkling with rosy light the dewy lawn.'"

"Now there are many different kinds of lions,
As there are wares, from porcelain to 'Brummagen';
Some manufactured by the curling-irons,
And others, the museums, should you rummage 'em."

"While o'er the blue, MacAdamised rotundo,
Flectit equos, curruque volans, dat lora secundo."

"At length they heard the dipping of the oars,
And Wilton saw at once the frightful cause."

These four last are the most shocking violations of Nick Bottom's rule we ever heard of; though the sense can hardly be said to be sacrificed to sound. They are infinitely worse than the Yankee distich—

There goes our old mill down the water,
A darn sight faster than it ought to."

We shall cheerfully bid adieu to this ridiculous performance with the quoting of certain passages which read, not as if they were imitations, but as if they were 'scissorized' out of the whole cloth of Don Juan:

"—gently raised
Her dimpling hand of snow, where one warm kiss
Thrilled to her heart with love's delicious bliss."

"The morn is up again—the dewy morn!
Fresh from the bed of night, in matron bloom,
Weeping to see so many take a 'horn'
And walk out rosy from the soda-room."

"Not that there's any pleasure in the danger,
More than being shot at with ounce bullets.
'T is sweet to seem to be to fear a stranger,
The while we wish that we were feeding pullets.
Most men can fight a duel to the letter;
Yet when a man survives, he feels the better."

"Long did the combat last, till only five
Were left within the Vulture. They at length
Were overpowered by numbers yet alive—
Faint with the loss of blood, and without strength.
But while the pirate was of plunder thinking,
He found both vessels filling and fast sinking."

"The hot sun blazed upon their naked heads,
And boiled the blood within them—till some grew
Mad, and blasphemed and tore their flesh in shreds,
While others, starving, helped the deed to do—
Then, weeping in wild mirth, drank the dark gore,
And cried aloud to God, and shrieked for more."

"Arm locked in arm, they turned them from the crowd,
And gazed upon each other"—

Like the Irishman's portrait, each one of the preceding may be said to be more like than the original.

Turn we now, with a feeling as grateful as 'the cool plashing of a plangent wave' to one who is travel-sore, and nearly stifled with the dust of the desert, unto 'Athenia of Damascus.' Here is a delightful dramatic poem, the flow of whose lines, like that of a palm-shaded rivulet, is pure, limpid, and sparkling.

The subject is too lofty for the modern stage, although with judicious curtailment, it can doubtless be represented with effect. The beautiful thoughts and language, with which it is rife, would be lost in recitation; yet it has a sufficiency of incident to keep alive a pleasant interest.

It is deep tragedy. We are trespassing beyond our limits, and can gratify our reader with but one charming extract.

ACT II.—SCENE I. *A pleasure ground in Damascus.*
(ATHENIA alone.)

ATH.—I will not pluck thee from thy parent tree,
Sweet rose of beauty! while the rain-drops hang
O'er thy clear blush their modest ornaments—
Another hour shall glory in thy smile,
And when the day light dies, the queen of heaven
Shall fold thee in a silver veil of love,
Forgetting her Endymion. Foolish heart!
As if I loved!—Yet truly, as I live,
I fear I love the very thought of love!
Oh, childish joy—indefinite delight!—
That I should dream so sweetly—and at morn
Find my eyes wet with tears!—

Enter CALOUS.

CAL.—[*Embracing her.*] Athenia!

ATH.—Thank thee, Heaven!

CAL.—What kind indulgent power
Has smiled on Calous, that so much bliss
At once should dissipate his darkest gloom,
And make a noon of midnight!

ATH.—Thank thee, Heaven!

CAL.—Say, then, thou lovest me still, Athenia?

ATH.—Love thee! Indeed I know not if I love.
When thou art nigh, I fain would be alone—
And when away, I'm sad and desolate:
Beshrew this maiden fickleness of thought!
I would not give the treasure of my love
For all the wealth that earth or ocean covers:
And thou wilt save our altars, Calous!
The holy cross, and every dear remain
Of sainted martyr, still inviolate!
So shall we wander in our hours of joy,
On the green margin of life's sunny stream,
With more delight than ever—shall we not?

CAL.—What grief can throw a shadow o'er our way,
When love is cloudless?—let thy heart be still,
Young Halcyon, on its marble resting place!
There is no fear, Athenia, that the foe
Can harm Damascus: though his arm is strong,
The arm above is stronger. Even now
The victory is ours.

ATH.—Alas, Damascus!

CAL.—Chase these vain fears!—and dost thou, maiden,
think

The soil where Adam trod in majesty—
The land Jehovah guarded, when the fiend
Drove Saul to persecute—and where the light
And breath of God softened his heart of steel,
Turning his thoughts to pity and to love;
Think'st thou this consecrated place can yield
While He is with us, as He e'er has been?

ATH.—His ways are dark and deeply intricate:
When Heaven was kindest, innocence was lost,
And Paradise gave birth to misery.

CAL.—Let not such thoughts plant lilies on thy cheek,
My own Athenia! All will yet be well.
Come, let me bind a chaplet of fresh flowers
To deck thy temples: I will steal an hour
From anxious care, and sacrifice to love
The hopes and wishes I have nursed for thee.
Not always thus shall be our wayward lot,
To wander here and steal from love's rich store
These precious moments of sweet ecstasy!
Not always thus, my girl! When dove-eyed peace
Spreads her white wings again, the sacred tie
Shall bind our wedded hearts: till then, my love,
Thy smile shall cheer me on in peril's hour,
With its dear influence!

After 'Athenia' comes 'Lancaster,' a poem that has many excellences, and is worthy of the genius of the writer. It is, however, upon his miscellaneous pieces that Mr. Dawes' reputation as a poet mainly depends. The melody of their versification is truly enchanting. The ideas, too, are worthy of such exquisite expression. The public are aware of the beauties of all these productions, for none have been more liberally transferred to our literary journals. We have space for the shortest only:

ART THOU HAPPY, LOVELY LADY?

Art thou happy, lovely lady,
In the splendor round thee thrown?
Can the jewels that array thee
Bring the peace which must have flown?
By the vows which thou hast spoken,
By the faith which thou hast broken,
I ask of thee no token
That my heart is sad and lone.

There was one that loved thee, Mary!
There was one that fondly kept
A hope which could not vary,
Till in agony it slept.
He loved thee, dearly loved thee,
And thought his passion moved thee;
But disappointment proved thee
What love has often wept.

Had Mr. Dawes been a common-place poet, or simply a new claimant for distinction, we should have been more prodigal of commendation, and more niggard of blame. Bind up this volume without 'Geraldine,' and you have an admirable collection of poetry, fit to appear worthily, if not the first, in a 'Library of American Poets.'

Some asinine individual, who must have been as partial to paradoxes as his long-eared archetype to thistles, has taken upon himself to remark, that there are few or no materials for romance in America. This critic must be nearly related to the observing person of whom Wordsworth remarks:

'A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.'

It would, perhaps, not be too extravagant to say that the poetical resources of our country are boundless. Nature has here granted every thing to genius which can excite, exalt, enlarge, and ennoble its powers. Nothing is narrow, nothing is confined. All is height, all is expansion. Cliffs throw aloft mighty bastions; mountains lift impregnable parapets to the sky; rivers 'roll in majesty;' lakes spread abroad like seas; and prairies meet the wide horizon all around with undula-

tions of magnificent verdure. Here, too, are forests, in whose vast dim cloisters, the mind may feel a sense of loneliness and an overwhelming awe, which no fabrics of human rearing could impart; for here, in ancient days, man came to build his altars and to worship. These trees are glorious columns; these leaves are gorgeous tracery; here is a 'majestical roof, fretted with golden fire;'

'The groves were God's first temples!'

In America, too, are diversities of climate, yielding diversified delights. Here Winter erects his palaces of glittering ice, while there Spring displays her flowery avenues and her green arcades; here Summer shows her silver fountains and her billows of golden grain, when in another region of our vast domain, Autumn pours from her exhaustless horn the copious harvest and transmutes, with a subtle alchemy, the emerald of the woods into ruby and topaz, and

'All the hues that mingle in the rainbow.'

Our history, too, is poetical. Let Time but wrap it in his mighty shadows, and what were the fables of old compared to our familiar story! How inspiring, how sublime the contemplation of those few brave hearts who, led by one greater than Leonidas, dared to cast themselves into the rocky defile of freedom, opposed advancing armies, died not, but conquered! The blood tingles and rushes through our veins as we trace these words. Dull, cold, critical as we are, we are almost incited to the utterance of burning thoughts. Shall there, then, be no more poets, in our 'dear, dear country?' Shall there not be one great poet? That man whose eye can roam over the borders of our land, and see these things of which we have spoken, needs not the spirit of prophecy to answer, "Yes!"

THE MOTHER'S RAINY DAY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

When the soft summer-shower, whose herald-drops
Stirr'd the broad vine-leaves, to an answering joy
Swells to protracted rain,—soothing the mind
With sense of leisure,—Mother, haste to call
Thy little flock around thee. Let them hail
The rainy day as one when tenderest love
Brings forth for them its richest stores of thought.
Think'st thou the needle's thrift, or housewife's lore,
Yields richer payment? Mother! thou may'st stamp
Such trace upon the waxen mind, as life,
With all its swelling floods, shall ne'er blot out.
So, take thy bright-eyed nursling on thy knee,
And tell him of the God, who rules the cloud,
And calms the tempest—and the glorious sun
Brings forth rejoicing from the rosy east,
To gild the morn.

Unlock thy treasure'd hoards
Of hallow'd lore,—how little Samuel heard
At midnight, 'neath the temple's solemn arch,
Jehovah's voice, and hasted to obey,—
How young Josiah turn'd to Israel's God
Ere yet eight summers ripened on his brow,—
And how the sick child to his father cried
"My head! my head!" then in his mother's arms

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Grew pale and died,—and how the prophet's prayer
Did pluck him from the jaws of death again.
Tell too, thy little daughter, while she sits
Heedful beside thee,—how the shepherds heard
The harps of angels, while they watch'd their sheep,—
And how the infant Saviour found no bed
Save a straw manger 'mid the horned train,—
And how he rais'd the Ruler's daughter up,
When on her dead brow lay the weeper's tear,—
How at the tomb of Lazarus, he mourned
With the sad sisters—and, when the wild sea
And wilder tempest raged, stretch'd out his hand,
And saved the faint disciple on the wave,
Who pray'd to him.

Then, when the moisten'd eye
Reveals the softening soul, cast in thy seed—
And Heaven and holy angels water it!
So shall the spirit of the summer-storm
Gleam as a rainbow, when thy soul goes up
With its dread company of deeds and thoughts,
To bide the audit of the day of doom.

Hartford, Conn., July 24, 1839.

THE MISSIONARY;

By the authoress of "The Poet," "The Poet's Destiny," &c.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a mild autumn afternoon that two young men sauntered leisurely through the grounds attached to ——— university.

"This place has changed but little since I was last here," said one of them; "and yet I look on its 'old familiar' features with feelings widely different from those they suggested two years since."

"You are changed, Eugene," replied his companion; "the same two years which have left, as they found me, a student in those old halls, have made you a calm, thoughtful man, forgetful of the gay employments of boyish days, or remembering only to repent them."

"Nay, Charles, you are mistaken; I look on the pleasures of the past with no regret, save for their departure; and its friendships, I hope, will long cheer my lonely pilgrimage."

"Have you forgotten the one tenderer tie of that time?" asked the other with a smile; "or was that too relinquished with the dull studies over which it cast a charm?"

An expression of pain crossed Eugene's brow, and he paused for a moment before he said, "I can have no love hereafter but my profession; for the one you name, it is sorrow to recall, and its hopes are gone forever!"

"'Forever' is a lover's word, Courtland, and means nothing as you use it. But seriously, Eugene, why do you speak so despondingly on this subject?"

"Because I have thought of it long and sadly," was the answer; "and the happiness of this tie can be mine no longer. I can offer your cousin no fair prospects; for since we last met my plans are altered, and now the church must be my bride."

"But why must your engagement be dissolved?" persisted Charles. "You are both very young; and with your eloquence in the pulpit, Eugene, you can never remain unknown and unsought."

"I have not told you my reason ; I am going abroad as a missionary !"

"Going abroad as a missionary !" repeated Charles slowly, and looking with the greatest surprise on his friend ; "you cannot be in earnest, Eugene !"

"Is this a theme for jesting ?" answered Courtland. "You know, Charles, that I studied for the ministry against the wishes of my friends ; I devoted myself voluntarily to my course, and would you have me follow it only when it leads through a pathway of flowers ?"

"But you carry your ideas of duty too far," replied Charles ; "for though you have selected a profession which in a measure debars you from the gaieties of society, it need not deprive you of what is dearer. Why leave home, friends and kindred, to seek a foreign land, when the wide field of our own country yet offers so much to improve ?"

"Here there are many engaged in the same holy work," he answered, "and my aid would avail little ; but in the distant wilderness, I may kindle a light where all now is gloom, and rear an altar of faith amid the darkness of ignorance and superstition !"

"You are enthusiastic. Courtland, you forget, in your ardor, the difficulties of the task. You must encounter dangers, sorrow, and separation from all you love, to win an uncertain end—to attain that reward which so many have toiled for in vain. You should not act rashly in an affair like this ; for remember how deeply your conduct will influence the happiness of many !"

"I have meditated long on my resolve," replied Eugene, "and I cannot change it ;—but let us leave this subject, my friend, for I would not embitter with vain regrets the few hours which yet remain for us to spend together." And in reminiscences of their college days, the friends forgot, for a time, the sad clouds which darkened the horizon of the future.

Eugene Courtland was an only child, and the recent death of his widowed mother, had made him an orphan. Moving in the first circle of society, and inheriting wealth, his choice of a profession astonished, and in a degree disappointed, the friends who had marked out for him a more brilliant destiny. Rich, handsome, and talented, it *was*, perhaps, singular that one so young and surrounded by so many temptations, should have devoted his life to a course which must shut him out from those pleasures and excitements, that made the joys of his younger years : but Courtland's was too pure a spirit to love such pleasures long, and he turned from the emptiness of fashion, with a feeling of weariness, and sought relief in the holy studies which had made him what he was. Without any of that ambition, which even in religion finds a place, Eugene's was the eloquence of the soul ; and the deep, calm voice that lent melody to his words, had already lured many to seek that Heaven where hope is lost in bliss. With his advantages and connexions, he could not be unsought—and even at the time of my story, his name had won interest and fame. His ardent zeal and constant anticipations of success in whatever he attempted, if exerted in any other cause, might have made him a visionary ; but his dreams were so firmly based, and his wishes so free from the taint of earth, that he might rather be deemed an enthusiast. Courtland's chief fault, was the extent to which he carried his ideas of duty—his entire

sacrifice of every personal gratification, to the great end for which he labored. And even this defect, though sometimes leading to unnecessary privations, was too nearly a virtue to be blamed. A strong example of this trait, was his decision to leave all the thousand blessed ties of friendship and love, for a stranger's dwelling and an exile's lot. That this determination cost many struggles, we cannot doubt—for in common with all of lofty intellect, Eugene felt that powerful love of home, which lingers faintly round every heart, and finds an echo in every spirit. Perhaps there were moments when sadder thoughts usurped the place of hope—when he acknowledged that the trials willingly encountered, were severe indeed ; but this conviction, while shadowing the present, had no effect on his purposes, and he ever turned with purified feelings, from his existing griefs, to look on that troubled hereafter which promises so much, to fulfil so little !

CHAPTER II.

"Of course, Gertrude, you are going to church to-day, to hear the 'farewell' of your beloved ?" said Helen Derwood, as she looked up with a smile from the letter she was writing, to address her cousin.

"Yes, I am going," answered Gertrude quietly ; and the smile she attempted to force, was lost in a tear that asked no bidding.

"What wretched taste Mr. Courtland displays," continued Helen. "I really once thought him a delightful person ; and his being a minister, I could forgive—for the dress becomes him so well—but when he chooses to act the saint so far as to be a missionary, I positively cannot pardon him. Is it not ridiculous, Gertrude, to fancy him, with his splendid beauty, preaching to a congregation of savages, who may, perhaps, take his life by way of rewarding his kindness ?" And Helen threw down her pen to laugh at the picture her imagination had drawn.

"I see nothing so ludicrous in the idea," said Gertrude, with more spirit than she generally ventured to exhibit before her gay companion.

"Mr. Courtland may carry his self-devotion farther than necessity demands, but his motives at least, should shield him from ridicule !"

"Bravo, my fair cousin !" retorted Helen sarcastically. "You are really eloquent on the subject. May I be permitted to ask how long Miss Gertrude Leslie has undertaken the defence of her lover ? She is truly disinterested, when this same lover has grown so indifferent to her attractions, as to leave them willingly, perhaps forever !"

Gertrude's eyes filled with burning tears, and attempting no answer to her laughing friend, she silently quit the room.

A smile of contempt, blended with triumph, curved Helen's haughty lip, and she resumed her pen to continue her letter. This, as it may serve to explain her motives, we will read as she writes :

"You cannot fancy, dear Caroline, how tired I am becoming of this stupid place ! For the first two or three months of my visit, I had enough to amuse me, in laughing at my aunt's visitors and plaguing my cousin Gertrude ; but now, even these resources fail me.

One cannot laugh at the same people forever, and Gertrude is so amiable, that my teasing produces no effect more entertaining than silence, and, sometimes, tears. She is a lovely little creature, but sadly deficient in energy and spirit; any person may control her wishes in trifles, though I doubt if she would be easy to rule where her feelings were deeply interested. Just at this time too, she is wrapt in the rose-colored mantle of her first love, and, as you may imagine, is no very agreeable companion, except to the gentleman of her choice. Now who do you think he is? No other than my earliest idol, the young, handsome, rich and fascinating Eugene Courtland! You remember how I used to rave concerning this same Eugene, and when he studied for the ministry, how good I, too, suddenly became! Well, this very hero of my young dreams, is the *fiancé* of my fair cousin.

"But the best of the tale you have yet to hear—for though they seem devoted to each other, and I sincerely believe they *are*, he in a fit of romantic enthusiasm, has resolved to leave his betrothed and go abroad as a missionary! Why, I cannot fancy—for with his celebrity he could always gain notice, and with his attractions always win admiration.

"I believe Gertrude would willingly marry him, even now, and go with him, but my aunt has other prospects for her, and I suppose she will be left to lose at the same time both her spirits and her lover. In truth I do not much pity these two, though Gertrude is my cousin and Eugene was my 'worshipped-one'; for she positively provokes me with her want of character, and I have never quite forgiven him his indifference to *mes beaux yeux*. I expect the romance will end in his dying a martyr's death among the savages, and her being led to the altar by some persecuting suitor, as a broken hearted bride. This last occurrence would not surprise me; for Gertrude's sweet, spiritless manners, please the men here, and her mother is strongly advocating a certain rich gentleman's cause. He is silent, stupid, and some twenty years older than his lady-love; but my aunt, in her worldly wisdom, has forgotten to count his follies and years, while counting his wealth. Is it not refreshing to find among the sentimentalists of the present day, one whose aims and views are so like our own, as those of *ma tante*? Gertrude's goodness tires me, and I feel relief in looking on the politic manœuvres of her mother, who, by the way, has made me promise to use my influence in changing my cousin's feelings for Courtland. When this was first proposed, I made a show of reluctance, and talked a good deal of nonsense about blighted affections, blasted hopes *et tout cela*, just to impress my companion with a due sense of my exalted disposition. After the graceful opposition had been carried far enough for my purpose, I became gradually convinced by her sound reasoning, began to discover that Gertrude's 'strange infatuation' should be discouraged, and then gave the required assent. I could not have been allotted a more pleasant task; for Gertrude, as you may see, is no great favorite of mine, and I long to be revenged on Courtland for his want of taste; so I take every possible opportunity of ridiculing him, and try to pique her into anger at his late determination. With him, I can do nothing; for even I, the proud and successful coquette of the last winter, feel abashed before the calm, holy dignity of his perfect beauty! Whether

I shall be able to make these young lovers quarrel, remains to be seen; but, if perseverance can ensure the result, I have nothing to fear."

With timid steps, Gertrude entered the church, where, it might be, for the last time, she was to hear the lofty eloquence that so long had haunted her spirit. Her cheek was pale, and looked pure as snow in the sunlight, contrasted with the dark ringlets clustering beside it. Heavy tears gathered in her eyes, and her mother and cousin, noticing her emotion, exchanged glances in silence. To Gertrude, no thought was present, save one sad anticipation of the future, and her vision was only broken by the deep, earnest voice that made her sweetest music. She trembled when those tones fell on her ear, as she remembered with how much of earthly love she approached the shrine of Heaven. "It is for the last time!" her heart whispered, even while it accused; and she did not struggle to correct a fault which might never be committed by her again.

Few were there who looked without interest on the young and gifted being standing before them, wrapt in holy devotion. Strange beauty was on his pale thoughtful brow, round which the bright hair shone like a golden halo, and in the soft, liquid eyes that were clear and placid as the Heaven he preached. The rich red lips had besought comfort for many a mourner, and the peaceful smile which parted them, reflected unshadowed the loveliness of his spirit.

Gertrude gazed almost in idolatry, as she listened to the words of unfeigned humility, uttered by one so favored among men; and when, for the last time, he invoked a blessing on his hearers, the kind hopes of many hearts were whispered in supplications for his happiness. Long and solemn was the voiceless pause that followed his parting benediction, and with a faltering step the missionary left the sacred temple he might enter no more. His pale, spiritual face, glowed with heavenly enthusiasm, and if some earthly sorrow mingled there, it served only to adorn the brow it saddened.

In silence that day the lovers met and parted, for the hearts of both were too full for expression; and after a single pressure of his loved one's hand, Courtland left her to seek consolation in solitude and prayer.

CHAPTER III.

Gertrude was alone in her room, thinking mournfully of coming days, when a letter was given her, and the single glance that showed Eugene's writing, called a bright blush to her fair young cheek.

The note was from Courtland, and contained these lines: "Gertrude, dear Gertrude! when we met yesterday, I could not speak, even to you; so many memories of scenes gone, so many thoughts of those to come, were crowding upon me—and even now I write you these hurried words because I would not risk, by a meeting, the composure we are each endeavoring to attain. I am aware, dearest, that many deem my determination to go abroad, a rash and useless one; you too, might think it argued indifference to the vows which bind us, did you not know me well enough to forbid a doubt of the love which has been yours for years. Even they who smile most scornfully at what they term my wild enthusiasm, would cease to condemn the resolve,

could they realize the heavenly aspirations which attract me onward. The self approval which I feel, I regard as a token of divine approbation—as a sign, that however unworthy the offering, the sacrifice of home and hope, will be accepted on high. The struggle will be fearful, Gertrude; but will not that very struggle purify and exalt the deed that demands it? The thought that you will suffer by this act, is my darkest memory; for I would not sully with a tear for me, the sweet eyes which so often have greeted me in kindness. But it is not to say this, that I write to you: it is to give back, if you will, the faith you pledged before my lot was changed. Think not, my dearest one, that I offer this without trembling. Too many tender hopes are clustered round the promise of your love, for me to relinquish it calmly; but it may be, it *must* be, long, Gertrude, before we are again together, and I cannot retain that promise when you hereafter may regret its gift. Act as you think best, dearest; if your decision be one which will insure our meeting after the present trial hath gone by, I will bless you from my soul; and the hope of return will go forth with me, as a joy and reward. If you deem it wisest to dissolve an engagement offering so little to tempt you, then, be it thus; I will obey that mandate also, and my prayers will ascend for the tranquillity of her whose love I treasured, and whose friendship I should prize. This evening, Gertrude, I shall hear your resolve, and meet you for the last time during many months. Ask peace from Heaven, my cherished one, and He whose eye sleepeth not, will shed a balm even over the bitterness of our farewell!"

For many hours after reading this note, Gertrude wept wildly; and when, exhausted by sorrow, she sunk into a troubled sleep, the bright tears that rested on her flushed cheek, glittered like dew-drops on the leaf of a rose.

The following letter from Helen to her friend, will serve to unfold the continuation of this story.

"You would really be amused, *mon amie*, could you see the tragedy which is every day performed here by my little cousin Gertrude! We were sitting with my aunt this morning, and she, in her usual quiet manner, began, cautiously, to speak of the wealth, amiability, and other good qualities of Mr. Mervin, the gentleman whose suit she advocates. I too, occasionally joined in his praises, though, *entre nous*, I had to manufacture virtues for him, as he has nothing on earth to recommend him but his riches. Gertrude did not notice the conversation, and sat silent, looking the very picture of despair. At length, emboldened by this indifference, my aunt spoke of Eugene, with many graceful regrets for the want of regard for his friends which his conduct evinces. But to this, even Gertrude could not listen, and she hastily left her entertaining friends. I did not see her for two or three hours after this scene, and then, on going to her room, found her asleep with a letter in her hand. As the letter was from Eugene, I took the liberty of glancing over it. The style was sad and affectionate; he offered her the choice of keeping or breaking their engagement, and as I recall his words of tenderness, I almost marvel at the disposition which causes Gertrude to submit to a separation that costs them both such suffering. Had Courtland written me such a letter, I positively believe, that with all my fondness for society and desire for admiration, I would have been silly

enough to volunteer my attendance during his expedition. But Gertrude, notwithstanding her romance, lacks the energy to take such a step. I sometimes fear that even the united skill of my aunt and myself, will fail in its intention; for though obedient in every thing else to her mother's slightest wish, Gertrude cannot be persuaded or forced into discarding Eugene, or encouraging another. She is to be pitied, and I sometimes *do* pity her, but the recollection of my unsuccessful attempt to captivate Courtland, comes back as an incentive to a perseverance which will give me a triumph over him. Gertrude must decide speedily, for the missionary leaves to-morrow. Even if she should not now retract her vows, I hope much during his absence, from continued entreaties and her own want of firmness. To be defeated now, for the second time, by Eugene, would be mortifying indeed, while to succeed, will gratify the lurking dislike that is excited by thoughts of him who passed me by to love one like Gertrude."

Some idea of Helen's character, may be gathered from these specimens of her confidential correspondence, though she was too habitually insincere to reveal all her feelings, even in such intercourse. Handsome, rather than beautiful, with brilliant powers and animated manners, Helen possessed exactly the traits which are calculated to produce, at first, a favorable impression in society; while deeper knowledge of her disposition almost always erased the earlier and gentler judgment. Where Helen wished to please, she rarely failed; and this sort of success, had given her a reliance on her attractions, which made indifference to them an offence she could not pardon. Toward those she disliked—and their name was Legion—she was haughty and satirical; for with naturally quick perceptions, she exerted the unenviable talent of turning into ridicule all who fell under the ban of her displeasure. Gay, spirited and confident, Helen's mind was well fitted to control her cousin; for Gertrude, though superior in amiability, was generally deficient in the energy and self possession which distinguished her companion. The origin of Helen's feelings for Eugene, her letter has confessed, and amid her liveliness and pretended indifference, we may, perhaps, trace even yet some slight hidden lingering of the tenderness that once marked her opinion of the missionary. But if such were the fact, there was little noble or refined in a sentiment whose disappointment urged her to sacrifice all the earthly happiness of a being like Courtland.

CHAPTER IV.

The fair young moon hung like a silver crescent from the ceiling of Heaven, and the stars in their shadowless beauty were pure and bright as a christian's hopes. Far away reposed a few gorgeous clouds which the sunset had blest, and in gratitude they still gilded the place where their glory had been given.

Low and tender were the words that the lover breathed that night to the lady of his choice, and she listened with sad attention to the soft, modulated tones which were sweeter than the whispers of the summer wind. She knew that voice would soon be to her but a remembered melody, a sound to be heard no more save in the music of her dreams, and the deep eyes that locked on

her now, would for many years, meet hers no longer. The hand that now held hers, might clasp it not again, and the brightest star that lit her sky, was departing for another sphere. Even if they met again, both would be changed—and to those who love, what is change but sorrow? Gertrude spoke not, and Eugene was sad, but calm. He talked of resignation, of hope, and a firmer trust on that One, for whom he was leaving all.

"But, Gertrude," he said, "I know that during my absence, your love will be sought by many, and I would not bind you by vows, from which time may steal their charms. If one more worthy of your affection should ask it, consider yourself free, dearest, from a promise, which, however precious to me, I would relinquish for your happiness."

A passionate burst of tears was her only answer; and with a faltering tone, Eugene continued—

"Be calm, my Gertrude; for my sake, control these feelings; let not the thought of this last meeting be darkened by such sorrow. If you would now dissolve the tie between us, I will submit to the decision and return here no more!"

Gertrude raised her full dark eyes to his, and in the concentrated whisper of intense emotion, she answered, "I will be yours, Eugene—and yours only!"

Those words went with the wanderer to another land, and when the wild waves of the deep ocean foamed between him and home, that promise dwelt in the exile's spirit, his only hope on earth.

"I must tell you, dear Caroline," wrote Helen to her friend, "the continuation of the lovers' romance. *Eh bien!* the affair has ended for the present, as I expected, in the gentleman's departure alone, and the renewal of my little cousin's vows. My efforts thus far, have entirely failed; but, though disappointed, I am not surprised, for I well knew that months of artful persuasion would lose their effect before one loving whisper from Eugene's lips. My aunt is now exerting all her powers to make a match between Mr. Mervin (the rich lover, *vous savez*,) and her daughter. Though very much doubting her success, I offer no opposition to the plan. Gertrude has appeared lately in a new character; for the once irresolute tone of her disposition has given place to a gentle, but steady reliance on her own decisions. I confess that this change has altered my views; and I sometimes think, instead of interfering with Gertrude's love, it would be wiser to practice my arts on the wealthy lover. I know my cousin would thank me for monopolizing his attentions, though my aunt might object to the exchange. What think you of this scheme? If I mistake not, the gentleman would prove an easy capture; so my only difficulty would be to reconcile my aunt to the affair. She is bent upon marrying her daughter to a rich old simpleton, but if that cannot be done, she might surely allow her niece the second opportunity. Mervin would be no contemptible prize for me, as I am not sentimentally inclined towards any one at present, and his gold is a great temptation. I had a kind, brotherly lecture from Charles, last night, on my conduct to Eugene and Gertrude, and he tried to make me promise that I would not interfere with them for the future. I would promise no such thing, just to plague Charles by opposition—and he left me really angry at my obstinacy. Did you ever hear of such an unreasonable person as this brother of mine? He fancies be-

cause he admires Eugene so highly, that I must do the same; two years ago I might have listened with more interest to his praises—but now, *tout cela s'est passé!*"

CHAPTER V.

A year had gone by since the events of the last chapter, and Gertrude had in a measure recovered her usual tranquillity. Letters from Courtland, which reached her at long intervals, taught her to look on the future with a less anxious eye, and to rest firmer trust on Him who had guided the wanderer's way.

Mrs. Leslie had ceased to combat with her daughter's wishes, when she found how much they effected her happiness—and released by Helen's marriage, from her importunities, Gertrude gradually became reconciled to her situation.

But at length Eugene's letters grew sadder; he alluded more rarely to his return and oftener urged submission to whatever might be in store for them. His words were less ardent, and his recollections of home were hallowed and painful as memories of the dead.

Gertrude felt alarmed at this melancholy; she scarcely knew why, but it was so unlike Courtland's usual cheering style, that a thousand vague fears came over her like shadows.

She fancied him sick and alone in a far off land, with no friend to comfort and soothe him. She pictured his solitary dwelling, wanting the light of a loving eye, the music of a tender voice; and for a moment she was tempted to doubt the wisdom which heaped so many trials on one so pure and good. At last came the confirmation of her apprehensions; Eugene was ill. He said he might linger long in suffering, but he bid her not hope for such a life. The writing of the letter was almost illegible, and the eye could scarcely recognise in its irregular characters, the flowing lines of Eugene's hand. For an instant, Gertrude was unable to credit the fearful tidings, but the sentences were before her which his trembling hand had traced, and she could not doubt them.

Wild and fervent was the first prayer of the betrothed for her idol's life; then came the thought of *his* humility, compared with her daring supplication, and with a chastened spirit, she asked mercy for him who had left all on earth to gain hope in Heaven. Silently Mrs. Leslie read the intelligence, and with sorrow for his affliction blended recollections of her own conduct toward the exile. Gertrude, too, her child, her only one, was mourning; and the mother knelt, for the first time, in true and lowly pleading for blessings on the missionary.

"Mother," said Gertrude, and her voice was low and earnest; "mother, I would not grieve you, but Eugene is sad and comfortless, and he must not die alone!" Mrs. Leslie had expected this, but she replied not as she gazed on the pale face of her child. "Do not deny me, dear mother," continued Gertrude in the same deep, passionate tone; "I would not otherwise leave you, but he is suffering. You have kind friends who will supply my place during the few months of our separation, but he has none to cheer him. Give me your blessing, mother, and let it go with me to his loneliness!" "Be it as you will, dearest!" was the faltering answer, and the parent's benediction was mingled with her daughter's tears.

LETTER FROM HELEN MERVIN TO HER FRIEND.

"How I wish you were near me, *ma chère* Caroline, that I might have some society that I could enjoy! Now, do not imagine from this introduction, I intend being sentimental, for I have no such idea; but indeed I do feel dull and desperate, shut up in this castle-like country place, away from all rational companions. Not that I am really alone, for Mr. Mervin is here with some of his friends; but I do not include either the host or his visitors among companionable people. This house itself is delightful, and its decorations are splendid; but they are nothing to me in my solitude. Besides the disagreeables of a silly husband and his still more stupid associates, I have the charming prospect of spending the next winter at this same gay establishment, instead of going, like every lady else, to the city. Dependant as I am on society for pleasure, picture if you can my gloom and anger at this sage resolution of my intellectual *mari*! I little suspected when I exerted so many attractions to win this man, that instead of spending his wealth and laughing at his follies among a brilliant crowd, I should be condemned to spend my time in the country, with him forever at my side. I sometimes wish I had made Gertrude marry him, but it is too late for repentance now. There is yet another reason for my dejection. I have just heard that Eugene is ill. My old wish for a triumph over Courtland has vanished, and I sometimes think if I ever loved any body it was him. Compare, just for curiosity, Caroline, the reality of my first love with my descriptions of Mervin; for I cannot pay him even the poor compliment of being my last love. We are not the most affectionate people in the world; for I never was intended for a quiet domestic character, and I suspect even Mervin's dull mind has discovered that fact. You recollect how I rejoiced in his conquest and prided myself on winning him from Gertrude! I begin to think my joy then was as illy founded as my wisdom; and unless I can have society, to forget in its giddy tumult the want of social sympathy, my fate will be clouded indeed.

"But enough of these sober realities; I will not tire you with my regrets; but sometimes, Caroline, I envy Gertrude her pure love for Courtland, and I too, would have undertaken the voyage before her, to meet the gentle smile and tender greeting that will be her best reward!"

CHAPTER VI.

The round moon rose high in the cloudless heavens, and a light breeze curled into tiny waves the waters of the blue ocean. A single vessel held its solitary course, and on its deck sat the maiden whose love, like the mariner's star, had guided her across the wide sea. Her eyes watched the sparkling path behind the ship, and her heart throbbed quicker, as she remembered that another sunset would find her with Courtland! By her side stood a man on whose brow years and cares had left their mingled seals, and among whose dark locks time had scattered silver. He also, was a missionary, and under his guidance Gertrude had left her home. Like Eugene, he too had come on a holy errand—but his life had lost its freshness, and in quitting his early

haunts, he quitted only the vivid memories of sorrows gone. No young heart had mourned his departure, for all who loved him, were at rest; and in seeking another dwelling, he was seeking also a peace and happiness he had not left. During their tedious voyage, he had been to Gertrude kind as a father, for her placid beauty recalled the soft eyes of his own children, whose sleep was in the grave.

He had soothed her fears, revived her hopes, and knelt with her in prayer; and under his instruction she learned a lesson of lowliness. His mission commanded her interest, and created a yet loftier reverence for those who forsake all things to go forth among strangers and do good!

Disturbed were Gertrude's slumbers during that last long night upon the ocean, and with the eagerness of a child she hailed the blue shadowy outline of land which greeted her waking glance. Until then, she had clung only to the fair side of the future; but now that her journey was closing, a throng of fears flitted before her. Eugene might be dying—might be dead—and all was forgotten in that one thought.

"Do not despond, my child," was her companion's encouragement, as he saw the large tears resting on her lashes; "our prayers have been offered in sincerity, and they will not prove in vain!"

* * * * *

The tall palm trees reared their crests above the missionary's dwelling, and the rich vines of a sunny clime, enwreathed its lowly roof. There was little of improvement around, but gorgeous flowers of many hues had sprung up unsown, and art was scarcely missed where nature had lavished so much. Birds of brilliant plumage fluttered among the trees and offered the sweet incense of their evening song. The sun was declining, and it cast over the dark woods the glory of its own death—giving earth, sky and water a lustre, pure and bright as the light of fame which gilds the patriot's tomb.

Beside a table within the hut, sat Eugene Courtland; a book lay open before him and a pencil was in his hand, but his thoughts were not with his studies. His cheek had parted with its early flush, and his eyes, though beautiful as ever, were calmer and sadder; his brow was pale, and placid; suffering had left there no darkness and no frown. The meditations of the solitary, were mournful; and resting his clasped hands on the expanded page, he pressed his forehead upon them in silence. Long visions of the past were with him; then came the soft dreams that concentrate years of happiness in a single thought. A shadow dimmed the sunlight; a gentle step crossed the threshold, and Eugene woke from his fancied blessedness, to realize all, in meeting the gaze of Gertrude!

LETTER FROM HELEN MERVIN TO HER FRIEND.

"Caroline, Eugene has returned, and I have seen him! I needed but this to make me wretched; for I could have borne more calmly my union with a soulless, sensual man, had I never met again the loved reality of my only pure ideal. Excluded from the world I idolize, and forbidden to mingle in its pleasures, by the caprice of a despised companion, how often have I mourned the voluntary act which sealed my misery! Gertrude and Eugene look so happy, that my heart almost reproaches

me for the part I once acted toward them. We met last evening at my aunt's, but I did not tell Mervin of his invitation, for I could not bear that Eugene should see my husband. He is already disagreeable enough to me, without needing contrast to render him more so. Gertrude's sweet, placid face, was a mirror of joy, and I think her disposition has improved, for she has overcome that want of decision which used to mark her conduct. I could almost love her now, if Charles did not plague me by holding her up as my model, and by constantly comparing her manners and acts with what he is pleased to call the 'worldliness' of my own. Courtland's health is fast recovering, and the lassitude of suffering, has given a gentler and lovelier style to a beauty that was always spritful. His voice has no longer the strength which once distinguished it, but its low, subdued tones, have gained in melody what they have lost in power. The enthusiasm for his calling lingers still, though he has learned from experience the falseness of the hopes which carried him among strangers, and has found how little can be done even by the most unwearied, unless assisted by many. As I listened to his expressions of holy gratitude, I almost wondered at the humility which, in giving such thanks, forgets the trials and sacrifices that have won him blessings. Courtland asked after Mervin, and I fancied that I read something of pity in Gertrude's look, when she heard the question. But I answered with a smile, and she was too sincere herself to suspect the depth of sadness that gaiety concealed. I left them with a mind more discontented than ever with my self-appointed lot; and when I returned to my splendid but lonely home—watched for by no brightening eye—greeted by no tender welcome—I turned from the empty ornaments of wealth with a sickened heart and wearied spirit. I sought my own room—it was adorned with all the luxuries that gold could buy—but there, also, I was alone; and, in bitterness of soul, I deplored a destiny so different in its gilded vanity, from the peaceful, loving life of the missionary's bride!"

J. T. L.

August, 1839.

RETURN ENRAPTURED HOURS.

Return, enraptur'd hours,
When Delia's heart was mine;
When she with wreaths of flowers
My temples did entwine.
No jealousy nor care
Corroded in my breast,
But visions light as air
Presided o'er my rest.

Since I'm removed from state,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine;
But may the mighty Jove
Crown her with happiness—
This grant, ye powers above,
And take my soul to bliss.

Now, nightly o'er my bed
No airy phantoms play,
No flow'rets deck my head
Each vernal holiday.
Far, far from the sad plain,
The cruel Delia flies—
While, racked with jealous pain,
Her wretched André dies.

B.

A LECTURE,

Delivered to the Law Class of William and Mary College, June 17, 1839, being the last of a course of Lectures on the Philosophy of Government and Constitutional Law. By Judge Beverley Tucker.*

I know not, gentlemen, whether a desire to recall some of the thoughts presented in the course of lectures which I am about to conclude, is suggested by a sense of duty to you or to myself. It may be due to both. Among you, I flatter myself, there are some whose partial friendship might dispose them to adopt my opinions with too much confidence. These, I am especially bound to guard against any evil consequences of a sentiment which so justly deserves my gratitude. On the other hand, it has been often my duty to present considerations favorable to opinions which my own mind does not decidedly adopt; and in the minds of those who reject them I may stand charged with errors from which I am free.

In the progress of these lectures, I have endeavored to guard against both of these evils. You will remember, that in the outset, I said, that I would not flatter you with a promise, that political truths which have eluded the investigations of the most candid and enlightened of all ages, should be laid open to you. These words were perhaps understood, at the moment, as the mere common-place of modesty—real or affected. But they had a far deeper meaning. They were uttered under a conviction, which all subsequent investigation and reflection have but confirmed, that researches into the philosophy of government promise, at best, but an approximation to truth; and that, to him whose mind cannot be brought to rest content in doubt, they promise nothing at all. If there be any such among you, he will be sensible that he has derived no benefit from me. The only service I could have rendered such a one, would have been to effect such a change in the temper and disposition of his mind, as to prepare him to enter, an humble and teachable pupil, in the school of experience. If I have failed in this, I have failed in every thing. With such, I fear, I am particularly liable to misconstruction. To such, every suggestion calculated to throw a doubt on any cherished opinion, might seem like the avowal of the opposite opinion. In politics, as in religion, to him whose comfort requires an infallible guide, any doubt of his infallibility seems equivalent to a direct contradiction of all his doctrines. To the bigot, all others are bigots. To doubt, is bigotry. To hesitate—to pause and reflect, is bigotry. All who are not for him, are against him, and he against them.

Against this uncandid temper—the parent of so much

* Published at the request of the Class.

error, so much faction, strife, contention, and bitterness of heart—my labors have been particularly directed. It is a temper that can serve no purpose but to make him who cherishes it the ready instrument of party, the easy tool of any who will repeat his creed, and tickle his ear with the plausible formulas which he habitually receives as compends of political truth. At the same time he is ready to denounce all who will not repeat this creed and these formulas. Hence, men distinguished for that thoughtful sobriety of understanding which reflects patiently and judges wisely, can have no place in his confidence. He has reduced the science of government to a system of maxims, and the man who hesitates to adopt any one of them, is set down in his mind as devoted to another system, the opposite of his in all things. Thus it is, that the discreet and conscientious are condemned by bigots and system makers of all parties; and thus it is, that the affairs of nations are given up to the blundering misrule of the rash and unscrupulous, while the men most competent to manage them are condemned to inaction and obscurity. Belonging to no party, they are charged with the sins and errors of all parties. Having the wisdom to perceive that they do not know every thing, they are set down by the confident and presumptuous as knowing nothing.

This is no enviable lot; yet I frankly confess to you, that the aim of all my instructions has been to dispose and qualify you to take your place among these. These are, after all, the salt of the earth. Were such men more common, mutual support might ensure them more respect, and their numbers might give them consequence and authority. To increase their number would be to render the state the most important service. Something like this is the object I have had in view. But you will see, gentlemen, that it is at your expense that I have proposed to accomplish it. I have sought to enlist you in a forlorn hope, where you may have to sacrifice every thing in a strenuous effort to serve your country, it may be, in spite of herself. But I have not sought to *beguile* you into a service so desperate. I have offered neither pay nor bounty; neither the emoluments of office, nor the applause of your contemporaries. I have not taught you to hope the countenance of any party, nor the favor of any leader. I have told you, as I tell you now, the naked and unvarnished truth, and admonished you in the outset, that if you wish to win your way to power and distinction by the arts of the demagogue and partisan, you should avoid this place.

I have been aware, that in a system of instruction adapted to these ideas, there can be nothing to make it popular. This, too, I have already told you. But it is not my business to study popularity, but truth. I am fully aware, that by him who is eager after knowledge, rash confidence is preferred as a guide before sober doubt; that to most men specious error is far more palatable than unseemly truth; and that the safest opinions are those which are most current.

Here, gentlemen, is one of the inconveniences that attends the study of political science. In physics, in mathematics, and even in morals, investigation is stimulated and encouraged by the honors which await him who discovers a new truth, or detects an established error. Such are the foundations of that fame which renders immortal the names of Bacon and Newton, and promises the same reward to the men whose researches,

in our day, have penetrated so deeply into all the mysteries of Nature. With this honor in prospect, the philosopher addresses himself to his task as one who seeks for hidden treasure. If he fails, he can but die and be forgotten. But if he succeeds, he secures for himself a name among the benefactors of mankind.

Far different is the lot of him who devotes himself to the investigation of political science. That which is immortality to others may be death to him. He follows after truth, as one who tracks an enemy that may turn and destroy him. He will do more to advance his fame by devising specious sophisms in defence of vulgar errors, than by the discovery of a new truth, which, being new, must clash with opinions consecrated by prejudice, and sanctioned by the authority of numbers.

Thus it is, that each country has its own political creed, which no man dares assail. So true is this, that, turn where you will, you will find the prevalent opinion of every people, favorable, in the main, to their own institutions. Abuses may indeed be perceived; but, for the most part, radical defects are mistaken for abuses. The spirit of revolution, too, sometimes suggests innovation and change; but, in the calm and healthy condition of every community, the *beau idéal* of a perfect government seems to each something not widely different from its own. The authority of numbers is no evidence that any of these is right; for, numbers decide one way in a republic, and another way in a monarchy. Precisely thus, at this moment, do the most enlightened men of the two most enlightened countries in the world differ from each other. Yet in each the authority of numbers supervises the researches of the political philosopher; and the love of fame, which is the incentive to all other investigations, does but awaken a more lively dread of the scourge with which public opinion stands prepared to punish the unlucky discoverer of any unpalatable truth.

You will see, gentlemen, that if, like most men, I have a zeal for my art, I take a poor way to recommend it. It might, perhaps, be thought that the ideas I have just suggested, are at the bottom of the doubting and undecided character of almost every thing that I have said to you. But though it may seem safer to doubt than to err, yet this idea is often deceptive. Error may be condemned; and truth may pass for error. But he who teaches either, will not stand alone. He will always have some to concur with and countenance him. But he who doubts has all the world against him. He is at the centre of the magnetic card, and there is no point of the compass from which he does not appear to be at the opposite edge of the horizon. He will not even obtain the praise of candor. To question the perfection of the institutions of his own country, is, at home, supposed to indicate a secret preference for a government as different as possible: while abroad, he is regarded in every nation, as having a glimmering perception of the excellence of the institutions of that particular nation, without daring to avow it.

You see, then, gentlemen, that the temper of mind which I have endeavored to inspire, is, of all, the most unfavorable to popularity and advancement. *But the end is not yet.* We do not live for ourselves, nor even for our contemporaries alone. "*Diis immortalibus sero,*" was the noble saying of the aged Roman, as his gray hairs fell over the plough, while putting in a crop which

he could not live to reap. Our country is not a thing of a day: and fame is immortal. And remember, gentlemen, that they whose speculations on government have purchased for them an interest in that immortal thing, are they whose respect for the opinions of their countrymen, did not deter them from correcting their errors and rebuking their prejudices. To those who may be disposed to accompany me in the study of political science in this spirit, I am bound, in candor, to say, in the words of the Apostle, that "if in this life only we have hope, we are, of all men, the most miserable." Our doubts, if unreasonable, will only excite contempt; if well founded they will provoke the resentment of those whose rashness and errors they rebuke. How many venture into public service, with no qualification, save only a presumptuous ignorance, unconscious of those mysteries in the science of government, which the wisest explore in vain! Deprive such men of their ill-founded confidence, by opening their eyes to see the difficulties and dangers that beset the statesman's path, and you leave them nothing. And how can we hope the forgiveness of such, who deeming themselves wise, are awakened from their delusion, but to find that they "are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked?" Nothing, in short, can be more unthankful than the task of him who would couch the eyes of such, as, being blind, yet fancy that they see.

I have not meant to intimate, gentlemen, that every part of political science is alike involved in mystery and paradox. I have had no difficulty in teaching you, that the great principles which lie at the foundations of all free institutions, are unquestionably true. The primitive equality of man, and the right of each individual to live exempt from all human authority, to which he has not consented to submit, either by express compact, or by legitimate and fair implication, cannot be taught more unequivocally by any than they have been by myself.

But, when we trace this *primitive equality* to the inequalities which grow out of it, and furnish the measure of its value—when we begin to inquire, on the one hand, how far regulations in derogation and curtailment of these *adscititious advantages*, can be reconciled to the respect due to that principle of *original equality* out of which they grow, and, on the other, how far the ulterior preservation of *essential equality* may be endangered by the *unqualified allowance* of these advantages, we enter on questions full of difficulty and doubt.

So, too, of the right of self government. This I have affirmed; and I go farther, and affirm also, man's *capacity* for self government. But do I affirm this of *all men—every where—under all conditions—and in all circumstances*? Assuredly no! It is not true of the ignorant, the vicious, the licentious, the self indulgent. It is not true of any who are not willing to take security against themselves, by self imposed restraints on will and appetite. The man who affirms of himself, that he is capable of regulating his own conduct, and who, therefore, refuses to acknowledge the authority of any moral code, gives proof against himself of the falsehood of his pretensions. We know this to be true of individuals; and it is yet more fearfully true of men in great masses. It has been aptly said, that freedom in multitudes is power; and in multitudes not under the regulated discipline of fixed principles and self imposed

restraints, it is power in its most formidable aspect. Opinion restrains the abuse of power in an individual; but power in multitudes, makes for itself what is easily mistaken for the opinion of the world. There is nothing so ruthless, nothing so dead, alike to conscience and to shame, as a licentious crowd unrestrained by authority.

When we come, then, to inquire how far the present enjoyment of liberty may consist with those conventional and self imposed limitations on the right of self government, which may be necessary to its preservation, we enter on a task which any man may well tremble to undertake. To him who would dogmatize here, the adjustment of the balance between those powers, contending yet harmonious, on which the order of the planetary system depends, would seem an easy problem. The countless worlds, revolving, each in its appointed path, implicitly obey the law impressed on them at creation. Not so the moral universe, the world of will and passion. With these the Omnipotent himself must parley; tolerating much present evil for the sake of ultimate and greater good; yielding that he may conquer. When we say, that no man can confidently decide how far a people jealous of the right of self government should voluntarily limit its exercise, we do but affirm that human institutions are subject to the necessity inhering in the nature of things, which is one of the conditions of the moral government of the universe. Step forth, philosopher! you who have discovered the great *arcanum*!—you who have ascertained how best to reconcile the present enjoyment of happiness with its perpetuity; the present exercise of freedom with security against its tendencies to self destruction!—step forth, and read a lesson to the Most High! He shall hear you gladly! He shall descend from the throne of his power, and, taking the place of the learner, shall meekly seat himself at your feet! For my part, while I see the nature of all earthly blessings; while I mark their liability to perish in the using; while I witness the hard servitude of those who yield themselves to the dominion of passion, I shall believe that none are capable of freedom, who are not "disposed to put moral chains upon their own appetites, and who are not more inclined to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, than to the flattery of knaves." When, therefore, the question arises, "what does wisdom teach, and what are the proper and salutary restraints to be imposed?" I am not ashamed to be baffled by a difficulty which for six thousand years has tasked the resources of almighty Power and all seeing Wisdom. The discipline of life,—the hopes of heaven,—the terrors of hell,—all have been employed to this end, and its accomplishment is yet remote.

"He is a freeman whom the truth makes free;"

and the truth that thus emancipates him, is that which teaches that there is no freedom for him, in whom there is not an abiding disposition to bring appetite and passion under the dominion of fixed laws, whose authority freedom must not dare to question. To him who is not content to be free on these terms, "chains under darkness" is the appointed lot in this world, as in the next. To this the Word of God and the experience of all mankind alike bear witness. This is all that can be known with certainty. This is the truth, from which the wisest of ancient sages learned that he knew no-

thing. Beyond this all is darkness. On the unsearchable mystery which lies buried in the depths of that impenetrable abyss of night, we can but muse and marvel at the presumption which pretends to have fathomed it. But while the pride of human wisdom stands thus rebuked, we find consolation in the thought, that the truth which thus baffles our researches, is of the number of "the hidden things that belong to God." To him we leave it.

But it is not alone of the great fundamental principles common to *all* free institutions, that I have ventured to speak with confidence. In the application of these principles to *our own* institutions, we have the aid of lights sufficiently clear to guide us to certain conclusions.

Thus, when we affirm, "that man has a right to live exempt from all human authority, to which he has not consented to submit, either by express compact, or by legitimate and fair implication," we perceive the necessity of showing the evidences of that consent, in virtue of which we ourselves are governed. Here we speak from the record, and we speak boldly. We find the charter which, more than two hundred years ago, constituted Virginia a body politic. We find the unanimous declaration of all the members of that body, solemnly proclaimed, sixty-three years ago, "that all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; that magistrates are their *trustees* and *servants*, and at all times amenable to them; and that, when government shall be found inadequate to their happiness and safety, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable and indefeasible right to reform, alter or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the common weal."

These propositions, thus affirmed by all whom it concerned, are true, because they have affirmed them, if for no other reason. They form the basis of the compact which they prefaced, and afford a clew to its interpretation. Guided by this, we arrive at the conclusion, that sovereignty, whether sleeping or awake, whether active or in repose, is in the people: that sovereignty cannot, therefore, be rightfully predicated of any government; and that where there is no people, there is no sovereignty.

Proceeding on these principles to analyse the structure of that great federal compact, which is the talisman of security, power, prosperity, and happiness to the people of these states, I have shown you the recorded evidence of its binding authority over you. I have laid before you the solemn act of Virginia, declaring "her assent and ratification of that instrument," and her mandate announcing to all whom it might concern that it is binding upon her people. I have thus endeavored to impress on your minds the conviction, that in giving your respect to the functionaries, and your obedience to the laws of the central government thereby established, you do but obey her; that you do this, because she has commanded it, and by no other authority; and that, should she ever think proper to revoke this mandate, her will, in that too, must be law to you. I have not presented those propositions as undisputed; but I have affirmed, that so long as we look to the *record* which *alone witnesses* of the obligation of the federal constitution; so long as we abide by the *law* and the *testimony*, they can never be rightfully or truly denied.

I have urged these thoughts the more strenuously,

because on the clear and distinct recognition of these depends the preservation of our cherished Union. So long as the federal government is professedly a government of opinion, opinion will uphold it. But, let it claim to rule by force, and the question will presently arise, whether a free people *can* be governed by force. The answer to that question will be written in characters of blood; and that answer, whatever it may be, must be fatal to union. The decision, thus made, must be followed by a violent disruption of the bond, and a separation of the inhabitants of this continent into a microcosm of petty states, weak factions and contemptible, or by the all pervading sway of one vast frightful consolidated despotism.

Of the truth, then, or the value of the fundamental principles common to *all* free governments, and of those which are *peculiar to our own*, I would not have you doubt. But for the means of giving security and efficacy to these, I must be content to leave you to the teachings of that school of *observation* and *experience*, into which you will pass from this. There it is, gentlemen, that honors are to be conferred, which a generous ambition well may covet. Of these, the parchment and the wax which you receive at our hands, are but the types; and, trust me, that your success in winning these higher honors, depends much less on what you may have learned here, than on your disposition to improve the lessons to be taught hereafter. Hence, I have rather studied to establish this disposition in your minds, than to implant there even those most cherished opinions, which can never be eradicated from my own. By a different course, I might but have led you to conclusions in which you might rest satisfied, forgetful of the arguments by which they had been deduced. You would thus only add yourselves to the number of those whose mouths are full of dogmas unsupported by reason, who, knowing nothing, claim to know every thing, and render their ignorance more conspicuous, disgusting and offensive, by misapplied presumption. Where certainty is attainable, it may be criminal to doubt. In matters of high moral or political duty, it is always so. But on questions in which mere expediency is an important condition, *experience* is the only teacher. If I have at any time forestalled the lessons of that faithful and candid instructor, I have done you wrong; and I beseech you, in justice to yourselves, and to me, to endeavor to divest your minds of all impressions, which you do not feel yourselves prepared to vindicate by reason. I should promise myself more honor from a pupil, who, dissenting from me, should be always found ready to give a reason for his faith, than from a hundred who might answer, by the book, every question in a political catechism of my own framing, giving no reason and no authority but mine for his answers. My business has been to teach you to observe; to compare; to think;—and he who, applying my lessons, arrives at results different from my own, will do me credit with the wise and candid, even in exposing my errors.

But I have proposed to myself a higher honor. When, instead of announcing an opinion, and enforcing it by argument, I lay before you the considerations that belong to both sides of any disputed question, or furnish your minds with thoughts and reflections susceptible of being variously applied by yourselves in the investigation of more than one truth, I establish for myself a

claim to some part of the credit of all you may discover or achieve. Not having been encouraged to sit down contented in a conclusion hastily adopted, you must remember the arguments for and against it, or you remember nothing. Not having made up your minds how to decide a question, you cannot cheat yourselves into the belief that you understand it. So long as it remains a subject of doubt with you, so long will you continue to meditate and reflect, and memory will tenaciously cling to every consideration, which, when first presented, seemed to throw light upon the subject. Your opinions thus formed, will be your own; yet, while you enjoy the pleasure of having arrived at truth by your own researches, you will perhaps be ready to attribute your success in part to me. But though I may deceive myself in this, of one thing I am sure; that whenever experience may, at any time, convince you of the error of opinions too hastily adopted, you will at least exempt me from any part of the blame of that error.

You see then, gentlemen, how large an interest I have in dealing candidly, fairly and impartially with you. So far from wishing to charge your minds with my opinions, it has not been without painful misgivings that I have sometimes discharged the duty of leading you to conviction, in cases where it might be criminal to doubt. The idea that such convictions may, at any time, be prejudicial to your advancement or your usefulness in life, is one which I cannot contemplate without anxiety. Should this apprehension be realized, you will be too generous to blame me; but I shall find it hard not to blame myself. Yet even in that event, we shall both enjoy high consolations. The perception of truth is sweet: the love of truth is ennobling; and an uncalculating devotion to truth is honorable even in the eyes of its enemies.

In these thoughts you may perceive the reason, gentlemen, why I have carefully avoided any remarks which might influence your inclinations in favor of any of those party leaders who claim to monopolize the confidence of the people. I presume it cannot be unknown to you, that I am not remarkable for indifference to the political occurrences of the day. I am aware too, that I am unfortunately, supposed to be much addicted to personal predilections in favor of distinguished men. In this particular I need not, at this day, tell you that I have been misunderstood. Such predilections I do not feel. *Nullius in verba*, is the cardinal maxim which I learned in early life, from the only politician who ever possessed my entire confidence. But though not only unpledged, but indisposed to follow any political leader, I am certainly not without my aversions and antipathies. With these, however, it was no part of my business to infect you. I have certainly not endeavored to do so; and hence it has always been with reluctance, that I have touched on topics connected with the characters and public history of political aspirants. You may, one of these days, be surprised to discover, that I have, in some instances, been careful not to advert to transactions which came directly within the scope of my remarks, on subjects of the most absorbing interest. But it would not have been just to you, to have invited or provoked the cooperation or resistance of any political prejudice which you might have already entertained. My business was, to lay my thoughts before you, and by fair and candid arguments to lead you into the light

of the truth. Why then, should I have introduced into the discussion an element which might have influenced you to adopt my views without a well founded conviction of their correctness, or to reject them, alike without reason? On the other hand, how uncandid and unworthy of the relation I bear to you, to take advantage of my position for the purpose of infecting you with my partialities or dislikings. If, at any time, I have fallen into this error, gentlemen, I beg you, in consideration of my inadvertence, to pardon a lapse which would admit of no other apology.

Sometimes, indeed, it has been my duty to express myself in a way, which, to the uncandid, might have savored of a wish to insinuate into your minds something of my own feelings of liking or aversion. "History," it has been said, "is philosophy teaching by example;" and he must be illy qualified to direct your researches after truth, who should reject the lessons of this sage instructor. From these, indeed, we learn all that can be known. Here it is, that we discover the connexion between events and their causes, and here we learn that lesson, so humbling to the presumption of the mere theorist, which I have so often labored to illustrate and enforce. I allude to the tendency of moral causes, in their ill-regulated action on the minds of men, to provoke reaction, and thus to produce results exactly the reverse of those intended or expected. Here, too, it is that we learn to contrast the *profession of the aspirant*, with the *practice of successful ambition*. As the experienced seaman augurs the storm from the slumbering calm that precedes it, and, in the cloud on the horizon, "no bigger than a man's hand," detects the tempest that may overwhelm him in the deep, so he who reads the future in the past history of man, is sometimes enabled to discover the approach of danger at the moment when the watchman on the wall is crying "peace, and all is well."

But, where shall we look for those facts which furnish this precious wisdom? Shall we find them in the fabulous legends of remote antiquity? Shall we seek them in histories more modern, perhaps more authentic, but which may mislead us, because we know not enough of the manners, habits and circumstances of ancient states, to determine all the conditions that may have influenced in the production of any result? Coming down to modern times, shall we take all our examples from the nations of Europe and Asia, at the hazard of being misled in the same way? In short, gentlemen, when, at any time, the history of our own country—the history of events happening in our own time, and under our own eyes, in which all that is done is the work of men whom we personally know and understand in all their relations—when this sure, authentic and ungarbled evidence discloses facts of which the political philosopher in other lands would be glad to avail himself, shall we alone be denied the advantage of it? We may speak of Miltiades and Camillus, of Pericles and Cæsar, of Alcibiades and Catiline—we come down to Elizabeth and Henry the 4th, to Cromwell and Bonaparte, to Chatham and Sully—we may even cite the example of WASHINGTON, consecrated to the use of all the world by liberty and virtue—and we may speak of Arnold and of Burr, whom the hangman, Infamy, has delivered up for dissection: But must we necessarily stop there? If, at any time, the best means of explaining and illustrating an impor-

tant truth cannot be employed, but by naming those who are still upon the stage of life, must we forbear to use these means, lest we be suspected of flattery or malignity? The necessity for doing this should indeed be always clear and strong: and you will bear me witness, that I have commonly done so with reluctance. Fortunately for me, gentlemen, (unfortunately for our country,) it has happened that I could not perform my whole duty in this particular, without showing you that there is not one among those sworn defenders of the Constitution, who stand most conspicuous as candidates for public favor, and public honors, at whose hands it has not received a wound. I have often indeed endeavored to give the history of the fact without naming the actor. Yet I have, from time to time, had occasion to name them all, and though I have never attempted to excite your indignation, yet there is not one of them whom I have foreborne to censure. I have felt it to be right that I should censure them: for, one of the most important lessons you can learn is the danger of yielding yourselves up to the impulses of that confidence, so natural to inexperienced and sanguine youth. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men." If you go into life prepared to pin your faith upon the sleeve of any leader, to follow the fortunes and devote yourselves to the service of any political aspirant, my conscience ought to acquit me of having failed to warn you against conduct so dangerous and so criminal. It does acquit me. If such are the purposes which will accompany you into any station, to which your country may call you, the fault will not be mine. I have done what I could. With other powers I might have done more: and had I the eloquence which might inspire you with a just zeal for your country's rights, and a righteous indignation against all who invade them, I am not sure that it would not have been my duty to lay aside all reserve; to strip off all concealment; to show the assassins of the Constitution "hacking each other's daggers in its sides;" expose its bleeding wounds, and "bid them speak for me."

Yet I must not mislead you, gentlemen, by withdrawing your attention from the fact, that he, who, in political life would act alone, must always act without effect. His efforts must often be associated with those of men who do not fully possess his confidence, and to secure their coöperation, he must frequently tolerate, and sometimes support measures which his judgment condemns. This is one of those hard conditions, "twin-born with greatness," which gives the successful aspirant so much cause to envy him, who, in the independence of private life, chooses his company and regulates his conduct by the dictates of his own conscience.

In this, gentlemen, as in many other particulars, you will find that the ideas I have endeavored to inculcate, are not such as will qualify you to take an early and a prominent stand in the service of your country, or to win your way at once to the honors and emoluments of office. But if these last be the objects to which you purpose to devote yourselves, nothing that I have said will stand in your way. The political adventurer is never at a loss to divest himself of any inconvenient opinions, which might retard his progress in the career of ambition. Besides, there are no imaginable opinions which it may not at some time suit him to adopt. The devoted adherent of Cromwell the *Protector*, would

have awkwardly paid his court, by echoing the sentiments of Cromwell, the *commander of the army of the Parliament*. So long as parties retain their names, their watchwords and their leaders, their principles may vary indefinitely; and the very men who might now denounce as criminal, any sentiment expressed in this discourse, may, at a future day, take it as the watchword of their party.

But after all, gentlemen, the prize most worthy to reward the toils of him who gives himself to the service of his country, is one which does not depend on the capricious coincidence of public opinion with his fixed principles and convictions. The ostracism was the crowning glory of the life of Aristides. The exile of Camillus made him the saviour of his country: and the fame that lives and will live, when all the honors that contemporary approbation can bestow, shall be forgotten, is the meed of that virtuous constancy, that alike defies the tyrant's power, and resists the unbridled passions of the multitude. The man of virtuous wisdom cannot be withheld from the service of his country. Condemned to retirement, his unambitious life affords a pledge of sincerity, which gives sanction and authority to his known opinions. The man of virtuous wisdom cannot be hid. His brightness shines through the cloud that would obscure him, and, gilded with his beams, he wears it as a glory. His fame is the gift of him, whose approbation is the only true honor. Without the vantage ground of high station, he utters his voice, and it is heard by the listening ear that leans to catch his words. His post is the post of honor, whatever it be, and he occupies it without fear of change. Man conferred it not, and man cannot take it away. And above all, gentlemen, when that day shall come, which comes alike to all; when the warrior's wreath, and the statesman's civic crown, alike shall wither at the touch of death, the garland that decks his tomb shall bloom in immortal freshness, watered by the pious tears of a grateful country, and guarded by the care of him to whom the memory of the just is precious.

ADDRESS ON CIVIL ENGINEERING.

On Tuesday, July 2nd, Professor MILLINGTON completed the course of instruction, which he gives on the subject of Civil Engineering in William and Mary College, by a public examination of his class, and concluded with the following remarks, which are here published at the request of the class.

"Having closed this examination, my functions, as your teacher, cease for the present session, and we shall shortly have to part. I cannot, however, permit this event to take place, without some expression of my feelings on the occasion. After your experience, gentlemen, I need not tell you that the acquirement of knowledge is a dry and laborious occupation; and there is no doubt but that many (particularly among the juniors) who attend college, will look upon their instructors in the light of a set of tormentors, who are perpetually goading them onwards, in a rough and disagreeable path, to which they see no end; and even

when the end at length appears, they observe no reward to recompense them for their toil.

Far different are the views of the instructors, and those who have been instructed. Their previous labors have put them in possession of the facts, that as the world advances in civilization, the sinewy arm of the savage warrior sinks into impotence before the armed mind of the enlightened man—that virtue and knowledge are the elements of power, by which men can not only make themselves happy, but promote the welfare and happiness of those around them; and by which, not only individuals, but whole nations are made to rise in power and general estimation.

Such feelings cannot but engender an enthusiastic spirit in the breasts of instructors to promote the advancement of their pupils, so long as they find their precepts take root, and are not scattered before the winds; and such, gentlemen, have been my feelings during the progress of the session now about to close; for I can, without flattery, state to you, that the conduct of my philosophical and engineer classes, and of the major part of my junior class, has been such as not only merits, but commands my admiration and approval. They have convinced me, that they came to this place for the honorable purpose of improving themselves, that they might hereafter ornament their country; and this declaration, fortunately, does not depend upon my opinion alone, but upon the very excellent examinations they have gone through, in a manner so creditable to themselves, in the several departments of science in which they have embarked.

Still, gentlemen, you must keep in mind that the quantity and quality of instruction we can impart here, is not sufficient to make the perfect man. To some, perhaps, our course of instruction may appear long and minute; but those who duly view the subject, will find that it is a mere skimming over the surface, without attempting to fathom the depth. We may sow the seeds of a Bacon, a Newton, or a Locke, but it takes years for the plant to arrive at maturity. We may study the map, and become intimately acquainted with the roads, and the relative bearings and distances of places, but we know nothing of their beauties and deformities or comparative advantages without much tedious travelling, and perhaps encountering many hardships. So, gentlemen, it is with a college. All we can profess to do, is to act as your pilots—to steer you with safety from an unknown coast—to warn you of dangers and difficulties—to carry you through them, and to launch you into the wide ocean of public life, with ample sailing directions and precautions for your future safety—and here, like the pilot, we must leave you, that we may return to take charge of new adventurers.

Being now free, you may suppose that nothing more remains than to pursue your onward course and arrive at the haven of fame and prosperity. But the voyage through life is beset with many difficulties; and as the prudent mariner never ceases to keep watch for the shoals, the rocks and tempests that may assail his progress, so, like him, you must be watchful, and not permit indolence and apathy to lull you into the idea that your progress is certain and secure; for life, like the ocean, is beset with many obstacles—among the most prominent of which are, dissipation, idleness, and

vanity, upon any of which the moral frame may be as effectually stranded and lost, as the bark of the mariner may be upon the rocks and shoals of the ocean. It is against these I desire to warn you; and it will require your every effort to steer clear of them; for they are often so sunk and disguised that you may be entangled in their mazes even before you know you are encountering them; and should you find yourselves within these trammels, safety can alone be sought by a vigorous determination and effort of mind and body to abandon the former track, and by steering a new course in the never failing path of moral rectitude. This applies equally to every calling and occupation of life. But the observations I have just been making have been more particularly called forth by the subject of our late discussions on engineering. There is, perhaps, no profession that is beset with greater difficulties and temptations than that of the civil engineer, especially on his outset into life, and on this account I shall lay before you a few remarks, drawn from my own experience in the profession, and which may, perhaps, prove useful to such of you as intend to confine your future exertions to this useful branch of business.

Civil engineering, like all other professions, arises out of the necessities of society, for they all, in common, spring from the mutual dependence of men on each other, and the advantages that accrue to individuals from a division of talent and labor. No man would call upon the lawyer to plead his cause, or the physician to attend his family under sickness, if he felt convinced that his own talents and acquirements were superior to those of the person he employs. But a confidence is engendered by his knowledge, that the men he selects as his advisers have minutely studied their several professions in their younger days, and by devoting themselves exclusively to their pursuits in after life, he feels assured they must have become expert and proficient. And so it is with the more recently formed profession of the engineer. He must study in early life, not only to learn what has been done, but what yet remains to be done; for as the arts and manufacturing processes improve and multiply in an almost countless ratio—as the civilization of a country advances, structures are required beyond the skill and reach of the ordinary builder or mechanic, and then it is that the science and acquirements of the engineer are called into action; for I have before explained to you, that the skill of the engineer is not confined to the mere construction of rail roads, canals and bridges, for the easy transportation of goods, but to the construction of machinery of every kind, for converting raw materials to useful purposes, and to many other objects.

To obtain public confidence, the young engineer must, therefore, in the first place, convince the public that he has duly studied and made himself (to a certain extent) master of his subject; and he must also accomplish or produce some work which may show that he is capable of carrying his conceptions into practical effect. The certificates of competency about to be delivered from this venerable institution to such of her alumni as have successfully prosecuted the subject of engineering within her walls, will no doubt go far to accomplish the first of these desiderata; but the second is difficult of obtention, because it seldom happens that a young engineer, without experience, is entrusted with

the execution of a large work. Still, however, in a subordinate capacity, or while acting under a more experienced master, he will have many opportunities of evincing his proficiency and obtaining preferment. Independent of this, the genius of the young aspirant is free to digest new plans, and many of the most useful works both of this country and of Britain have originated in this way. The public mind is seldom excited to action until some object is brought before it, on which it can operate. And if a young engineer can suggest plans for the improvement of his country and is able to show their benefit and advantage, it seldom happens that they are brought forward in vain. They only require to be known that they may be adopted, and then in justice to the inventor he is rewarded by being made the superintendent or executor of his own designs.

The next difficulty in which the engineer is involved, arises from his great responsibility. He is frequently employed not only to design but to execute large and national concerns, in which vast capitals may be involved. His master or employer, from the nature of the concern, is seldom a single individual, but generally a board or committee, consisting of many persons, all of whom he has to conciliate and please. His original design, therefore, requires intense thought and consideration, for it is subject to the revision and animadversion of all his employers, and the almost impossibility of pleasing every body is universally admitted. It is therefore, necessary, that he shall be prepared with sound arguments to support every part of what he is about to execute, unless he sees good reason in the discussion of his plans for altering or amending any part of them. Firmness and decision of character will here prove of great value to him.

Another difficulty the engineer has to contend with, arises from the durability of his works. Men of all professions are liable to err; but it happens, fortunately for most of them, that unless their errors are very glaring, they are soon forgotten and fall into oblivion, and consequently do not leave an indelible stain on their professional reputation. Not so, however, with the engineer—his works are, in their very nature, permanent—and they are frequently large and open to public view—so that they become monuments which proclaim the skill or incompetency of their constructors to future generations, in language that cannot be disguised or misunderstood. Errors of construction, such as have just been alluded to, frequently arise from a desire on the part of the engineer to please his employer, (even at the risk of his own reputation,) a practice that every engineer should sedulously avoid. His skill should be such as will enable him to determine the least quantity of material which he can use with safety for a given construction, and if he swerves at all from rule, it should be on the side of additional strength rather than of insufficiency. If he introduces more material than what is palpably necessary for the strength of his construction, he will be justly blamed for a lavish expenditure of his employer's money. The error is, however, frequently on the other side; because, with the view of courting public favor or that of his employer, or for bringing his work within the first estimated cost, he frequently economizes materials and labor to such an extent as to introduce insecurity; and should a failure occur in consequence, he is never thanked for his laud-

able endeavor to diminish expense; but is universally blamed for want of skill, and perhaps loses his professional reputation forever.

The last point to which I wish to call your attention, regards your treatment of and demeanor towards contractors and workmen, who may be employed under your directions. In this respect, the engineer has a very important and responsible duty to perform, for he is in almost all cases the arbiter or judge between the employer and the employed. In making contracts, or valuing work after it has been executed, it becomes his duty to regulate all prices in such manner that they may be fair and equitable between both parties, without favor or affection to either. Contractors, and those who have spent years upon public works, you will in general find to be cunning and over-reaching, and ever ready to convert every thing, both in measure and price, to their own advantage. But I have always found, that when they meet a man who understands his business, and who is firm in his resolution to do justice to them, and no more, they are submissive, and ever ready to yield to what is fair and right. It has been the practice with some engineers, to grind down their workmen to the lowest cent, and barely to allow them living profits, for the sole purpose of currying favor with their employers; but such conduct never fails to lead to neglect and inattention to the work, as well as endless disputes and disagreements; and you may rest assured, on my own experience, that the only sure way to command the respect of the employer and workmen, is to observe the most strict and impartial justice between them.

It frequently happens, that the works of the engineer place him and his workmen in thinly populated, or even unfrequented places; and, as man is naturally gregarious and fond of society, intimacies may arise which ought never to be carried beyond the limits of propriety. Contractors, and the lower order of laborers under them, are naturally prone to indulgence in drinking and idle habits; and if these are once joined in, or sanctioned by the engineer, there will be an end of all future order and subordination—consequently, such practices should be scrupulously avoided. Public contractors are ever ready to stand treat, as they call it—that is to provide entertainments at their own cost; yet they probably never do so, but for the purpose of serving their own interests, by establishing friendships, in order that their omissions and defalcations may pass unnoticed, or that they may take advantage in some shape or another. Above all, the practice of borrowing money from contractors or workmen cannot be too much deprecated, for this is in fact giving up all hold upon the workman, and yielding him a degree of power which it is not right he should possess. The only true way of gaining the esteem and confidence of your workmen, is to set them a good example in your own conduct and demeanor. To be courteous and civil without being too intimate—to be punctual in all your own appointments and duties, and to exact a like return on their parts—never to find fault unless there is just cause for doing so, and then to be firm and resolute in having that which is wrong amended—to show strict and impartial justice and integrity in all your proceedings, and such a thorough knowledge of what you are about, as will give confidence in the propriety of your orders, which you must

never fail to see promptly executed. Such conduct will not only gain you the good will and esteem of your workmen, but of your employers and the public at the same time.

I have trespassed longer on your time, in laying these hints before you, than I had at first intended, but shall now conclude.

To you, gentlemen, of the engineer class, and of all my classes, I now beg to tender my warm thanks for the kind attention I have met with from you all, during the past session, and to hope that the instructions I have endeavored to lay before you, may ripen into the fruit of usefulness in your after lives. And as our relation of master and student here ceases, I wish you all health, happiness and prosperity, and trust that the friendship that has been engendered between us during our intercourse in the present session, may endure to the end of our lives, as I assure you it will do to the end of mine."

ADDRESS

Delivered before the Students of William and Mary College, on the 3d of July, 1839, by Professor Robert Saunders. Published at the request of the Students.

Gentlemen of William and Mary—

At the close of another college session, it becomes us to offer you a few words of farewell at parting, of congratulation at your success, and of cheering on your onward course. There can, indeed, be no more worthy cause of congratulation than the simple fact that you enjoy the privilege of education—that the mysteries of your own nature have been revealed to you—that the high endowments, the far-reaching aspirations, the vast capacities, which are the immortal heritage of man, are unveiled to your view, and put in action within you—that you are not of the mass who exist, and pass from existence, in unconsciousness of the treasures they possess, but that you have been adjudged worthy of kindling fires on the altars of science and philosophy—of opening the portals beyond which lie the hidden things of nature. Such being the magnificent results of intellectual cultivation, it would seem but necessary to place them in view of the youthful aspirant, to ensure untiring energy, and a sustained and sustaining ardor in their acquisition—and it would appear an infatuation little short of madness, were he to turn aside, or linger on his path. Could we, indeed, see things as they are—were nothing obscured from our sight by the mists of familiar error, or weakened in its influence by the force of accident and habit, we should be able to set a proper value upon the glorious privilege of education. But such is our constitution, that those who possess it have their perception of its value blunted by its possession—and those who possess it not, require its aid to invest them with the very knowledge of their deficiency. For these last, this is indeed a wise and beneficent provision. In this sense, but in this alone, the oft quoted line is true—that "if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." That those, however, having this inestimable gift, should yet esteem

it not as it deserves to be esteemed, but should advance with a slow and uncertain step (if indeed they advance at all,) in the career of acquirement, unless some powerful incentive be applied to urge them forward, is one of the innumerable evidences before us, that there is no good provided for man which does not demand voluntary exertion to acquire and to retain it. You have, my young friends, so far manifested a perfect appreciation of the value of knowledge. You have commenced your career most auspiciously. The time which you have passed with us, has afforded to you moments of golden opportunity, which most of you have grasped and made your own. But the impressions which you have thus received, will be weakened, and ultimately effaced, by contact with the world. Time itself will wear them out, unless they are constantly renewed and deepened by that continued exertion of which I have spoken as the only price of learning. Are you capable of this exertion? I will not flatter you. It is arduous. But its very difficulty should arouse your pride to achieve it. This difficulty is, however, greatest on the threshold. Action is unpleasant only to the mind which is unused to it. Soon it becomes a habit—and finally, (such is the happy constitution of our intellectual nature,) what was once an irksome and a weary task, becomes the source of the purest and most exalted gratification—and the mind is gradually led to the highest state of cultivation of which it is susceptible, by receiving as the reward of each additional effort, a corresponding increment of pleasure.

The tumultuous amusements, the evanescent pleasures, and exciting employments of youth, may cause to go unheeded the restless workings of the unsatisfied spirit; but age will come, to which those amusements will be as childish toys, on whose taste those pleasures will pall, and for whose strength those employments are too fervent; then, when the bright hues which floated in the atmosphere of life's morning, have faded away, and given place to the gray of its twilight, will the mild lustre of intellectual attainments beam with delightful radiance. Then can the cultivated mind look in upon itself, and find in its ample stores a solace for that heartless want of sympathy with which the world are wont to regard old age. How blank and dreary, then, is the life of one who has neglected the opportunities of his youth!—who, in the hey-day of enjoyment grasped the tinsel and the dross, and cast away or heeded not the pure gold. The mind of such a man, waste, uncultivated, and barren, compared with a mind richly stored with the fruits of reading and reflection, is as the homely piece of unsightly canvass compared with the same material glowing with magic tints and embodying the immortal conceptions of the painter. Can you, under the influence of these considerations, and with the lofty destiny of the intellect fully revealed to you, be satisfied with yourselves, if you press not on to the fulfilment of that destiny? Can you consent to the degradation, after having been within view of the sacred fane, of having it again hidden from your sight, by falling back upon those who, in the language of the Roman historian, "*Vitam transeunt veluti pecora?*"

Will you not rather hold fast what you have gained, and be able hereafter to say, with the Roman orator, "*quantum alie tribunt tempestivis conviviis, quantum*

denique alæ, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet-ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsi?" As one means of the greatest efficacy in promoting and perfecting mental culture, let me recommend to you to *think*. It has been remarked, that one element of characteristic difference between men, is the fact, that one man thinks, while another permits his fellows to think for him. The great importance of thinking, consists in the circumstance that it requires independent action of the mind, and thereby produces that intimate knowledge of the extent of one's own abilities which is absolutely essential to success. The man who adopts, without examination, the thoughts of others, may fancy them his own, and imagine himself wise. But no one can delude himself by the belief that his powers are great, who becomes acquainted with their weakness. It is not of great moment whether your reflections be at first altogether correct—that just diffidence in your own powers, which I have just spoken of as a consequence of the habit of thinking, will necessarily prompt you to seek support for your conclusions in the opinions of others. The mind will sit as arbiter between conflicting sentiments; and you will eventually establish habits of clear, precise and accurate thought; than which there is no faculty more valuable, and none more rarely possessed. The reason why this faculty so seldom appears, is plain. This exercise of the mind, is, to the beginner, as irksome as any other; and willing to enjoy the reputation of possessing a well stored mind, he is unable to resist the temptation of ministering to his indolence, by appropriating the thoughts of others, which lie in profusion around him courting his acceptance. He is, in fine, content to be one of those who use, and not of those who add to the store.

Labor in acquisition, invaluable as it is, suffices not then altogether to advance to their full grown vigor all the powers of the intellect. It may make you learned; but thought must accompany it, to make you wise and efficient.

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books."

To the considerations which I have already mentioned, as urging you to pursue the career of knowledge which you have commenced, may be added one peculiarly applicable to you as citizens of a republic.

The success of republican government depends, as all agree, upon the virtue and right thinking of the people. That republic must inevitably end in ruin, the moral rectitude of whose people is perverted, or their good sense bewildered. A sound and wholesome and overruling public opinion is essential to its existence. Whence is this public opinion to emanate? From the feverish atmosphere of politics?—from the reeking steam of faction, or from the midnight darkness of ignorance? To what source are we to look for this public opinion, but to those whose hearts, elevated by the precepts of virtuous wisdom, and whose minds, purified by the influence of literature and thought, raise them above the unwholesome vapors engendered by party strife? Every day is the importance of the establishment of a learned class in our country, becoming more and more palpable to the patriot's eye. A class, who, separated from politics, with intellect unclouded by

ambition and unbiassed by party spirit, may decide impartially upon the course of their fellow citizens; unheeding alike the blandishments of the courtier and the denunciations of the demagogue. As patriots, then, I call upon you to devote yourselves to your country. Be not deceived—think not, as is too generally imagined, that your services in public life are alone valuable to your country. Far more efficient will be your aid if you shall render your mind capable of directing the public course of others.

It is true, your recompense may be less brilliant—for action is more dazzling to men than thought. You may not be hailed by the plaudits of sycophantic partisans; but you will enjoy the pure and exulting satisfaction of being applauded by your own hearts! and who will compare the roar of the multitude with the still small voice of an approving conscience?

Be not discouraged either, if the sphere of your influence should be limited. Every one whose intellect has been advanced to the highest point of cultivation of which it is susceptible, will add something to the general store of proper thinking and virtuous feeling. Indeed, his power will be far more than he is himself aware of. For, as Shakspeare compares a good deed in this bad world to a little candle which shines from afar, so, most apposite would be the comparison to one whose mind, though naturally not of extraordinary force, is yet conspicuously elevated by careful and diligent training. But, young gentlemen, there is less in superiority of intellect than is usually supposed. Look around you in the world—even within your short experience you must have observed that men's influence and efficiency are not altogether commensurate with their mental powers. You often see a man distinguished for his success, who was originally not blessed with a commanding intellect—and, on the other hand, how many do you find of minds the most acute, and of information the most varied, who rest in inglorious apathy, and are known and felt not beyond the sphere of their familiar acquaintance. There must be some cause for this—and the cause is one which should inspire every one who enjoys the blessings of education to press forward with unblanching eye to the light which blazes on

"The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."

It is, that greatness and distinction are the result rather of moral effort than of mental superiority—rather of the determination than the ability to be great. It requires but the sustained exercise of the *will*—the concentration of the moral energy of man, to elevate him to any point which he may choose to attain.

I speak not here, of course, of those whose intellect is too feeble even to incite the possessor to this exertion of the will; nor, on the other hand, of those who seemingly descended from a higher sphere, speak but to command—put forth the hand but to subdue—and who see all things by the lightning glance of genius. But of all others, it may be confidently affirmed, that the will alone is wanting to elevate them before the world. Every man who has exercised much influence over his fellow man, has been distinguished by the imperiousness of his will—the invincible strength of his determination. The will, indeed, comprises the whole moral efficacy of man. He wills to do whatever he does. Since, then, greatness is, to a certain extent,

within your own control, resolve, my young friends, to be known to your generation. Exert the energy which adorns a man; let pride sustain the exertion, and you must succeed.

"On reason build *resolve*—that column of true majesty in man," is fraught with wisdom, short only of inspiration. But, alas! all this has been said "many a time and oft"—and with how little effect, we all know. What has been many times repeated, falls upon the ear like snow upon the water. The rich rewards of mental exertion have been so often set before youthful hearers, without effect, that it would seem as if language had lost its force; and yet, strange perversity of the human character! nothing is required of them but to appreciate themselves. Familiarity is the deadly foe of respect. It is our very familiarity with ourselves which prevents us from being great. Could men view themselves as they view others; free from the influence of narrow vanity on the one hand, and of want of self-confidence on the other, how many of those who die unknown, would fill the world with their fame: and yet this requires but the *will*. This cannot be too often reiterated. That young men could but be persuaded of this; that some master spirit,—some one whose high privilege—whose illustrious appanage it is to arouse and command the human intellect,—would but compel young men to look inward upon themselves; and would exhibit to them, as though a crystal, the noble capacities with which they are endowed, and the results which flow from their exercise!

May we not hope, however, my young friends, that the peculiarity of your situation, to which I have already alluded, will cause our counsels to be not altogether unheeded by you? that the evidences which are every day gathering around you, of the absolute necessity of exertion imposed upon you, will urge you to gird on your armor with a high and holy determination not to falter in the glorious cause?

If you are capable of forming this determination, in order that you may keep it inviolate, shun, as you would a pestilence, "*improba Siren Desidia*," the foul siren Sloth, and resist, with iron firmness, all her blandishments—for in her train marches every vice which degrades the soul. Let no portion of your time pass without improvement; stop the moments in their flight and extract from each all that it can bestow—for remember that the present only is your own; that time, like the fabled Pactolus, yields its treasures to those only who arrest its course, but, if unheeded, bears them on to the great ocean of the past. Remember too, that your sojourn here is but the commencement of your career—that you have here learned only to use the weapons with which you are to contend on the arena of the world, and that if you relax your exercise, not only will your weapons rust, but your hand will forget its familiar use of them.

To those of you, then, who have taken the high honors bestowed by our venerable institution, I would say—consider those honors as the champions in the olympic games regarded the voices of friends—cheering them to victory—and to those whose first efforts have received their appropriate rewards, I would liken those rewards to the trumpet-note, calling the combatants to the contest. To both, let the goal be your own honor and your country's good.

And now, my young friends, we must part. The allotted portion of instruction which it was at once our duty and our pleasure to bestow, has been accomplished. The intimate relation which has existed between us is at an end, and now it only remains for us to express to you as a body, our admiration of your conduct, which has rendered this relation (so often one of enmity and discord,) a relation of friendship and good feeling, and which has reduced college discipline to the grateful task of treating gentlemen as they deserve to be treated. So long as the students of William and Mary sustain the character for talent, for industry and gentlemanly demeanor, which has distinguished them during the past session, and which has never been excelled, there will be no fear that our beloved and venerable alma mater will lose the lofty character she bears. And now, my young friends, on behalf of each one of us, I wish each one of you a happy meeting with your friends at home, and bid you an affectionate farewell.

DESULTORY SPECULATOR;

NO. V.

The following paper was prepared for, and, I believe, published some time ago in a northern periodical, but not being much read south of the Potomac, the article may not, therefore, have been seen by the great mass of your readers. I have made some additions to it, and as one of the speculations of my leisure moments, send it to you for your valuable magazine, to be preserved, if it be worthy of it.

THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

In proportion as mankind advance in civilization and refinement, the condition of the female becomes more propitious and happy. In the first rude state of society, woman is treated as a slave—she is compelled to bear all the burdens and endure all the toils which the necessity of contributing to the comfort, support and ease of her husband and master, devolves upon her. The painful experience of this wretched condition, has been, in many instances, so appalling, that females in that stage of society, have often been induced to take away the life of their infant daughters, to prevent the future misery and privation, which they know they were doomed to suffer, if permitted to live. From this state of degradation and wretchedness woman emerges as the human mind becomes refined and polished by christianity and civilization. The beautiful system of christian philosophy and benevolence introduced by the Son of God, has done more to civilize mankind, and meliorate the moral condition of society, than all the schemes of philosophy that the wisdom of man has ever introduced or created, and woman owes more to it than to all the intellectual refinement and culture to which the human race had previously attained. Even among those nations that had made considerable progress in civilization—the Egyptians, Phenicians, Babylonians and Persians—but little attention was paid to the cultivation of the female mind, and they were still held in a state of comparative degradation. It is said that the kings of

the Medes and Persians, were instructed by women; but it does not appear that this circumstance tended to improve their condition. In Greece it seems to have been still worse. Among this enlightened people, women were regarded in the light of slaves, and excluded from the benefits and advantages of education. The precepts of Solon and Lycurgus, the great lawgivers of Athens and Lacedemon, were calculated rather to make them bold, indelicate and masculine, than refined, chaste and intelligent. Woman, beautiful and devoted woman, was considered as the mere plaything of man, intended solely to minister to his pleasures or to contribute to his physical enjoyments. Sappho, Corinna, Aspasia, form splendid exceptions, it is true, but they stand alone upon the canvass.* Even in the romantic days of chivalry, when such ardent devotion was professed for the fair sex, it does not appear that any great efforts were made to cultivate their minds, or give them that intellectual improvement which adds new lustre to their beauty and enlarges the sources of their happiness. As the mild doctrines of christianity expanded, and the civilization resulting from it continued to advance, the female character took a higher tone—and she began to exercise a more ennobling and salutary influence upon the destinies and conduct of man. She began to be considered as the true helpmate, companion and friend of man, capable of guiding his actions as well as of soothing his sorrows and alleviating his miseries; and greater attention was, therefore, paid to her moral and intellectual culture, till it was found not only just, but expedient to afford all the facilities necessary to make her a useful and valuable, as well as a fascinating member of society. She now holds the rank for which her maker created and designed her, and which she would always have held, if man had consulted his own interest and happiness. Her present position in society, requires high intellectual cultivation. She is to be the mother of men in whose hands are to be placed the destinies of her country and the moral welfare of her species. It is highly important that she should be well instructed, to enable her to infuse into the minds of her offspring an early love of knowledge and the principles of virtue. In all republics this is more especially necessary, as the duration and stability of the government depend upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. "Heaven," says the celebrated Segur, "in creating woman, seemed to say to man, behold either the torment or delight of your present and future existence. Give a direction to this being, calculated by the extreme pliancy of her mind to receive all the impressions you may wish to bestow upon her. It is another self I offer to you: in taking charge of her you ought, in a certain degree, to identify her with yourself." "Her breast," says another writer on this subject, with great truth and beauty, "sustains and nourishes us; her hands direct our earliest steps; her gentle voice teaches us to lisp our first expressions; she wipes away the first tears we shed; and to her we are indebted for our chief pleasures. In fact nature seems to have confided man to her continual care; the cradle of infancy is her peculiar charge, and her kind compassion soothes the bed of

death." The well educated mother, has it in her power to raise up citizens, who may be a blessing and ornament to their country and add new glory to its name; for the impressions which she makes upon the plastic minds of her offspring, are never eradicated, and seldom fail to influence their future conduct in life. Most of the great men who have shed lustre upon the annals of the world, owe to their mothers, the elements of their distinction. It is mental superiority and not mere personal beauty, that gives to woman her greatest and most durable attraction. The enlightened and virtuous mind is calculated and never fails to fix the esteem and love of man. "External accomplishments," says Fordyce, "are continually losing, and internal attractions are continually gaining. A beautiful character is as the morning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Sense, spirit, sweetness, are immortal. All besides wither like grass. When beauty of looks loses its power to please, (and this will as inevitably follow as the night follows the day,) the soul will seek a soul—it will refuse to be satisfied with any thing else. If it find none, in vain shall the softest eye sparkle—in vain shall the softest eye entice. But if a mind appear—and wherever it resides, a mind will appear—it is recognized, admired and embraced, even though the eye possesses no lustre, and smiles at the moment be banished by sorrow."

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven!
This luring fountain in itself contains,
The beauteous and sublime! Here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces."

Education is, moreover, a source of happiness as well as of usefulness to woman. From the present organization of society, she must necessarily be much alone, her vocations are domestic and her duties solitary. She cannot mingle with the world like man, and has often to submit to the caprice and cruelty of her husband. In such a condition then, it will be obvious that her happiness must be greatly promoted by the resources with which a good education has furnished her, and upon which she can at all times draw, for her own gratification, and, as a social being, that of others. It has been correctly observed by an American writer, that "the instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favors public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and best; and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of every thing and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men."

The education of females should be as liberal as possible, but without being too masculine. As she is excluded, by her relative condition in society, from following any of the learned professions, it will not be necessary that she should study law, medicine or theology, as a science; nor is it at all important that she should make herself familiar with the higher branches of ma-

*The Grecian and Roman women were under perpetual guardianship, and never trusted with the management of their own fortunes; and every father had the power of life and death over his daughters.

thematics; though the example of Mrs. Somerville would prove that such studies are far from being unsuited or uncongenial to the female mind. I would divide a proper system of female education into two branches, the useful and ornamental—on each of which I propose to make some cursory remarks. Reading, writing and arithmetic, constitute the foundation and most important elements of all learning, and those should of course be first attained. To read and write well is no ordinary accomplishment. Every female should be taught to read with correct emphasis and agreeable cadence, avoiding too great rapidity of utterance on the one hand, and a drawling and monotonous manner on the other. It is not enough to learn to read, merely to acquire ideas; but an effort should be made to reach, in this, as in the art of penmanship, the highest attainable degree of perfection. The reading of a beautiful passage of poetry or prose, with taste, sensibility and feeling, produces an agreeable effect on the hearer, and enhances the gratification which its literary merits are calculated to afford. Fine penmanship is a most desirable acquisition to both sexes. A slovenly hand is as offensive as vulgarisms in language; and a female should always strive to write with grace and elegance, and not to pause till she attains excellence in this art. Arithmetic is of more importance, in a course of female education, than is generally admitted or imagined; and too little attention is paid to it by the instructor, as well as the pupil. Women in this country are often placed in a situation where a knowledge of arithmetic becomes almost indispensable to their security and success. The cause of its neglect arises from a too general impression that they will have no occasion to employ it in the course of life to which they are destined; but they will find, that in the ordinary transactions of the world, its utility is much greater than they had supposed. To these branches should follow, or be simultaneously acquired, a knowledge of grammar, which should be carefully studied and well understood, not only with a view to correct speaking but to correct composition. It is very offensive to a well educated mind, to hear a beautiful young woman, or one mingling in genteel society, violating the ordinary rules of grammar in her common conversation, or to see them violated in her written compositions. It denotes an inattention and carelessness, if not an ignorance or vulgarity, extremely reprehensible. The rules of composition should also claim particular attention, and the art acquired, by frequent practice, as early as possible, as one combining utility and ornament. I know of scarcely any other more useful in the whole structure of female education. To be able, at all times, when required, to convey one's thoughts with facility, and in a neat, appropriate and elegant style, is an attainment which should excite the ambition and stimulate the exertion of every female mind. There is no condition in life in which this useful art may not be exercised with advantage and pleasure. The occasions will be numerous in which facility and skill in epistolary composition, will be required. A writer of distinction has correctly observed, that "the epistolary style deserves to be cultivated more than any other, since none is of more various and frequent use through the whole subordination of human life." Facility in this species of composition is not only highly useful, but it serves to give a charm to the communications of friendship, and

a grace and beauty to thought. Every female should, therefore, endeavor to make herself mistress of this pleasing and valuable art.

To the branches of education I have mentioned, should now be added the study of history, connected with geography and chronology, which have been justly termed its two eyes. History and geography are almost inseparable; the one should always accompany the other, for they elucidate and render each other interesting. The advantage of a correct knowledge of general history, to both sexes, must be obvious. It supplies them with food for reflection and conversation, and the examples it furnishes may serve to guide them in forming a judgment of men, and the policy of nations. It teaches them practical philosophy; for it is philosophy teaching by example; gives experience of the world, and expands and enlightens the mind. History is the school of philosophy, the mistress of life. Her precepts are the precepts of wisdom and virtue; her sphere the circumference of the world and the circle of time; her principles are the principles of rectitude, and her deductions the deductions of experience and truth. It is calculated to amuse the fancy, to improve the understanding, and to invigorate the sentiments of virtue. The pleasure derived from the perusal of a well written history, is nearly as great as that from a well written work of imagination, while the utility resulting from the former, is much greater. "Works of fiction," says Dr. Priestly, "resemble those machines which we contrive to illustrate the principles of philosophy; real history resembles the experiments made by the air pump, or electrical machine, which exhibits the operations of nature, and the God of nature himself." In the study of history, the student should endeavor to acquire and retain only that which may be useful and necessary; such as a knowledge of the virtues and vices, the genius and character, the laws and customs, the constitution and policy, the literature, sciences and arts of nations, and the causes which led to their rise, overthrow or decline. The most interesting portion of history, however, is biography, and its study is attended not only with great advantage, but with satisfaction and pleasure.

To open a wider field of usefulness to the female mind, the elements of some of the physical sciences should be acquired,—natural philosophy, botany and chemistry. The former embraces physical geography, astronomy, and natural history. "Astronomy," says Delauze, a French author, "is the foundation of geography, the guide of chronology, and the light of history. It serves not only to determine the position of places and to fix dates; but to rectify the relations of historians and discover the causes of their prejudices." Some acquaintance with natural history, will be found both useful and interesting. A knowledge of the history and operations of nature, will diminish or destroy the influence of superstition, delusion and error; for

"Nature well known, no prodigies remain."

Chemistry also should enter into a system of female education. It develops the various phenomena of nature, illustrates the physiology of vegetable life, and gives to the useful and domestic arts, their greatest power and excellence. "A young lady acquainted with the general principles of chemistry," says the authoress of "Thoughts on Domestic Education," "could, with increased intelligence and precision, direct many of the domestic opera-

tions of a household; and some knowledge of the laws of nature, (as developed in natural and experimental philosophy,) would tend to many useful results in the business of private life." Mineralogy might, also, be added, as these two sciences are closely connected; but all that it may be necessary to acquire of both, will be to class and distinguish one mineral from another; to know the component parts and properties of bodies, to be able to analyse them by tests, and to understand their nature, affinities and combinations, and the uses to which they may be applied. But of the physical sciences the most beautiful and alluring is botany. This science affords a source of endless pleasure to its votary, by the beauty it unfolds and the mysteries of nature it develops. Its moral influence is felt by begetting simple tastes, infusing into the mind ideas of order, and into the soul sentiments of benevolence and peace. There is something in this science that seems to assimilate to the female character, and to render it a desirable object of pursuit to the fair sex. To them

"The meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that oft lie too deep for tears."

In this beautiful science there is not

"A tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom but contains
A folio volume. We may read and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please and something to instruct."

While acquiring a knowledge of the sciences I have mentioned, or before commencing their study, the modern languages might be attended to and learnt. An acquaintance with the French, Italian and Spanish languages should be attained by every well educated female, as valuable keys to knowledge, and as calculated to render their possessor more useful and fascinating in the various walks of life. German, if desired, might also be added to these; and I should not object to the study of Latin, because its attainment will make her better acquainted with the principles of grammar, and improve and refine her taste and give discipline to her mind. It will not be required that she should labor to make herself a mistress of this language; because, it would demand a longer time than could well be devoted to its attainment; but such an acquaintance with it as would enable her to read Virgil, with tolerable facility, might be useful, in rendering the acquisition of the modern languages more easy and pleasant, and the nomenclature of the sciences less difficult and unintelligible. In studying the modern languages, the learner should not stop short of the power of reading, writing and speaking them with correctness and facility.

There is another important branch of female education, which I think has been and still is too much neglected, from its being absurdly considered as degrading to, and unworthy of the character of a lady. I mean a knowledge of the domestic concerns of a family. In the proper management of a household, the future wife cannot be too early initiated. To know how to superintend and direct the affairs of a family with judicious skill and ability; to be able, when necessary, to give her personal aid, is a species of knowledge that every female, in this country, whatever may be the rank or affluence of her parents or her own expectations, should endeavor to obtain. Skill in the use of the needle, and the management of the household, is not at all incom-

patible with the most extensive literary attainments or the highest intellectual gifts, and will be found of great value to every woman who may become the mistress of a family. There is much truth in the following remarks, by the authoress of 'Thoughts on Domestic Education,' from which I have already had occasion to quote: "The first lessons of housewifery should be practiced under the eye of the mother. At fifteen years of age, a girl will know enough of arithmetic to be ready at accounts, and will have sufficient judgment to reason fairly on what she observes. At that age she may occasionally attend her mother in her daily visits to the kitchen and larder. Let her behold the arrangement of household business—the manner of giving directions—the plan of furnishing supplies. She will thus gradually imbibe a clear conception of all such matters; she will understand the usefulness of method; will find out the usual consumption of a family,—and know what to expect from the industry and what to pardon to the frailty of domestics."

I will now proceed to speak of the second or ornamental branch of female education. Under this division may be classed music, drawing, painting, dancing, and ornamental needle work. No accomplishments are more interesting or fascinating than the three former. They serve to beguile the tedium of solitude, to embellish the circles of society, and to throw around their possessor a charm and witchery which few can resist, and with which all must be delighted. In rural retirement, nothing can be more gratifying than the agreeable employment of copying the beauties of nature as they are unfolded to the eye of taste, and transferring the rich and varied tints of the landscape, or the more gaudy and flaunting beauties of the vegetable kingdom. The female who cultivates this fine art will never be at a loss for amusement or occupation. Every thing around her furnishes a model; and after she has exhausted all "the old," she can still imagine "new worlds" for the display of her pictorial skill, and by the magic of her pencil can "give to airy nothings, a local habitation and a name." If tired with this delightful occupation, she can resort to one equally charming and effective in calling up the most exquisite associations, and producing those sounds which fall upon the ear "like the sweet south upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor."

Music, both instrumental and vocal, should be acquired. The latter, Dr. Rush thinks should never be neglected in the education of a female. "Besides preparing her," he says, "to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life—and even the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind." This eminent physician entertained the opinion derived from the experience his profession afforded—"that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributed very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes exposed them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them." This he attributes to the strength which their lungs acquire by being frequently exercised in vocal music. There is a charm in music that few can resist. It is difficult to conceive the fascination which surrounds a woman to

whom nature has given a fine voice, and who has acquired skill in music. Mere personal beauty is lost in the charm which music infuses, and the senses are often taken captive by the "melody of sweet sounds." The heart forgets its hatreds and the feelings lose their bitterness and asperity under the influence of heavenly harmony.

Dancing, the "poetry of motion," is also an accomplishment which, by contributing to the grace and health of the body and the flow of the animal spirits, should not be neglected. The natural buoyancy of the young mind, and the pleasure derived from motion, will induce the young of both sexes to acquire this art, and it is, therefore, scarcely necessary to recommend its attainment. Women seem to have a kind of natural propensity for dancing, and usually excel in it. But to much excellence in this art, it is necessary to receive early instruction, which is now accessible to most young women. Connected with this accomplishment is the art of riding on horseback, which as it likewise conduces to the vigor and grace of the body, and to promote health, should not be neglected by any who have an opportunity to acquire it. To be able to manage a horse and to sit with ease in the saddle, is a desirable accomplishment to both men and women, and will be found agreeable and salutary. Every female should labor to attain grace in her attitudes and motion. She should endeavor to be like Venus, *dea apparuit motu*. This may be accomplished by the arts of dancing and riding, of which I have just spoken. The French women estimate grace as a paramount beauty, and often repeat the line of La Fontaine,

"Et la grace plus belie encore que la beaute."

The ancients seemed to have considered it inseparable from beauty; for Venus is never made to appear unaccompanied by the three Graces.

Tapestry, embroidery, and other ornamental needle work, are different sources of amusement, and serve to fill up a solitary hour agreeably. They give employment to the fingers, tend to vary the amusements of life, and may be useful in adversity, as affording means of support. The leisure moments of women are, from her condition in society, necessarily numerous; and the more her resources are multiplied, the more her happiness is promoted. These, however, are mere tributaries. The highest and most enduring source of happiness will be found in religion, which will be her friend in prosperity, and her support and consolation in adversity, and should be early and deeply implanted in the female heart. "Christianity," says an American writer, "is itself full of grace. It is a refiner of the heart; it imparts correctness of perception, delicacy of sentiment, and all those nicer shades of thought and feeling which constitute elegance of mind. Women imbibe more deeply the spirit of religion, when they carry its charm into the detail of life; when they are fascinating as well as faithful, and agreeable as well as good."

I shall not attempt, in this brief essay, to lay down the proper course of reading to be pursued by a young woman, after she has acquired the elements of knowledge I have endeavored to point out for her attainment. This would require more time and space than have been allotted to this essay, and will, after all, be regulated by the good sense and taste of the young lady, and

the judgment and experience of the literary friends whom she may consult. But I cannot, while on this subject, omit to impress upon the minds of young women the necessity of reading, if they are read at all, the works which issue in such profusion from the press, under the designation of romances, novels and tales, with great caution. The tendency of most of these productions is pernicious, by begetting a morbid sensibility, false notions of life, a distempered imagination, and a disrelish for graver and more useful works. History, biography, voyages, and travels, &c., should engross the most of the time she can devote to reading; and from that source, with the best literary periodicals of the day, both foreign and domestic, and the works of the most eminent poets of all nations, whose language she understands, she will derive a larger fund of knowledge, greater acquaintance with the world, and more abundant topics of conversation—the great charm of social intercourse. The society of a female whose mind has been thus cultivated and improved, will be eagerly sought and enjoyed by the virtuous and intelligent of the other sex. She will be fitted for the sphere in which she should revolve; be better prepared to discharge her appropriate duties in society, and be happier in herself, and the source of greater happiness to others.

August, 1839.

G. W.

THE DYING SWAN;

A FABLE OF HERDEIS.*

"Shall I alone, then, hushed and silent be?"
Sighed the still Swan, whilst floating on the sea,
In that soft hour whose radiance from on high
Makes the clear wave the mirror of the sky—
"Shall I alone, of all the feathery race,
In silence gaze on Nature's glorious face?
In silence gaze, whilst, as I glide along,
My pent heart burns to pour its life in song?
I envy not the birds of glancing hues—
The Eagle's flight my state might well refuse—
I who, white-rocking on the lulling tide,
A living ship to cleave its waters glide—
I who, with dazzling neck and feathery snow,
Gleam o'er the wave, or seek the world below—
But thee, oh! Philomel! I envy thee,
When, spell-bound, loitering on the shining sea,
Slowly my waves along the deep are driven,
And bathe me raptured in the beams of Heaven—
How would I sing thee, Golden Evening Sun!
How breathe thy beauty and my bliss as one—
How in the mirror where thy blushes lie,
Plunge with a fatal joy, and gladly die!"

Even as he spake, the bright swan dived below,
Lighting the dim waves with his gleamy snow,
Piercing, with curving neck, the clear blue main,
To rear him sparkling from its deeps again.
But, as he rises, lo! with gentle lure,
A shape resplendent calls him to the shore.

* The German prose original affords only the simple outline, and is as short as it is beautiful. To the translation alone belong "slow length," and an attempt at ornament.

Even as he looks, the happy bird is won,
And hastes to greet the God of evening's sun.

"Hail, loveliest Swan!" the beamy Phœbus said—
And o'er his lips the light of kindness played—
"The prayer which, nourished in thy burning breast,
Only the worship of thy sighs confessed,
Apollo grants—by love deferred so long—
The hour is come—the hour that yields thee song!"

He touched the mute adorer with his lyre,
And woke the utterance of its hidden fire—
Enrapturing tones the Swan's soft breast pervade,
And lo! the minstrel of the sea is made.

Glowing with joy, he pours a godlike song—
Grateful he breathes a tribute warm and strong—
He sings the evening splendor of the sun—
The fires which thence the glancing sea hath won—
His own pure life, whose calm and happy flow
Is bright as streams that glitter as they go;—
Soft as his graceful form the lore-breathed lay,
And long and sleepy waves its charm obey,
Follow the gliding Swan with liquid roll,
Or, charged with music, faint on beach and shoal.

But soft!—as melts in song the sea-bird's heart,
A change—and lo! Elysium hears his art.
Still at Apollo's feet he weaves the strain,
So long desired, nor now desired in vain,
Since even the melody to life denied
To hymn his loftier state is now supplied.
All blest, he listens to immortal lays,
Even whilst a God's bright smile returns his gaze—
He rests adoring at Apollo's feet—
But, hark! what music renders mourning sweet?
What lay o'erburdened with the heart's excess,
Wakes his own soul to equal tenderness?
What gleamy shape of snow-light glides serene
Through the still glory of the immortal scene?
'Tis the companion of his ocean home—
'Tis she, more dazzling than that ocean's foam—
Pouring the wild song, blent of joy and grief,
That gave her voice, when Phœbus sent relief,
And bade the sad one in that anguished lay
Float to Elysium from the world away!

And Innocence beholds—the goddess bright,
Whose heavenly beauty clothes itself in light—
She sees—and claims, with loving heart, the pair—
Most happy they, to own her sacred care!—
To catch the glory of her smile from far,
Or through the blue waves guide her pearly car,
What time, descending to its waters free,
She bathes her young limbs in the glowing sea!

MORAL.

Patience and hope—all silent as thou art,
Thou of long griefs and trials—steadfast heart!
Await in calm and trust, nor yet repine
That Heaven in love conceals its high design—
Secure that all which warmed thy wishes here,
Shall be thine own in dying—and more dear.

T. H. E.

HINTS.

Show your equals candor—your inferiors civility—
your superiors respect.

Affectation is the aiming to seem to be what you are
not. Avoid it.

c. c.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE IV.

PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

This organ is situated on each side the mesial line immediately above the cerebellum, and corresponds to the protuberance of the occiput. Gall remarked, that in the human race the occiput is in general more prominent in the female skull than in the male, and he inferred the brain lying beneath to be the organ of some faculty which is stronger in women than in men—but of what faculty he knew not. At length he noticed the corresponding part of the monkey's head to be similar in this respect to woman's, and he concluded it to be the probable seat of some faculty which is strong both in women and these animals. For a long time he tried without success to ascertain what the faculty could be, till one day during a lecture it occurred to him that monkeys were exceedingly fond of young, and the thought flashed upon his mind that this might be the long-sought faculty. He dismissed his class, retired immediately to his cabinet, and found that the female skull exceeded the male in this part throughout all species of animals. He now pursued his observations with vigor, which ended in the full establishment of the organ as that which gives attachment to children.

This feeling has been confounded with that of benevolence, but it is often large when benevolence is very small, and small when benevolence is very large. When large, it renders the office of rearing children pleasant, nay, delightful, even when they belong to others. Sir Walter Scott remarks, that among children there is a sort of freemasonry by which they detect almost instantly those who pay attention to them merely that they may be pleasing to the parents, and that they recognize by intuition those who take real pleasure in their society.

This faculty is frequently abused; people often pamper and spoil children instead of training them rationally. They forget that this feeling is not so much a virtue as a reward; that it is a *blind* feeling; indeed, all the propensities are blind—and by proving this, Phrenology will confer one of its greatest boons on man.

This faculty sometimes takes an interesting direction. In the United States, all ladies who have arrived at adult age seem to be married; but in my own country, this (alas!) is not the case; and among unmarried ladies we see the amiable feeling now under consideration lavished upon lap-dogs, cats or birds; these delightful and interesting little animals being used as substitutes for children. This practice is often ridiculed; but recollect that it is the manifestation of a feeling, which, under more favorable circumstances, would have rendered them excellent and devoted mothers.

The difference between male and female skulls is distinguishable at the earliest age. That of the male is the broadest; that of the female the longest. Owing to the greater size of this organ, the manifestations correspond. The girl, as soon as she can walk, wants her doll, whereas the boy seldom cares for such a plaything: he wants his whip and top.

Dr. Gall knew instances of ladies who never took any interest whatever in their children, though they tenderly loved their husbands. I found it difficult to realize this fact till I met with a case precisely similar. A lady in Edinburgh used to send her children away from home to be reared and educated, and never cared about seeing them till they were grown up, when she treated them, not as children, but as friends and companions. I was not sufficiently acquainted with her to examine her head, but a lady of my acquaintance, who was an excellent Phrenologist, did so, and found the organ to be uncommonly small. Her head appeared truncated behind.

It is a remarkable ordination of nature that this feeling bears a reference to the weakness and helplessness of its objects rather than to any other of their physical or moral qualities. A lady of this city told me that the very stupidity of a daughter three or four years of age strongly excited her affection.

In twenty-nine women who committed child-murder, twenty-

five had the organ very small. It may be thought from this that its absence leads to infanticide; recollect, however, that you can never bring a positive out of a negative. The murder depends upon certain exciting causes, operating on a peculiar organization. Were this feeling strong, it would supply a powerful restraining motive.

Here is the skull of a negro; this of a Scotch highlander; this of a Charib from the island of St. Vincent; see how largely the organ is developed—and these people strikingly manifest love of children. When at Brussels, I was talking with a woman concerning the behavior of the Scotch highlanders. She said they were as gentle and affectionate in the house as they were brave in the field, and that they were very fond of children. See what a large development in the skull of the poet Burns—and how beautifully is the feeling manifested in his poetry! In the Esquimaux it is very large; here is a specimen. Captain Parry says that love of children is almost the only amiable feeling they manifest. He met a party of them without food and almost dying with hunger; he relieved them, and the first thing they did was to feed their children, not attending to their own wants till the little ones were fully satisfied.

The superiority of the feeling in females is beautifully exemplified in a story told by Morier, in his Persian travels. The small-pox was very destructive in Persia, and the surgeons of the embassy commenced vaccinating. The women took their children in crowds. The priests disliked this, but wishing to put it down without appearing to do so, and being well skilled in human nature, they got government to put serashes at the ambassador's gate, under the pretence of doing him honor, but in reality to prevent women from bringing their children. They said the *fathers*, and not the *mothers*, must bring them. This produced a remarkable decrease in the amount of applications.

This organ is sometimes diseased. Mental derangement is one of those subjects on which Phrenology throws a flood of light. Afflictions of the mind, by reason of men's ignorance, have been a source of immense anxiety and maltreatment. People have known not what to do. Sometimes terrified, sometimes horrified, sometimes mystified, they have had no idea that it was the disease of a material organ, which was probably in a state of exalted action, and which, like inflammation of the eye, might be got rid of by a proper remedial course. A woman attended by Dr. Combe had intense pain in this organ, attended by great anxiety about her children. Under proper treatment, the pain and anxiety diminished simultaneously. I saw a woman in a lunatic asylum in whom this organ was very large, and whose sole anxiety seemed about her children. She thought they had been stolen; and she uttered the most piercing shrieks and plaintive moans. She fell on her knees to the superintendent, and implored him to restore them, with a depth of feeling which I could not have thought it possible to express.

A lady of New York, in whom this organ is very large, told me that she frequently dreams of children. She described one dream which imparted to her the most exquisite delight, in which she seemed to have her whole lap full of babies, which were smiling, sprawling, raising their hands, and tossing about in the most interesting manner imaginable.

I now come to what is called the *Natural Language of the Organs*. Up to this time you will perhaps grant that I have been talking with a show, at least, of reason; but now you will probably set me down as fanciful and absurd. I am prepared for this; but I doubt not that you will acknowledge its truth before the end of the course; for as most of you have some predominant organ, and as each organ has a language of its own, though you may think my description of the natural language of those organs in which you are weak to be ridiculous, you will recognize the language of your own strong organs, and be convinced that there is something in it after all.

The law of action, as laid down by Gall, is, that the motions are all in the direction of the seat of the organs. That natural language does exist all will allow when they reflect, that by mien, walk and gesture the actors of pantomime are enabled to operate powerfully on the feelings without uttering a word. The natural tendency of Philoprogenitiveness is to throw the head backward.

Near Manchester I saw a young woman bring her husband's breakfast to him and sit by the road-side till he ate it, spending the time in caressing her child. Her whole manner was expressive of the highest delight. She kissed and fondled the infant,

and then she threw back her head and pressed it toward the neck as close as possible, repeating the same action several times. It would have formed a most beautiful subject for a painter. The great painters of Italy noticed the same expression, and in their representations of the murder of the innocents, they place the bereft mothers with their heads thrown back and the extreme of agony depicted in their faces.

CONCENTRATIVENESS.

This organ is situated immediately above Philoprogenitiveness, and below Self-Esteem. I shall not occupy much time upon it. Spurzheim, from observing it large in animals fond of dwelling in one place, called it *Inhabitiveness*. I observe persons whose thoughts, like clouds, come and go without regularity—whose sentences have succession without relation. In them I have found the organ very small. I observed others, of less mental capacity, remarkable for continuity of thought, and for the natural relationship existing between the successive subjects of their conversation. In these I have found the organ large. It appeared to me, therefore, that its function is to *keep two or more organs in continuous and simultaneous activity*. Dr. Hoppe and the Rev. Dr. Welsh agreed with me in this view. I have already mentioned that I noticed some years ago a convolution of the brain running from the region of this organ near the base of the cleft between the two cerebral hemispheres and terminating in the anterior lobe, and that Dr. Solly has since proved this to be a commissure.

Dr. Vimont of Paris has made some observations which, if established, will reconcile the views of Dr. Spurzheim and myself. Having directed his attention to birds which live on fish, and which hover over water, watch with intense fixedness and then dart downward as though they were arrows rather than living beings, and having compared them with ducks and other such animals which practice no such concentrated watchfulness and action, he found in the first a great development of the lower part of this region, and in the others great deficiency. This he calls *Concentrativeness*. He found that this organ did not occupy the whole space, but left a region immediately above it and below Self-Esteem, which, he is convinced, appertains to the faculty of *Inhabitiveness*. If this view be correct, and I am pretty well satisfied that it is, then are Dr. Spurzheim's views and my own reconciled.

ADHESIVENESS.

This organ is situated at the middle of the parietal bone, on each side of the lower part of Concentrativeness and the upper part of Philoprogenitiveness. Dr. Gall was requested to mould the head of a lady who was a model of friendship. He did so, and found two large symmetrical protuberances, one on each side. The lady had suffered great mutations of fortune. She had been rich, and then poor—again rich, and again poor; but amid all these changes she remained firmly attached to her friends. The idea naturally suggested itself that this part might be the organ of the disposition to attachment. Many subsequent observations confirmed the conjecture.

You will seldom find this organ in an isolated protuberant state. Its large size is generally indicated by the breadth and fullness of this region. Compare these two skulls: this is the skull of an Esquimaux in which Amativeness and Philoprogenitiveness are very large, and Adhesiveness small; this is the skull of a Swiss, in which all three are very large.

Those in whom this organ is large feel the instinctive tendency to embrace and cling to the object of their affections. Boys manifest it by their attachment to dogs and rabbits, and in girls, to the feeling of Philoprogenitiveness it adds the hug of affection which they bestow upon their dolls. I have seen the poet Moore, and know this organ to be very large in him, and his poetry breathes its very spirit:

"The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will cannot flourish alone;
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself and make closely its own."

Again—how it glows in the following lines!—

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

In general this organ is larger and the faculty stronger in woman than in man; and the extreme ardor and constancy of

their attachment may be attributed to this circumstance. In them alone can friendship be found in the fullness of perfection. Taking advantage of this proneness to attachment—this consecration of the heart to the object of affection—some men, for the gratification of a most despicable vanity, or from a worse motive, sport with this beautiful trait of female nature—conduct which would subject them to double infamy, but which is too often counted nothing of,—the seducer, glorying in his successful villany, while the wronged one is mourning in utter wretchedness over ruined hopes and a blighted name.

We often find strong attachment subsisting between persons of very different mental characters, in whom there are many points of repulsion; but the strength of this feeling serves as an eternal bond of union. There are husbands and wives in whom the attracting and repelling forces are so balanced that they can be happy neither together nor apart. They are forever quarrelling and making matters up; they part and unite, part again and again unite; again fly off, and again come together. They are a complete puzzle to their friends, who can place no dependence on their assertions or protestations. In these cases, Adhesiveness will generally be found largely developed in both parties.

This faculty is the bond of union among men, and gives rise to society. It is found large in many animals; but there are some, as the fox and magpie, which live in the marriage state; that is, they are attached for life: some, again, as the dog, live in society, but are not attached for life. Spurzheim thought attachment and attachment for life as modifications of the same faculty. Gall inclined to think them distinct faculties; and Dr. Vimont thinks he has proved this to be the case, and considers the region which we ascribe to Philoprogenitiveness as comprising two organs—love of young in the middle, and on each side attachment for life.

This organ is sometimes so active in oxen and horses, that they become sick when deprived of their accustomed companions. This diseased condition of the organ in man is called nostalgia. Many are unaware of the strength of this feeling till they have occasion to leave home. When away from their friends and companions they feel a yearning toward them, and a longing and craving to be again at home.

Amativeness, philoprogenitiveness and adhesiveness form the group of domestic affections, in the due regulation and proper exercise of which so much of our happiness depends.

The natural language of this faculty is to embrace and cause the organs to approach, as you see in this plate of two little girls, and this of a girl and dove. When a dog or cat is under the influence of this faculty, and wants to show great attachment, it will rub this part of the head against its master's leg. When two persons meet in whom this organ predominates, they feel an involuntary attachment toward each other springing up in their minds, unless their other faculties be very incongruous. Those who have it large give the hand a hearty shake on meeting; those who have it small, hardly press the hand at all. With the first, absent friends are ever present; they think of them with a warm glow of affection. With the last, out of sight out of mind. The organ was large in Burns, and his poetry is full of its spirit. It was large in Mary Mac Innes the murderer, and she strongly manifested the feeling. A person to whom she was firmly attached had sent her a pocket-handkerchief with his name written on one corner, and also half an orange, requesting that she would eat it on the scaffold in token of their mutual affection, he having eaten the other half the preceding morning at the corresponding hour. She held the corner of the handkerchief on which his name was written, in her mouth all the night preceding her execution. When seated on the drop she took the orange from the turnkey, saying, "Tell him that I die perfectly satisfied that he has done all in his power for my life, and that I eat the orange as he desired me. May God bless him. Say to him that it was my dying request that he may avoid drink and bad company, and be sure never to be late out at night." She forgot eternity in the ardor of her attachment.

In 1836, Dr. John Scott, of Edinburgh, had a patient whom he examined after death, and in whom he found the lungs extensively diseased. This was conceived to be a sufficient cause of death, and the examination proceeded no further till the brother of the deceased asked them with eagerness what they had found to be the condition of the brain; and when he learned that no examination had taken place, he requested that they would proceed to examine it. They did so, and to their astonishment

found 27 abscesses, 11 in the cerebellum and 10 or 11 more in the posterior lobe, there being but one in the intellectual region. The brother then stated his reason for making the request he had. His brother, he said, had been a resident of London, where his family then resided, and that he was formerly very much attached to his family; that when he first came to Edinburgh he manifested about them the usual anxiety, but that before he died attachment to them was utterly lost, and that he would hardly have mentioned them in his will if he had not been urged to do so.

COMBATIVENESS.

The organ of this faculty is situated immediately backward and upward of the ear. Gall discovered this organ by collecting together a number of the lower classes of society, studying their characters and comparing their developments. He found such as were remarkable for being *bravos* to have this part large, such as were noted for cowardice to have it very small. Subsequent observations established the discovery. In Vienna animal combats were frequently exhibited, and one man was so intrepid that he often presented himself alone in the arena to sustain the attack of a bull or a wild boar. In him Gall found it very large. He found it very large in a young lady who had repeatedly dressed herself in male attire and maintained battles with men.

Dr. Brown speaks of this faculty. "There is," says he "a principle in our mind which is to us like a constant protector, which may slumber, indeed, but which slumbers only at seasons when its vigilance would be useless; which awakes, therefore, at the first appearance of unjust intention, and which becomes more watchful and more vigorous in proportion to the violence of the attack which it has to dread." "Courage," says Dr. Johnson, "is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected even when it is associated with vice." Sterne's Uncle Toby is a personification of great combativeness, benevolence and integrity.

This faculty produces active courage—the instinctive propensity to oppose. It gives that boldness to the mind which enables it to remain undaunted amid opposition. A considerable endowment of it is therefore indispensable to all great and magnanimous characters. I know a gentleman in whom the moral sentiments are large and combativeness very small. He confessed that he felt the want of a proper development of this organ as a great deficiency in his character. He lacked the courage to oppose even manifest wrong. He felt that he should have been a much more useful man with a proper endowment of combativeness, and he sometimes shed tears at his own pusillanimity. A man without proper combativeness is always trodden under foot.

This organ is very large, as you may see by this head, in General Wurmser, who defended Mantua against Bonaparte. Fighting was his chief delight. His intellect was by no means remarkable, and Napoleon said he gave him more trouble than ten better men. By his sudden and fierce attacks, made in defiance of all military principles, he kept the French in a continual state of alarm. It is very large, as you may see, in King Robert Bruce, and all know how strongly he manifested the faculty. Let the skull of either of these heroes be compared with this of a Cingalese boy.

The faculty is of great service to the barrister. It causes his energies to rise in proportion as he is opposed. Combined with destructiveness it inspires authors with the love of battles. Sir Walter Scott, who possessed this combination, was above his usual energy when describing the fight, the slaughter, and the shouts of victory. From this sympathy of authors with warriors, a successful butcher is too often elevated to the rank of a hero, and success in arms considered glorious without reference to the merits of the quarrel.

This faculty, large, gives the love of contention. Thus you find persons who dispute every thing. They say it is the love of truth which instigates them; but it is in reality the love of quarrelling. If you say to such a one that it is a fine day, he will perhaps ask you who is finding fault with the day. When combativeness is large and undirected by the moral sentiments, it becomes a great disturber of domestic peace. The hours which should be devoted to pure and quiet enjoyment are embittered by strife and contradiction.

This organ it is for the gratification of which the prize-fights of England are sanctioned. It is generally very large in those who murder from sudden impulses, as Haggart and Mac Innes.

It is generally more developed in man than in woman, but sometimes it predominates in the latter, and gives her a bold, forward air. It gives girls a tendency to romp. You see this organ very large in the statue of the ancient gladiator.

Those in whom it is large are very pugnacious when intoxicated, though at other times they may restrain the propensity within proper bounds.

Here is the skull of a native of one of the British Isles, where the people have the propensity so strong that it is said in song that "when one meets his friend he for love knocks him down." An Irish gentleman told me that at their fairs it was not uncommon for one of his countrymen, after becoming excited by whiskey, and unable any longer to repress his pugnacity, to range along the booths till he could see a head poking out somewhere, when he would give it a blow which would bring out its owner in quick time, when a regular fight would ensue. Contrast this head with that of the Hindoo, in whom combativeness is feeble: what a difference you perceive! Bull-dogs are always broad here, grey-hounds narrow. When horses are narrow behind the ears they are shy, when broad they are bold; when broad here and low in the forehead they are vicious; when broad here and high in the forehead, they are both bold and good-natured.

In our intercourse with men, the knowledge of the mode in which this faculty operates is most useful. Knowing that such men constantly desire to oppose, the best plan is to state your opinion or arguments as clearly as possible, and if your meaning is perverted and your expressions distorted and the question embarrassed by extraneous matter, to drop the argument and leave your opponent in quiet possession of the field. This will be to him a real punishment and give a better chance for your views to sink into his mind.

This organ is often diseased. Penil says, "A maniac naturally peaceful and gentle in disposition, appeared to be inspired by the demon of malice during the fit. He was then in an unceasingly mischievous activity. He locked up his companions in their cells, provoked and struck them, and at every word raised some new quarrel and fighting." I have before related a case in which diseased manifestation was attended with abscess in the organ.

The natural language of this propensity is to throw the head backward and to one side, as in the attitude of boxing. The painters have noticed this. It gives a cutting expression to the lips, and a harsh thumping sound to the voice. Boys who have it large, stand up boldly when fighting, and look their adversary in the face. Those who have it small rarely fight, but if they do they generally poke their head as soon as possible to the breast of the adversary. It has been objected to this view of the natural language, that men put themselves into the described attitude because it is the best position both for attack and defence. We reply that boys who are quite young instinctively assume this attitude without in the slightest degree considering its propensity; and that this attitude is best is an inevitable consequence of its being natural.

TO MY MOTHER.

Yes! we have met again! Tho' Time's cold fingers
Have pressed that pale and lovely brow of thine,
A hallowed beauty 'round it mildly fingers—
Wreathing the pathway of thy life's decline:
And in thine eye so bright yet softly beaming,
Whene'er sweet thoughts are clust'ring in thy heart.
We see the light of sacred feeling gleaming
On those of whom I form a cherished part.

Thou wert my teacher, where the dark woods bending
O'er the glad waters woo'd the soft blue air;
And there thy voice, with winds and waters blending,
For thy soul's treasure breathed a fervent prayer—
The starry poems of creation shining
On the broad page of Heaven's bright mystic dome,
Whilst in the shade of its dim light reclining
Thou pictured'st forth the spirit's final home.

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How earnestly thou watched the boy unfolding
Into the dawn of manhood's iron age,
And with no eye but the UNSEEN'S beholding
Open'd the wisdom of the sacred page!
How leaped his heart whene'er thou told the story
Of thy land's struggle on the dark sea's foam,
Or when its banner flashed in deathless glory
Amid the foliage of our forest home.

Oh! for that hour again, when softly stealing
In the dim twilight from all stranger eyes,
I marked thee weeping and together kneeling
By a low grave looked on the glowing skies—
Dreaming we saw the husband, sire, imploring
For us amid the white-robed seraph-band,
That we at last might bow with him adoring
Among the armies of the "Better Land!"

It may not be! The hour when Life's young roses
Wreathed every moment, hath departed! Now
The iron crown of manhood's day reposes
Weary and dark upon its wrinkled brow;
Fierce looks of hate, from eyes once mildly beaming,
Have steel'd the soul (whose daring pinions woo
The lofty stars) to Nature, in her earth-deeps gleaming,
Where vestal burns, but not for me, the TRUE.

Have not deep wrongs, to wild remembrance calling,
Closed that young soul to sympathy and love,
Like murky clouds, black, stern, and thickly falling
Where God's bright rainbow glittered once above?
Here! here! forever here we feel the fire,
Unquenched by blood-drops of the heart and frame,
Nor wealth, nor tall Ambition's glory can aspire
To ease the spirit of its torturing flame.

Yet unto thee, dear mother! when a-weary
With the world's strife, would I a boy return,
And like a child lost in the forest dreary,
Weep o'er the dust of Memory's holy urn—
And with thee kneel beneath the spherèd air,
And know, that as of old our God watched o'er us there!
Louisville, Ky., 1839. W. WALLACE.

IS THERE A GOD?

Is there a God? Go gaze upon the stars,
Whose course is ever to his bidding true;
Whose bright glad beauty nought of sorrow mars!
Go! gaze upon them in their homes of blue,
Undimm'd by age, unchanged by aught that's new;
Will they not tell thee there is One whose might
Holds up that gorgeous arch of azure hue,
And placed the keystone of the "solemn night"
Within its broad blue bosom, beautiful and bright?

Is there a God? Look round on this green earth,
Upon the Iris-tinted flowers that lay
In wild profusion where he gave them birth!
Will they not in their silent beauty say,
"The ONE who made us is our shield and stay?
"Tis He sustains each pale and fragile stalk,
"Who beautifies, or smites us with decay,
"In garden bower, or simple forest walk!
"Mortal! we dare not his high power to mock?"

Clark's Mills, O.

EGERIA.

MY COUSIN HELEN.

ONLY A SKETCH.

When I first saw my cousin Helen, she was just seventeen, and the very image of Hebe. Image, did I say? Alas! the word was ill selected—for Helen, besides being the most beautiful and sentient creature in life, was also, at that time, the wildest—the gayest—and the most uncontrolled. She laughed! How she did laugh! at the old and the ugly—the good and the bad—the cross and the careless—the harsh and the indulgent—and all this out of the mere overflow of high spirits, and without the smallest admixture of malice. She was only irrepressibly happy—so cheerful and so good natured, that it was infectious even to look at her. She loved climbing—she loved walking. She followed, on horseback, all her male cousins over fence, ditch, and stream, with as bold a consciousness of competence to the amusement, as they themselves experienced. She danced like a sylph run mad—so easy, so graceful, yet so free and capricious were her motions. She ran like Atalanta—she bounded like a fawn. Equal muscular spring did I never yet see; and withal her figure was, even then, the perfection of form—a little full in its proportions, but grace itself. And then her face! Such a complexion—so utterly fair, and yet so clear that the blood flowed about her cheek as if shown through a half transparent medium; whilst, if you had judged from the blue veins that streaked her temples, you would have thought the creature's life fed by some celestial essence. Never did darkly auburn locks part over a beautiful forehead in lines so wavy or so shining—never yet did flowing curls arrange their rich rings around a face in adaptation to it so clinging and entire—never were brows so delicate, yet so marked, or lashes so long, so dark, so soft. And never looked life more laughingly from human eyes, than from the clear hazel depths of hers. Her features put all other lineaments to shame, for separate beauty and combined harmony. Her lips too, bright and fragrant as some matchless bud. Neck, bosom, hand, arm—I think the keenest fault-finder could have found none with either. She was, of course, an acknowledged beauty, and the best of her beauty was that it left upon your mind the memory of perfect agreement and perfect grace. And these were characteristics also of her conduct—manners she had none—and not less so of her heart and mind, ungoverned and ungovernable as they certainly were. Nothing could be less hoyden than her ways. She laughed more than any body I ever saw, and yet she did not laugh too much, for you could not for your soul help joining her. And she sang like a bird, though she never could be kept quiet long enough to acquire the remotest idea of music, as a science—Nature having vouchsafed to her all the tones, and all the taste, of which she ever was mistress. As for study—she ran away if any one even spoke of it—and “in respect of” painting, she loved the coloring that God has spread upon the world by far too well, to have the preliminary patience, with crooked lines and blotches, by virtue of which alone good imitators are formed. And so of the sister art. She really (after her fashion) loved poetry. She felt its influence even in life and action, which contain more of its spirit than is generally

comprehended. Her eyes could fill for the tragic, and shine for the comic muse; but then she could no more have read the *Paradise Lost* than she could have written it. What could be received without effort, she received with enthusiasm. What cost her trouble, she repelled with all her might—and Heaven knows *that* was far from inconsiderable. Add to all this, that Helen was a most incorrigible mimic, and I think I have pretty well showed up her defects.

The daughter—the only child indeed—of people bred in the courtesies and indulgences of the first station, and withal extremely wealthy, she had never known restraint, far less repulse; and she was, for this reason, confiding, naïve, and sincere. I said she had never known restraint, nor said I so, forgetting the frequent exhortations of her maiden aunt—a person high in the family esteem—but, as they were never heeded by reckless Helen, they could never be said to have imposed a check upon her exuberant spirits.

“Helen! Helen!” would the old lady exclaim, as the young lady's laugh, or too active motions occasionally invaded her own most starched and proper repose,—“You startle me to death! When, when will you acquire even the rudiments of propriety? Indeed, my dear, you really are becoming a very rude girl!”

“Girls will be girls, Miss Molly.”

Such would sometimes be the old housekeeper's indulgent apology. But this was a truism of which the spinster's experience was so far removed from the date then present, that she very seriously thought of questioning it; and Helen, as she turned away with another laugh, as gleeful as that which had drawn upon her the admonition, did not *say*, but *thought*, that “It was impossible aunt Molly could ever have been young!” A great many other people had come to the same conclusion.

“My ears have been singing all day, Helen, and so have you!” This remark was always made fretfully, nor was it by any means unfrequent. Helen generally ceased to sing for half a minute, forgot the reproof, and went on with louder cheer than ever. She was incorrigible; but then, as she was so only because she really could not help it, she was generally allowed so to be in peace—nobody ruling her—because (though she was the sweetest tempered and gentlest creature in the world) it must be confessed, to her endless shame—nobody could. She would have been delighted to comply with every body's wishes, only she never exactly knew how, and so it always ended at last by her pleasing herself, and, in her mode of doing so, charming every body else.

Her mother, though she entertained a housekeeper, was herself a great “notable,” and would gladly have made Helen so likewise; but for such things she had neither head nor hands. Both were a thousand times too beautiful—and Helen knew it, though she was not vain. Only she had good sense enough to appreciate her natural advantages, and, therefore, though her literary papa could never coax her to one hour of serious study, she was as familiar with all the mysteries and magic “effects” of dress, as if she had been born heiress of all the sorcery of the toilette. No painter could have clothed her beauty with more admirable arrangements than those which emanated from her own skill, and no painter could have brought out such results—at once so various and so striking. Yet I do

not think she had any design to use this knowledge as a means of winning admiration. She only dressed with care, because she sincerely admired herself as long as she was before the mirror—for, afterwards, her own idea, I dare affirm, never crossed her mind until she was again pictured on its surface. In her way an original, Helen was yet very simple—and she neither spoiled her hands in learning to make pastry, nor allowed study to imprint one line on her smooth forehead. She saw that aunt Molly made beautiful filagree and rice baskets, and embossed paper and card-board boxes, and pincushions like harps, and needle-cases like guitars, and velvet cherries and strawberries that looked exactly like any thing but their originals, and that she painted and embroidered natural flowers that looked very unnatural, and worked the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, and several other interesting occurrences, in tent-stitch—besides she could not but observe that she worked collars and cuffs, and then “did them up” to admiration—but she was never the girl to ask that aunt Molly would teach her to do so too. Assuredly Helen could have worn the collars and cuffs, (if aunt Molly would have let her,) and that with an arrangement so becoming, that the old lady would herself hardly have recognized her own work, but, as the respectable person in question never once thought of allowing the trial to be made, its issue was matter only of conjecture—whereas, it was beyond contradiction certain, that my cousin could turn her hands neither to this branch of female industry, nor to any other useful thing in the whole world.

But, like other people, she could do mischief, if not good—and I was not long in making the discovery. After I had laughed with her a whole evening, galloped at her side an entire forenoon, danced with her at a party given in the neighborhood, walked myself to death next morning, and followed her accustomed amusements all the rest of the day, just before dinner I found myself utterly exhausted, and as I lay upon a sofa, with which (thank Fortune!) my own apartment was enriched, I came to the full conclusion that my cousin Helen was as restless as a monkey, and ten times more troublesome. Then I slid into a reverie, I do not exactly even now remember how, in which her face and figure flitted about, as they incessantly did in the real world, and yet left an impression of preëminent grace and beauty. And when I rose to descend to the dining room, I found my study of my hair and neckcloth unusually interesting. Perhaps even then I cared for Helen!

At dinner, I found her in the full tide of conversation with a young and very handsome officer, then only a lieutenant, but, as I recollected as soon as I heard his name, of high character for gallant and gentlemanly conduct, and social qualities. I remembered too, that he was just from the Mediterranean; and happening to catch some half dozen words, respecting “parties on shore,” “curiosities,” and “a ball on board,” I could perfectly comprehend the interest displayed by my cousin. I perceived at once too the enthusiasm with which Mr. Neville joined in the laugh he created, and the admiration with which he regarded the glowing effects his descriptions excited in her face; but, either because the young are unapt to forestall evil, or because

I had not then any definite “idea” of Helen, I watched their proceedings without uneasiness. This employment was the more easy, as, when I came in late, I found but one seat vacant, and that beside Miss Wharton. She looked round as I occupied it.

“Oh! is it you, Frederick? Where have you been all this time? And, for pity’s sake, what is the matter? You look fatigued to death.”

“Yes, you have almost killed me! I am so tired I can hardly move.”

“Tired of what?”

“You are *too much* for me, fair cousin. I cannot follow you. You are gifted with powers beyond my attainment. Either of your favorite exercises is enough to kill an ordinary man, when its duration is left to your discretion. Do you not see my appetite is gone? Absolutely I am dying—and to-morrow it will devolve upon you to compose my epitaph.”

“I fear such a task would be as fatal to me, as my poor diversions threaten to be to you. I do not think I could be quiet long enough to write it—and, besides, I may anticipate a greater difficulty.”

“Indeed! What?”

“Something might be expected in the way of eulogy?”

“Ah! that, I am sure, could never be a difficulty.”

“And yet what could I say?”

“To determine that would tax my modesty. Try and think.”

“Try and think! Alas! thought is an exercise to which I am not inured. Would you have me also a victim? Ah! pardon if I cannot consent. Excuse me, and I will attend your obsequies, if not with panegyric, at least with pity.”

“Will you not shed one tear of sorrow?”

“Two—if you require it of me.”

“Not speak one word to the assembled throng?”

“Indeed, indeed I will.”

“And what?”

“I come to bury Cæsar—not to praise him.”

“There—that will do! That suffices to finish my earthly course!”

“Then rest in peace! And as it would be unreasonable in us to expect exertion from a person so disposed of, I shall not look for more. You will really be a great loss to me, and I feel uncommonly annoyed.”

Here Lieut. Neville addressed some words to my cousin Helen, and she forgot thereafter again to honor me with her attention. I continued for some time to listen to their conversation, in which, after a little while, I began to be interested, but during the discussion of our repast, I made no effort to participate in it.

Lieut. Neville was at this time a newly arrived visitor at the house of his brother—a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood—and as he was but just returned from a long cruise, it may reasonably be supposed that he was not unwilling to prolong, as much as possible, the time during which he “waited orders.” His brother’s family was intelligent, gay, and liberal. Large parties were frequently formed there. His sister-in-law was an exceedingly pretty woman, of fashionable tastes and manners; and her having three or four engaging little children, contributed no further to check her devotion to large entertainments at home and abroad and to the young and agreeable of both sexes, than did the presence of certain pet dogs, which, as well as the

human "responsibilities," were inmates of Hollywood. The neighborhood was then very populous, and its inhabitants were, for the most part, people of fortune, and, whether sensible or otherwise, at least familiar with the forms and civilities of what was once called "genteel life." There has been of late years, by the way, an infinite deal of contempt accumulated upon this word "genteel"—and why? I confess I cannot discover. To be sure there is, in our country, always some danger of its too great extension and consequent misapplication, but even that abuse tends to good. It gives the second class, both in station and qualifications, a motive to "come up higher"—and its substitutes, as the reflecting cannot but perceive, have a decided tendency to reverse this interesting process, and bring lower that standard of manners, which, in the days of yore, was erected by the chivalry and the courtesy immediately derived from Britain—the nursery of our fathers. "Fashionable," "ton," "the thing," (and for Heaven's sake, my masters, *what* thing?) may be words very imposing upon certain ears, but, precisely because they are the slang of a set who carry every thing by words, they seem to me to insult the good sense of the whole community. In short I have my fears, that since the antiquation and disuse of that proper old English dissyllable "genteel," a great portion of the thing signified, has accompanied the exile of the name significant, and that it may be looked for long, and seldom seen, among people whose lips are, nevertheless, entirely familiar with those tiresome continuals, "tön," "distingué," and "quite the thing." But all this, though a very sensible digression, delays the history of my cousin Helen.

Her father's neighborhood, as I said, was populous and wealthy. Indeed, in my frequent visits to that mirth-loving district, I could never make out how its limits contrived to contain so many rich and extensive farms—so numerous and yet so opulent a community. The consequences were, however, as inevitable as the fact was certain. A round of gaiety—as people phrase it—expensive and hospitable habits of life—large and liberal establishments—continual visiting—entertainments at the various houses—parties of pleasure, on horseback, in carriages, on foot, in any way, by any means, with any—sometimes without any object—filled the time of its happy inhabitants, who continued the pleasures of extreme youth, even to the period of extreme age; and lived in joyous exemption from the cares, foresight, and troubles of existence, in order that the next generation might possess the delightful option of taking up the burden which themselves let slip from their free shoulders, or of emigration from the scene of their progenitors' merry-makings. In the midst of this social glee, the young men were naturally attracted to Hollywood, and to the residence of Helen's father—by name Oakley,—and, as within these two mansions were indwellers the two handsomest girls within many miles—Miss Wharton and Charlotte Neville—there was scarcely a time when you might not find at either half a dozen idle youngsters in attendance. A pleasant "situation" for a naval officer, who, like Neville, had been, for many months past, tied to ship-mates, ship-duties, and, more recently, to ship-fare. He made the most of his present advantages.

How we did "keep it up" in the six succeeding

weeks of my stay at Oakley. I began, by degrees, to find riding with Helen through the fresh woods, then in height of beauty, the most agreeable exercise I had ever enjoyed. Sometimes we went out in large parties, but, with the exception of Miss Neville, Helen was generally the only lady. I had at first been content to take my place beside either of these two, to fall back with other gentlemen, or with them to ride forward. But in less than a fortnight I began to consider my cousin Helen a much better rider than Miss Neville, and to that circumstance ascribed my preference for a canter neck and neck with her palfrey. By degrees too, I grew very petulant when I found that Lieut. Neville rode like a landsman, and was naturally willing to leave the care of his sister to other gentlemen, whilst himself kept pace with Helen and myself. Then it was exceedingly disagreeable, when, in our evening rambles, or in the frequent dances to which we were parties, he became as forward and as successful as myself in obtaining companionship or partnership with Helen. I had long since learned to think all her ungoverned and useless habits the dearest ways in the world, when they brought me, as her cousin and escort, into close communion with her; but now I began very often to find serious fault with them, for they frequently afforded to Neville this very advantage. On such occasions I angrily, but, as in truth I must add, *secretly*, characterised them as "wild, unusual, unladylike, proceedings;" and vowed internally, at the very moment when I would have given my eyes to profit by them, as my rival was then profiting, to my own exclusion, "that I would not have such a wife or sister for the universe." And yet, fifty times in the day, I trembled upon the brink of a proposal.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Neville was becoming very intimate with Helen. That I could not but see, and I detested the former in proportion as the intimacy grew. Yet I did not blame Helen for this. She was candor itself. Countenance and lips alike were perfect truth; and though she rendered it apparent, without particularly designing to do so, that she found his society agreeable, yet, even to my apprehensions, there had never appeared in her conduct towards him any thing that looked like intentional encouragement. I did her justice when I loved the natural delicacy which prevented her discovering either his admiration—already obvious enough to every body else—or her own interest in it, which at last my jealousy could only *suspect*. But whilst my observations had the effect of increasing my passionate desire to obtain her hand, it had also that of heightening my abhorrence for Neville, whenever a dread of his growing influence invaded the dreams with which I now filled my whole existence.

Things were, however, drawing to a crisis. I received a sudden summons home. My mother was extremely ill—it was feared in immediate danger—and it was necessary that I should leave Oakley within an hour, in order to meet a stage-coach, which would forward me upon my journey with greater expedition than could be commanded from my own horses. At this time Helen was out riding with Lieutenant Neville. He had called to propose this excursion in the morning, whilst I chanced to be out of the way, and they were mounted and off before my return. It was exactly when I was fretting at this circumstance, that the letter

which was to take me from Oakley was brought by the post. It is wonderful what consequences wait upon trifles. Had I remained this morning half an hour later with Helen in the drawing room, I also should have accompanied her in this ride, and should at least have had a parting word with her—perhaps I might have been emboldened to make my proposals. In the distress of the moment, her kind heart might not have repelled them. At all events I should have left at work for me in her bosom the interest of sympathy—but all this is nonsense now!

As it was, the hour elapsed, and Helen was still away. As I heard the last stroke upon the clock, I felt my face burn with causeless indignation. I took leave of the family at Oakley, and with stately stride, marched out to take horse, in all the anguish of offended majesty. Once mounted, I galloped off at full speed, leaving the field, as I felt, to no unskillful foe. Two days of rapid travelling took me to my mother's bedside. She was indeed ill, changed, worn to the shadow of the merry old lady I had left at home two months before, presiding in her hospitable house with dignified, though placid courtesy. I always hated sick scenes, so I shall spare the reader the detail of my thousand ignorant miseries, and only ask him to put this narration forward two months, at the end of which my good mother walked out of her chamber, having, during her three last weeks of durance therein, been so well attended by her daughter Madge, and her fat maid Eusebia, (both of whom, besides being capital nurses, were practised hands at making the various insipids to which the appetites of convalescents are commonly restricted,) that she appeared once more in the drawing room, as plump and fresh as when she left it; and she had not graced it three days, before I began to find my heart on the road to Oakley, and a sort of spur at the sides of my imagination, which impelled me to remove my body also to the field of contest.

My mamma was greatly surprised at my design.

"I had not been at home more than two months. My late visit to Oakley had occupied as long a time."

"Undeniable—but my stay at home had been so gloomy! I was tired of it. Her illness had spoiled my pleasure—the place was not itself, unless she presided."

"That compliment was contradicted by my departure. She was now entirely well."

"Yes, madam, but"—here I totally forgot what I had intended to say.

My gracious mother laughed good humoredly. Mamma had lovely teeth even then, and liked to show them. Besides, she had never in her life voluntarily caused a disagreeable sensation. She was also a little shrewd.

"My dear son, how silly you are," was her tender remark. "What is there to confuse you? You are naturally fond of gaiety, and I am growing old. Moreover, I suspect you are in love with my niece. I should soon be tired to death if you staid with me in this dull humor. When will you go? I hope you will to-morrow! Better see at once how Helen will dispose of you!"

"How she will dispose of me, ma'm?" I colored to the eyebrows.

"Certainly, my dear. Do you fancy the matter beyond doubt?"

I bit my lips at this maternal inquiry; and seeing the old lady about to second it, I caught up my hat, and strolled to the stables. I contented myself with ordering my horses to be in readiness at sunrise on the morrow, and then kept out of my mother's way till dinner time. At this meal, her two favorite neighbors, a clergyman, and Col. M., were voluntary guests. I never shook their hands more cordially. They staid late, and I pressed them to stay later. I was just in such a mood of impatient apprehension, as made my mother's raillery the greatest possible annoyance. They left us, and I braced myself for the encounter. But the polite old lady had, I suppose, by this time discovered the effect of her insinuations, for they were not renewed. On the contrary, her conversation was for the rest of the evening, kind, serious and agreeable, and it was not till next day, in charging me with messages to her sister and niece, that she ventured to wish me success, and that in a voice and manner that inspired good humor.

It was about dinner time, on the day which concluded my journey, that I dismounted at the gate of Oakley. I was—my apprehensions notwithstanding—in marvellous spirits. I thought the very sunshine brighter, the breeze softer, than either had ever before been observed to be. But this was of course the anticipated influence of Helen's presence. Never before had I loved any thing half so well. I had thought of little else since I left her. My journey had been full of her—nothing beautiful—nothing charming that I had failed to associate with her, as I encountered it. And, now, that I was about to see her, my heart bounded—but not unpleasantly.

A large party was expected to dinner—so I was informed by the servant who met me as I entered. The ladies of the family were invisible, and I was shown in a few minutes to my own apartment. It was the same I had occupied during my visit in June. It was now the end of August, but so mild had been the summer heats, that the foliage and turf upon which I looked from the open windows, were green and unchanged.

"Would Helen also be the same?"

I threw myself upon the accustomed sofa. "The sofa of reverie"—as I used to call it. But how is this? Only two months have elapsed since I lay on it before, and I revert to that period as if to an old time, of which my recollections were alike cherished and melancholy. I felt a sort of tender foreboding, to which lovers I fear are prone. In a few minutes the servant entered, bearing in his hands the fresh and limpid element which a long and dusty journey renders so grateful an accessory to our dinner preparations. Gladly did I avail myself of the refreshment—becomingly did I arrange my chesnut locks—a dozen times did I contemplate in the mirror the close, yet easy fit of a black suit, of unimpaired novelty—the delicate whiteness of my vest—the snowy folds of linen beneath it, which absolutely gave effect to the unobtrusive but costly diamond which reposed upon them. I could not withhold from the "*toute ensemble*" a nod of approbation; but as I bestowed it upon my image in the glass, I was annoyed by perceiving that a domestic belonging to the house—who, in pity to the fatigue of my own servant, had supplied his place—was grinning behind me, in full consciousness of the meaning of my com-

placent gesture. I hastily turned from the smooth surface which revealed the fact, and took my seat upon the sofa.

"You have had a gay time of it here, since I left you, Hyperion?" said I to the dignified sable, who had by this time composed his countenance, and stood very respectfully waiting to be dismissed. Mr. Hyperion Hopkins gave token of assent.

"Many visitors, I suppose?"

"Oh! a great many, indeed, sir!"

"And you happen to recollect who they may have been?"

"Oh! yes, sir. Several ladies to visit my mistress; a great many elderly gentlemen to see my master, and no end to the beaux that have waited on Miss Helen."

I detected a sidelong glance towards myself. "Very agreeable beaux, no doubt, Mr. Hopkins. Miss Helen could only have agreeable beaux."

"None of our family ever had any other, sir," answered Hyperion with a flourish of honorable pride.

"Of course not. And who may have some of these sparks have been?" I asked with apparent carelessness, but real interest.

My dark associate paused, as if for recollection, relieved the leg upon which he had been standing, approached to his noddle his agitated fingers, remembered his dignity, and forebore that method of cajoling memory, and then, having cast an eye to the ceiling, protruded the forefinger of the right hand, and extended all the digits of the left, he finally, with the one, began to number Miss Helen's admirers upon the many.

"Mr. John Sandford, sir, is here every week—Mr. Tom Henderson very nearly as often. Mr. Hardwicke constantly—I could not say how often, sir; and Mr. Bridgeley was turned off, sir—absolutely discarded—I got his horse myself last week—a most mortified man as ever I saw. I really was quite sorry for him, though he was not the sort of man to marry Miss Helen."

"And pray, Mr. Hopkins, what is the sort of man, who, in your opinion, may be worthy of Miss Helen?"

"Exactly such a man as is here every day, sir—and will be here to dinner this very day—Lieutenant Neville, Master Frederick. *There's* the sort of man! As handsome as a lord and as generous as a prince! I never saw a gentleman give such 'vails! He should have my good word, sir, with Miss Helen—that is, if I could only make bold to give it for him."

I declare, even from Hyperion Hopkins, it went to my heart! When I had inquired, half in jest, concerning "the sort of man," I had not been thinking of Lieutenant Neville.

"The dinner-bell, Master Frederick! Nothing more wanted, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you." I ran down stairs and reached the drawing-room before the guests had left it. I bowed to those agreeable persons, shook hands with aunt and uncle, and hastily advanced to greet my cousin Helen. I colored, stammered, and pressed her hand. Suddenly I had the pleasure to observe that Helen's color was a hundred times more brilliant than that which burned upon my own less delicate cheek. I hailed the omen. Alas! it was not for me.

"How are you, Mr. Helmsley?" I knew at a sound that hateful voice, and the naval frankness with which

the greeting was made. In the new impression I forgot the blush of Miss Wharton, and my inference from it. I could not refuse the hand which was cordially offered, but I was thrown into a confusion of sensations, and it was with considerable constraint that I returned his salutation. In this brief exchange of civilities, however, I encountered his eyes—his eyes that had many times looked on storm and battle—and in their glance I could not but discover surprise and inquiry, mingled perhaps with something of concern. I took a chair beside my cousin. Why it was vacant, I never thought of asking—but a minute or two afterwards, John Sandford rose from that which he had occupied next her on the other side, and Neville, who had loitered near us, speaking to another lady, as soon as he could disengage himself, made it his own. I chanced at the instant to look up, and caught Sandford's slight but significant gesture towards us, and the smile of a gentleman to whose side he had retreated. I was now very angry, and a good deal confused. Naturally, I suspected my case to be apparent to every body, though I could not understand how I had betrayed it. I lost all presence of mind, and surrendered myself to an embarrassment which might have disgraced crude eighteen.

Neville perceived it, and, though unconscious of the cause, good naturedly attempted to lend me his aid.

"Your mother's health took you from Oakley, Mr. Helmsley?"

"Her illness did," I answered peevishly.

Neville smiled at my petulance.

"Never mind the blunder," he said, "I only meant to preface an inquiry. I hope she is again quite well?"

"Quite—thank you."

There was a pause. I made an effort—

"My mother has charged me with a thousand messages to you, Miss Wharton."

What could Miss Wharton do but express her interest? Yet, as she did so, it was with a sort of smile which I could not entirely approve, and when I observed a gleam of sympathetic merriment upon the lips of Neville, my enthusiasm for family civilities was effectually checked. Helen never knew the nature of those of my mother; for whilst I was hesitating from the mere want of ideas, Mr. Hyperion Hopkins threw open the folding doors, made his reverence, and announced "dinner!" Neville offered his arm to Helen. I was in a cold rage. I could have annihilated him. But in order properly to support my dignity, I haughtily drew back, and was the last to enter the dining room.

I obtained a seat remote from Helen, ate in moody silence, and, without seeming to observe her, noted diligently her whole course of conduct during a long, but, except to myself, not a tedious dinner. Wit and wine flowed together, and Helen, rather more blushing perhaps, yet even more gay than usual, was the inspiration of the time. She, Neville, and young Hardwicke, kept up an unremitting play of ideas, and as they encouraged their opposite neighbors to take part in it, every one within hearing soon began to sympathise. All was mirth and good humor among them. At the end of the table to which I had sentenced myself, my aunt, and an old lady of the dullest possible qualifications, entertained each other to my perfect oppression. It was impossible not to appreciate the

contrast. But my motives for self sacrifice did not therefore give way. On the contrary, I felt as savage as a bear, and should have gloried in my own gloomy precincts, could I only have extended their influence to my enemies. But with them all was glow—sparkle—sunshine. And Helen's papa did listen so complacently!

The ladies rose from table, and we were left to the wine. After a few minutes I followed them to the drawing room. Helen was there. Most of the ladies were gathered about the piano-forte, in unison with which, a juvenile, just from school, was torturing a guitar. Helen was standing near a window when I approached her. She had no business with the instruments. I have said before that she could never be taught to use them. I wish only professional people ever could! The moment seemed propitious—for the few guests who were not entranced in the twangle which they styled a "performance," were either deep in the mysteries of a citron pudding, with Mrs. Wharton, or spell-bound in Miss Molly's fool's-paradise. I was not to blame this time, for I did not "slight my opportunity."

I hazarded some distant preliminary, but not without confusion. As Helen listened with attention, and answered kindly, this embarrassment wore away. Then my voice grew low and confidential, and its tones exceedingly tender. Helen looked surprised. My eyes fell—my heart beat rapidly—but it was too late to recede. I poured forth a passionate avowal. Her silence encouraged me to proceed. At last I raised my eyes, and then, to my horror, I perceived, that, though a deep flush had settled on her cheek, she was perfectly calm, and though hesitating a little, she was not the least confused. I allowed this discovery to silence me for a moment—and of that moment she promptly availed herself.

"Cousin Frederick, this ought not to be! I have never suspected the nature of your feelings, or it should not have occurred. I will, however, be as frank as our relationship and my regard for you can require that I should be. I cannot return your affection, cousin Frederick—and I am already engaged to Mr. Neville." She walked away and left me—absolutely stunned.

As soon as I could breathe, I stole out of the room, and went to take a walk. Reader, if you have ever been discarded, it is unnecessary that I should explain to you my feelings upon this occasion; and if you have not, it is the less requisite that you should pry into my distresses, inasmuch as there is every probability that, sometime or other, you will practically understand them far better than you could by means of description. If you are a lady, I know you have a hundred times imagined what such miseries must be—and so, to proceed—

I returned from my walk—it was a very unsatisfactory ramble—and went myself to the stables to demand my steed. I fancy I must have felt some indefinite horror of the valedictory sympathies of Mr. Hyperion. I am afraid, moreover, that I was too much agitated to think of leaving 'vails. I blush to remember it; but I am sure it was so. I threw myself on horseback, and spurred away to an inn about six miles distant, whither my servant had orders to follow me. Next day I pursued a very miserable journey—but not homewards. A

fortnight elapsed before I saw my mother, and when I did see her, it was to present to her so changed and worn, and attenuated a presence, that she listened without objections to my plan for a voyage to another hemisphere. I went abroad immediately, nor did I return for several years.

I had begged my mother not to make allusion to Helen in her letters. I myself had made no inquiry concerning her, previous to leaving the country; and I endeavored with my whole force to direct my thoughts to other objects. It was enough that she was, or soon would be, the wife of Mr. Neville. I could have no further interest in her fortunes—and my own, though injured, could not be irretrievable whilst I still possessed resolve, energy, and affluence to vary their scene of action. My mother was faithful to her promise—I to myself. Our letters never contained the name of Helen, and time and a succession of events gradually wore away the painful impression of her rejection. When at length I returned to my native country, I fancied myself pretty well cured of the old attachment, though no other had replaced it; and my mother was delighted to find me, as she was good enough to say, "improved in mind, manner and looks"—"more formed—more manly—more imposing."

I directly began to pry into family arrangements, and found that my mother had been literally upon the eve of a journey, which my unexpected return had suspended.

I insisted upon the preparations 'being resumed,' and asked whither it had been her purpose to travel.

"To say the truth, my son—to Oakley."

I felt an unexpected thrill—"Well, why not go?" I spoke steadily.

"Unless you could accompany me, I cannot," said my mother decidedly.

"To part so soon, after a long separation, would be any thing but pleasure."

I hastily considered the unmanliness of shrinking from what I must encounter—what I had imagined myself able to endure. I comprehended from my mother's manner, that Helen was at Oakley—but what then? Could I not meet her?

"Well, mother, and why should I not accompany you? Do you fancy me still the boyish lover of Mrs. Neville?"

"Of Mrs. Neville!"—My mother's eyes dilated.

"Certainly, madam; or of Helen—if I must be more familiar—my cousin Helen."

"Your cousin Helen, she certainly is, poor thing; but not Mrs. Neville."

"Not Mrs. Neville!—How do you mean?"

I do not know how it was. Assuredly I had no suspicion of what followed, for my eyes blazed with sudden delight, and my heart bounded as it had not for many a bygone day.

"I left her, as I fancied, on the eve of marriage, ma'am."

"Yes, but the evening that brought you from Oakley, carried to your rival orders to join his ship, and that without delay. Your uncle had given his consent to their marriage, but only upon condition of its being deferred for a year. Possibly he might have dispensed with this condition if Lieutenant Neville would have resigned his commission. But Neville, besides the disadvantage of possessing only that commission in the

world, had also a good deal of what I really think very just pride. He had no desire to become dependant upon a father-in-law, and would not hear of leaving the Navy. What then could be done? He tried every means he could honorably adopt to get off from the present service, but all in vain. The farewell said that evening to Helen, made the last spoken language that ever reached her from poor Neville. He addressed to her a few lines when about to sail, and a longer letter from a port in the West Indies. The week succeeding the date of the latter, he fell a victim to some disorder incident to the climate. All this I was told by my poor sister a little before her death, which followed close on that of Neville."

"Her death! my dear mother. Is my aunt then dead?"

"She died four years ago."

"And in your letters you never alluded to it!"

"Why should I have done so? You desired that I would not advert to Helen, and I supposed that your regrets required no addition."

I was touched by this delicacy, but, though greatly shocked by the communication just made by my mother, I hope I shall be forgiven the natural delight with which I reflected, even at this moment, that Helen was free. To my mother I only said, however, that I desired to accompany her to Oakley; and hopeless as I might justly consider a passion which had evidently only slumbered through the course of four long years, and which had been awakened by so inauspicious a circumstance as the death of Helen's lover, I yet did no longer deny myself certain day-dreams which I had long conscientiously repressed, as tending to enervate my own character, and to lessen all my best energies. Now I pictured to myself Helen—once so beautifully gay—a saddened creature, subdued for life into listless sorrow, and wearing the gloomy dress which should teach in silence, respect for her misfortunes. This picture roused all my pity—all my tenderness—and when we arrived at Oakley, I was prepared to love without return.

It was evening, and a few minutes before sunset, when we drove to the gate. There was soft summer weather upon the landscape, and, familiar as I was with the scenery around me, I thought on this evening that it possessed a beauty which I had not formerly appreciated. It seemed hallowed by the influence of the sweet and suffering Helen. I felt—I am ashamed to say how much!

Helen met my mother in the hall. Her appearance threw all my reveries into confusion. She was exquisitely beautiful—so beautiful that, in my first bewilderment, I failed to perceive that which I afterwards observed, that she was dressed with her accustomed care, and in white, without much ornament, and with a little silken scarf, in color blue, about the most delicately pure and unexceptionable neck I ever saw. There was in her arrangements, both of hair and apparel, the finish of exact but graceful taste, and its effect was infinite attraction. She was herself changed only as is the bud in the fulfilment of its promise. Her figure had gained dignity, but lost neither symmetry nor lightness. Her face, with increased nobleness of character—a sort of saintly calm—and the quiet expression of perfect self-possession, had added to its earlier loveliness a hundred indescribable claims upon the heart. Her

complexion was as delicate, as pure as ever, and, where the rose was due, as rich and vivid—her eyes as lustrous, but more serious—her smile more winning, because more soft,—her laugh, rare and slight, though never restrained. All these observations I could not, of course, make at once. On the contrary my first impressions were only those of general surprise and admiration. But in a few days I had taken note of all, and understood the change. The more one knew of Helen, the more one was obliged, I felt, to love her. It was all based upon a freedom from selfish feeling which I had never before seen exemplified,—though I had *heard* of such things.

"At first," as I learned from Mrs. Neville, who was frequently at Oakley, "Helen had been utterly overcome by the death of her lover—for it was emphatically her first grief. It had previously seemed the care of Providence to steep her days in sunshine. Her sorrow was perfectly unobtrusive—shown chiefly by the sensitiveness with which she shunned allusion to its cause, and by her seclusion from the society even of her dearest friends. What she felt was inferred from the gloomy change which fell upon her manner and pursuits. Hers was no nature to communicate its own sufferings to others. Its delicacy was as fastidious as its feeling was profound; and the silence of such a heart, was the proof that its anguish was intense. She was fortunately the child of people whose refinement could comprehend her wishes, and her sorrow was respected. Its indulgence was never invaded. She was left to herself and to nature—perhaps the wisest and kindest course—but the blow seemed to have been too heavy for her strength, and her life to be forever clouded. Her mother's health, about this time, began to decline. It had long before been extremely delicate, but, perhaps from the influence of misfortune, it became particularly precarious about the time when her sister—the old maiden lady, you remember—Miss Molly—left Oakley for a distant home. You know she was greatly valued by Mrs. Wharton, and as they had always lived in love and parted in perfect peace, the force of habit rendered her absence a severe trial to Helen's mother. Her illness at length alarmed and aroused poor Helen. From that moment she seemed to forget all else. She exerted all her energies—and they are great—not to seem cheerful—for seeming is no power of Helen's nature—but to be so. I believe she is very pious; though this, like all her subjects of deep feeling, is also one of great reserve. The effect is most gentle, most serene—and the religious principles which have been formed in her heart, render it quiet, calm, even happy. Look! there is nothing of blight about her. She is as fresh and glowing as a new blown rose!"

"You seem very fond of her?"

"It is a compliment to my heart to say so. After the death of her mother, there was, of course, an interval in which Nature would assert her claims; but, even then, her self-denying generosity was in continual exercise, and had powerful influence in consoling Mr. Wharton. Since that sad time, she has presided in his house—you see with what dignity. She enters into his studies, tastes, amusements—and, in becoming his greatest blessing, has also become his idol. It is almost amusing to observe his admiration and respect for her person and character. And well may he entertain for

her both sentiments, for she has not only allured happiness again to these once sad scenes, but also every where else, whither she herself can come. Of late she has laid aside the garb of mourning—she mingles freely in society, and endeavors from its resources both to gain and give pleasure. Never, however, does she allude to former pain. When she first renewed her intercourse with society, she was sometimes evidently touched by different little circumstances associated in her memory with the past. But this softness, slightly expressed even in its first pain, was soon entirely repressed, for Helen is as firm as she is patient—as self-possessed as saintly.”

“And does she shun her former pursuits?”

“No, certainly not,” was the prompt reply. “She walks and rides with her father, or with the different gentlemen who are often about her; though, I dare say, you will find her love of both exercises rather more reasonable than it once was.”

I smiled, and Mrs. Neville went on:

“She dances, too—is that not very unsentimental? But it pleases her father, and that is enough for Helen. And, as I told you, she has added most of his tastes to her own. She reads with him a great many things which she could not have endured formerly. You may perceive that she has not lost her skill in dress. And she endeavors to give a general supervision to the household economy.”

“That is an accomplishment I should least have looked for.”

“Otherwise she is by no means industrious, and scarcely knows the names of most of the implements of female usefulness.”

“I am glad to find something, in which she is the same.”

“Yes—it’s quite as well—perhaps better, as she will be affluent.”

“Better?”

“Yes—her inability will pay its own tax to the industrious poor.”

“A good view of a bad case!”

“A common one.”

“Yes.”

Was not Mrs. Neville loquacious? And yet I liked her to talk as long as her theme was Helen.

Miss Wharton had met me with composure on my arrival, and she had afterwards conversed with me with a degree of calmness and presence to the subjects we discussed, which I myself could not always command. Every night I left the drawing-room more convinced of the hopelessness of all future attempts to acquire her affection, and yet myself more in love if possible than ever.

Still she was not fettered. That was something, and I continued at Oakley, sharing most of her amusements, and endeavoring to interest her, not as a lover, but as a friend. I suffered any suspicions she might have conceived, to go quietly to sleep, and, in truth, at this time, I had not ventured to form any definite plan for the future. Indeed I could not judge of her feelings through the calmness of her manner, and I would not for worlds have wounded them, even ignorantly. For myself, therefore, I could resolve upon nothing; but I tried to mark my superiority to a former mortification, and my respect for her sentiments and wishes, when-

ever I understood them. This delicacy could not be lost upon a heart like Helen’s, and as I was now really a different creature from the passionate unformed youth she had rejected, and also possessed some of the attributes which had attracted her towards poor Neville, I obviously made some advance in her esteem. She became confiding in her demeanor; and her attentions, though never open to misconception, were marked by kindness, which seemed an attempt at atonement. She was a thousand times more attractive than ever.

After a few weeks we left Oakley—but, though I hoped nothing, I soon returned. There were now no visitors staying in the house, and our communion was necessarily more intimate. Neither of us thought to what it was tending, and though each day I felt more and more dependant upon Helen, I made no attempt to control my feelings, secure that no effort of mine could lessen the misery of refusal. I was compelled to love her, let the consequences be what they might.

A third visit, within a very short time, brought the blush to Helen’s cheek as she greeted me. I saw it—but I had learned not to trust to blushes. I passed a week in her society, and at its close had said nothing, and felt as if I never could say any thing on the subject first in my mind.

One morning, however, during the summer, we were sitting together in the drawing room. The windows were open, and the sunshine and still fresh and dewy air came together into the apartment, and brought with them a cheerful influence. We were very gay. Mr. Wharton had not yet descended to breakfast, and we were alone. We were speaking, I remember, of my travels. I was describing a painting I had seen abroad. Helen thought she had an engraving from it, and rose to look for it in a small cabinet which stood near a window. I did not like to see her there. In that very place she had rejected me. Yet I followed her. As she opened a drawer, I espied something which seemed composed of green and red velvet.

“Oh, dear aunt Molly!” I exclaimed, seizing it. “Does a shred of the old lady’s labors continue to ornament the world?”

Helen could not help smiling, as I drew out a red needle case, provided with the accustomed crimson cherries (which contained iron filings for the polishing, I believe, of rusty needles) and sundry dark green leaves, designed, as I think, less for use than ornament.

“Poor aunt Molly! Are you not ashamed to make me laugh? and all the time that very needle book was given as a keepsake, and made to incite me to future industry.”

“Made to very little purpose, I am afraid, then—if all tales be true.”

“Not to much, indeed.”

“Pray, is aunt Molly married?”

“What a question! No.”

“So industrious a lady should have extended her sphere of usefulness—should she not?”

Helen smiled.

“You don’t insinuate by that smile.”

“Indeed I insinuate nothing. Let dear aunt Molly alone.”

“If I must!” I twisted up the leaves of the needle book with an air of reverence, but with a real disregard

of arrangement which would have agonized its maker, and replaced it in the drawer.

"I wish," said I, lounging back to the sofa, upon which Helen was already reseated, having given over her search for the print—"I wish that all ladies were obliged by law to fill the very station in which they can be most useful."

"In many cases that might be a cruel law," said Helen.

"Not when their own good sense should perceive its salutary influence."

"Perhaps their own good sense might be difficult to convince. And, upon the whole, I dare say they generally *are* placed as is most advantageous to themselves and others."

"And yet I have an idea," said I.

"That what?" asked Helen.

"Perhaps you will think me impertinent?"

"Not at all—go on."

"Then I cannot help thinking, Helen, that *your* power to confer happiness might be turned to greater account."

Helen's face crimsoned, but she made no answer. I saw that she comprehended me, and, gathering courage, I proceeded seriously—

"You might at least make *one* more individual perfectly happy—an individual upon whom you have imposed nearly five years of infinite misery. He deserves some atonement at your hands. Speak, my sweet cousin—tell him what he may expect?"

"If he will not require a very romantic return for his affection," answered Helen, with a deeper blush, and a grave smile, "he may be as happy as he pleases."

Reader! I have now been married for six months to my cousin Helen, and I still think her, though the most useless, yet also the most charming of human creatures. I am afraid there are some people who will like her the less for having admitted into her heart a new object, but, upon my honor, I think her conduct has been perfectly accordant with good feeling, as well as good sense. Is it not best to be as happy as we can—especially when it enables us to render others happy too?

T. H. E.

CHILDHOOD.

BY WILLIAM B. FAIRCHILD.

Oh beautiful! most beautiful
Each impulse of the heart,
Ere care hath twined its meshes round,
And planted there its dart;—
When youthful blood is coursing through
Each clear, transparent vein,
With a beauty and a mystery
That spurn at reason's rein.

Oh, then the "tell-tale countenance"
Each thought embodies forth,
And like the gems of night, the eyes
Do sparkle, bright with mirth—
And shadowings that flit across
The clear and polished brow,
Tell but of feelings in the heart,
As pure as love's first vow.

No trial of this dark, dark world,
No loads of feverish care,
Hath bowed the spirit down in pain,
Nor set its signet there:
But like the flowers that bloom in spring,
Or like the angels bright,
It scatters round a joyousness,
A beauty and a light.

A bright connecting link it is,
Of more than human birth,
'Twixt scenes of God's own Paradise
And dwellers on this earth.
Oh, worlds that we could bear for aye
The feelings of a child—
How sweet would be our path thro' life,
Our death how calm and mild.

Xenia, Ohio.

LETTERS FROM OUT THE OLD OAK.

NO. I.

MR. EDITOR:—So general has become the mania for letter and periodical writing, that the untutored rustic is not wholly unaffected by its influence. Of humble origin, and obscure as the inhabitant of an old oak must be, I confess I feel startled at the height to which ambition would aspire in seeking to make the great Literary Messenger the vehicle through which to convey my small ware. Freightened with the rich and costly merchandise of all the wealthy intellects of Virginia; Time her ocean, and Immortality her port of destination, the consummate and skilful pilot of this great national vessel, may smile at the folly of the peasant boy, who would seek to enship his perishable property for so long a voyage. A faint heart never wins a fair lady—so says the proverb; and but for the effort and daring of one man, the wild Indian might have been the occupant of my neat-natural home; ergo, with these facts right before me, and the say-so of some one, that

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft would win
By fearing to attempt—

leaving you to decide whether I am right, I will lay hold on Crockett's popular dictum, and "go ahead."

But who is this bold aspirant, who quotes without giving credit, and with unparalleled affectation, would blazon his paltry production with 'Letters from out the Old Oak,' apeing the great Mr. Willis, in his fanciful style of 'Letters from under a Bridge,' &c? Well, I would cater for the public, and like a true democrat, must answer queries. My first vocation in life, ere I had assumed the modern *toga* of boyhood, was picking up chips, bringing water, and making fires—acting somewhat in the capacity of scullion. This, for awhile, I thought pleasant enough. I worked during the day, and was permitted to sleep unmolested during the night. My mother was in the habit of preparing our meals; and I was taught from infancy to reverence, respect, and obey her. My father, however, being a stirring sort of somebody, in the course of a few years purchased a family of negroes. This relieved my mother of the drudgery of her domestic matters, and I, with her, was removed from the kitchen. My next appointment was that of manager-general of the stock. I was delighted with my promotion. I had been sent to the Sunday school, and my nights were now usually spent in poring over such small books as formed our little family library.

My father's next purchase was a mill. I was then sufficiently advanced to take charge of the establishment. I was now admirably situated; and having acquired a fondness for reading, I thought a few new books were all that was wanting to render me "lord of creation." I was so diligent and attentive to my charge, that at length, as the reward of my industry, my kind sire consented to send me one session to a neighboring academy. Here I learned English grammar, Latin, and Arithmetic. To my great mortification, the following year I was returned to the mill. The friendly benevolence of a neighboring lawyer, kindly extended to me the use of his books, and he even condescended so far as to visit me sometimes, and lend me instruction. Thus I lived for two years, when my father dying, I was called to take charge of the family concerns. My mother is since dead, my sister married, and I am left alone. I live upon my hereditary estate, containing just four acres; but my little cottage being recently burned, I am now residing in an old oak. I move in good society, boast an honest lineage, am in love with the prettiest little brunette in all Virginia, and am writing to the great Mr. White. I am slightly acquainted with the philosophy of books; but nature is my chosen study. The deep silence of the unbroken forest, where no echo is heard to reverberate the sound of the woodman's axe; the grassy bank of the woodland stream, where the wild flower exhales its odor to the wooing breeze; the mountain cliff and river's bank, are scenes which I delight to frequent. About the former there is a calm serenity, which courts, with irresistible attractions, the human heart to quiet and repose; a solitude omnipotent to quell the wildest emotion of the human bosom, and hush to stillness the very storm of its passion. Its tranquillizing influence chastens the feelings, and smooths down the asperities of man's character. Educated, or rather raised as I was, I was addicted to the sports common to the boys of my condition, and in my *coon* hunts, learned early to admire, yea, to gaze with enthusiasm, on all the numberless beauties of a clear sky. I was a wayward boy; and oft of a moon-lit night have I watched my cork floating on the smooth surface of some tributary stream of the Potomac, listening to the hoarse croakings of the frog, and the mocking-bird, which, under the influence of the mild and balmy atmosphere of a summer's night, would steal from her thicket of bramble, and break in upon the surrounding silence with notes of dulcet sound, according well with the softness and beauty of the scene. Yet it has not been amongst these scenes of calm beauty alone that I have delighted to linger. Others, in which grandeur was the most striking feature, have presented charms no less attractive. The foaming wave, dashing mountain high, has borne aloft my slight and fragile skiff, as it flew nimbly over the dark waters. Even this was familiar, and I was charmed with the very peril of my seemingly daring adventure, and have wished there were some second golden fleece which might require a *modern Argonautic Expedition*, in which I might play the part of Jason. The very fury of the raging elements contributed to my pleasure—yea, I delight to witness the vivid flash of the fiery lightning, and listen to the pealing thunders.

Yet the sublimities and beauties of inanimate nature, though my chief, have not been my sole study. Man—that mysterious volume—the wonderful mechanism of his yet more wonderful mind, his passions, and his social relations, have each formed the subject of my reflections. Fear not, however, that I shall trouble you with a metaphysical disquisition. I have studied them but to ascertain the practical philosophy of human life, by observing the principles upon which human action is founded. The nice and finely spun theories of the moral philosopher, have met with but a cursory perusal at my hands; and though fond of reading, yet

in this instance, I have taken *man*, the original, as my volume, in preference to the writings of the voluminous Stewart, or the acute and admired Brown.

This is the outline of the history of him, who, from the humble and homely avocations of the mill-boy, has dared aspire to the proud eminence of a *literary* scribbler; who would fain make the Messenger the medium through which to convey the dwarf children of his brain, dressed in rustic and unseemly garb, to the centre-tables of the wise and the wealthy; who would unfold his simple repast to the fastidious taste of the learned amateur, and

"Building his little Babylon of straw,
Cry—Behold the wonders of my might."

"Egotistical f—!! your philosophy is comprised in a single word, and that one of no signification; self is the whole tenor of your song." Hold, Mr. Editor, I have but answered the inquiry commencing this epistle; if my answer has been prolix—candor required it; and Horace somewhere says, "*Edi-di monumentum ebri durissimum*," &c., which far surpasses me.

I had intended devoting this my first letter to the consideration of the scenery, antiquities, and prospects of my county; but as I can, at best, ask only one small corner in your usually well filled magazine, I must run up my pegasus, and asking your pardon if I intrude, bid you good night.

NUGATRITE.

THE OCEAN-BURIED.*

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"

The words came faint and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On the cabin couch, where, day by day,
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
The death shade had slowly passed—and now,
When the land and his fond-loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around him to see him die.

"Bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll over me—
Where no light can break through the dark cold wave,
And no sunbeam rest sweetly upon my grave.
'It boots not,' I know I have oft been told,
'Where the *body* shall lie when the heart is cold'—
Yet grant ye, oh! grant ye this boon to me,
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

"For in fancy I've listened to well known words—
The free, wild wind, and the song of birds—
I have thought of *home*, of cot and bower,
And of scenes that I loved in childhood's hour.
I have ever hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the church-yard there on the green hill side—
By the bones of my fathers *my* grave should be—
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

"Let my death slumber be where a mother's prayer
And sister's tears can be blended there.
Oh! 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throb is o'er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more,
That those it so fondly has yearned for will come
To plant the first wild-flowers of spring on my tomb.
Let me lie where the loved-ones can weep over me—
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

* Selected.

"And there is *another*—her tears would be shed
For him who lay far in an ocean-bed.
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She hath twined these locks and kissed this brow—
In the hair *she* hath wreathed shall the sea-snake hiss?
The brow *she* hath pressed shall the cold wave kiss?—
For the sake of that bright one who waits for me,
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams." His voice failed there.
They gave no heed to his dying prayer.

* * * * *

They have lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side—
Above him hath closed the solemn tide.
Where to dip her wing the wild fowl rests—
Where the blue waves dance with their foamy crests—
Where the billows bound and the winds sport free—
They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

DIFFERENCES

IN THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE SEVERAL VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

BY HARVEY LINDSLY, M. D.

In taking a survey of man, as he exists in different parts of the world, it cannot have escaped the attention of the most casual observer, that he exhibits striking differences of physical organization, and no less remarkable diversity of intellectual character. We can see at a glance, that the civilized and polished European, is in many respects an essentially different being, from the savage red man of America, the wandering and ignorant Tartar, or the degraded and brutish Hottentot.

But it will hardly be expected, on a subject presenting so wide a field for discussion, and entering so largely into all that is interesting in the moral and physical history of man, that we shall do more than to notice a few leading facts and some of the more prominent arguments by which these differences are established.

As a preliminary step in this discussion, it will be proper to present a brief view of the several varieties of which the human race is composed, with their peculiar and distinguishing characteristics. Physiologists generally make five distinctive varieties, viz. Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American and Malay. The Caucasian is regarded as the primitive stock. It deviates into two extremes, most remote and different from each other—the Mongolian on one side and Ethiopian on the other. The other varieties come in between these two extremes—that is, the American comes in between the Caucasian and Mongolian; and the Malay between the Caucasian and Ethiopian.

The following marks will serve to define and distinguish these different classes. But here, we must observe, that as in the brute creation the different species are connected together, and pass into each other, by almost imperceptible gradations; so in the human race, individuals of distinct but approximating varieties may often be found, so nearly resembling each other, that it would be no easy matter to assign each his peculiar and proper place. The changes in our world, consequent upon migration, wars, invasions and conquest, and the

intermarriage to which these lead, will account for much of this uncertainty. Thus the Caucasian and Mongolian varieties have been much intermixed in Asia; the latter and the Ethiopian in Africa.

The characters of the Caucasian variety are—a white skin, either with a fair rosy tint, or inclining to brown; hair abundant, soft, and generally more or less curved or waving. Large cranium with small face, and the upper and anterior regions of the brain peculiarly developed. Face oval and straight, with a high and expanded forehead. Moral and intellectual qualities most energetic, and susceptible of the highest development and culture.

It includes all the ancient and modern Europeans, except the Laplanders and Finns, the former and present inhabitants of western Asia, as far as the rise of the Caspian Sea and the Ganges, including the Assyrians, Medes and Chaldeans; the Sarmatians, Scythians, and Parthians; the Philistines, Phenicians and Jews; the Tartars, Persians and Hindoos of high caste; the northern Africans, Egyptians* and Abyssinians.

2nd.—The Mongolian variety is characterised by olive color, straight and thin hair, little or no beard, square head with small and low forehead, broad and flattened face, nose small and flat, and stature generally inferior to the Caucasian variety.

It includes the numerous tribes which inhabit northern and central Asia—as the Mongols, Calmucks, the Chinese and Japanese, the Finnish races of the north of Europe, and the Esquimaux tribes in America, extending from Bhering's Straits to the extremity of Greenland.

3rd.—In the Ethiopian variety, the skin and eyes are black; hair black and woolly; the skull compressed laterally and elongated towards the front; forehead low, narrow and slanting; the cheek bones prominent, and nose broad, thick and flat. All the inhabitants of Africa not included in the first variety, belong to this.

4th.—The American variety is marked by a dark skin, of a more or less red tint; black, straight and strong hair; little beard, which is generally eradicated; countenance and skull very similar to the Mongolian tribes; forehead low, eyes deep, and face broad; the mouth is large and lips rather thick.

This variety includes all the aboriginal Americans, except the Esquimaux.

5th.—The Malay division exhibits a brown color, from a slight tawny tint not deeper than that of the Spaniards and Portuguese, to a dark brown approaching to black. Hair black, more or less curled and abundant—head narrow, nose full and broad, and mouth large. This division includes the inhabitants of the peninsula of Malacca, Sumatra and Borneo—of New Holland, New Zealand, and the innumerable islands scattered through the whole of the South Sea. It is called Malay, because most of the tribes speak the Malay language.

* I am well aware that the propriety of placing the ancient Egyptians in the Caucasian variety, has been denied by some writers of high character. My attention, however, was particularly directed to the consideration of this question, a few years since, and after a careful examination, I came unhesitatingly to the conclusion stated above. The paper, which was the result of this examination, may, perhaps, on a future occasion, be spread before the readers of the Messenger.

Having thus given a rapid and cursory sketch of the physical distinctions of the different varieties of the human race, it remains to be considered, whether similar peculiarities exist in their moral and intellectual qualities. If there is really no coincidence between the physical structure and moral and intellectual phenomena which man exhibits, then it is self-evident that the most lofty talents and splendid intellect, which have ever adorned or dignified our race, may be combined with the meanest organization; but if, on the contrary, the moral and intellectual character bear a close analogy to the body it inhabits—if the former be nearly allied to, and dependant upon the latter, the varieties of both will generally correspond.

That there is a marked and striking difference in the capacity for improvement and the intellectual endowments of the most perfect and the most degraded of our species, I think no one can doubt, who has attentively considered the progress of different nations in civilization and refinement, in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and in the nature, character and excellence of their various forms of government. How else can we account for the fact, that from the earliest periods of which history presents any record, to the present day, the Caucasian variety has invariably held the same undisputed and enviable superiority over all the other races? The highest advances in civilization—the greatest improvements and most useful inventions in the mechanic arts—the most profound discoveries in the various sciences, and their application in innumerable modes to the relief of our wants and the supply of our necessities—the most complicated, beneficial and perfect forms of government—the most extensive and varied plans of charity and benevolence, and, in fine, every thing that tends to adorn and elevate human nature, have been exhibited to the greatest extent among the white races. While the other races, in precisely the same proportion as their physical organization has varied from, and been inferior to ours, have manifested those traits of character which belong to savage life—ignorance, debauchery, sensuality, cruelty—idolatry in its most degraded and disgusting forms—indifference to the pains and pleasures of others, and an almost total want of all that we comprehend under the name of elevated sentiments, manly virtues and moral feelings.

A single glance at the history of the world, shows conclusively the truth of these positions. There cannot be found either in ancient or modern times, a single tribe or nation, among the four inferior varieties, which has made any advances in civilization and learning, that will bear a comparison with the state of the white division of the same period. That there have been and are individual exceptions to this general rule, is readily admitted; but this proves nothing against the position, as our business is not with individuals but with communities. We all know that the most talented and intellectual persons of an inferior variety, may, and often do, equal and even excel the lowest of a superior class. It must also be admitted, that all the white races have not made those distinguished advances in knowledge and civilization, which have been claimed as indicating their superior organization and endowments. But when this is the case, some artificial causes can always be assigned for the deficiency.

Loss of liberty, a bad government, oppressive laws,

fanaticism, bigotry and intolerance, may counteract and wither the noblest gifts of nature, and plunge into ignorance, degradation and misery—nations, which are capable of the highest cultivation and are equal to the most splendid moral and intellectual achievements. Modern Greece, Italy and Spain, are most melancholy examples of this afflicting truth. But attentive and careful observers, can find even among these victims of cruelty and fanaticism, the germs of those intellectual powers, which require only an opportunity of developing themselves, to place their possessors in a high rank for talents and accomplishments.

That the white nations may degenerate and fall from their high and elevated rank, is rendered manifest by the history of the Greeks and Romans. The forum and the capitol, which have been rendered illustrious through all future ages, by the Scipios, the Brutuses and Catos—by Horace and Virgil and Cicero—by Hortensius and Cæsar and Tacitus—are now degraded and disgraced by ignorance and superstition and fanaticism—by monks without learning, and priests without piety—and those streets which were once enlivened by the splendid triumphs of returning conquerors, and which rung with the shouts of happy and prosperous freemen, are now trodden by a priest-ridden populace, ignorant, superstitious and servile. But notwithstanding all this weakness, degradation and misery—this classic ground has still maintained a high intellectual rank, and has sent forth men not unworthy to be the descendants of those who rendered Rome the mistress of the world. What country can boast in the same period of time, of having produced a greater variety or more splendid displays of genius, than the immortal names which adorn modern Italy? Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio—Tasso, Ariosto and Alfieri—Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a crowd of others.

But even in a state of comparative barbarism, the superiority of the white races over the dark colored tribes is almost equally manifest. To be convinced of this, we need but read the account given by Tacitus and Cæsar of the manners and habits of the ancient Germans, and compare them with the hideous savages of New Holland or Van Dieman's Land—or look at the difference between the ancient Spaniards or any of the Celtic tribes and the modern Mongolians, Africans, or Indians of our own country.

And indeed the history and character of the aborigines of America, present, perhaps, one of the strongest arguments in favor of our position—that there is an essential and inherent difference in the capacity of the various races for improvement. Although placed for more than three hundred years, almost in immediate contact with knowledge and civilization and refinement—although every inducement has been held out, and vast exertions made, to reclaim them from their erratic mode of life, and to introduce among them the arts and conveniences of their more polished neighbors—although missionaries and teachers have devoted their time and talents for their instruction, and government has extended its fostering aid—yet how little has been accomplished? And even that little has been effected more by their intermarriages with whites, than by any actual improvement in the manners and habits of the Indians themselves.

The superiority of the whites, is almost universally

felt and acknowledged by the other races. The most intelligent negro, whom Mr. Park met in his travels in Africa, after witnessing only such evidences of European skill and knowledge as were exhibited at the English settlement on the coast, would sometimes appear pensive—and exclaim, with an involuntary sigh, “black men are nothing.” Similar facts have been noticed by other travellers. And indeed this consciousness of inferiority is the only rational mode of explaining the docility and patience with which the blacks submit to slavery—and especially when, as is the case in some of the West India islands, they vastly outnumber their masters. Suppose the situation and proportions of these people were reversed—that the Europeans were the slaves and the negroes were the masters, and the former five or six times as numerous as the latter, how long would such a state of things last? And even when an attempt at regaining their freedom is made by this unhappy people, their plans are so illy contrived—and so often betrayed through cowardice and ignorance and treachery, as to be frustrated with ease and almost without an effort.

The distinction of color between the white and dark races, is not more striking than the superiority of the former in intellectual energy and character. The latter, it is true, sometimes exhibit astonishing acuteness in their external senses, particularly in hearing and sight. But no doubt their preëminence here, is to be attributed entirely to their want of those mechanical aids and contrivances, which civilized man adopts to assist the powers of nature; and, therefore, their excellence in this respect is but another proof of their mental inferiority.

The wretched and degraded beings who inhabit Van Dieman's land and the adjacent islands, are perhaps the lowest and most debased in the scale of human existence. Peron describes them as examples of the rudest barbarism—“without chiefs, properly so called; without laws, or any thing like regular government; without arts of any kind; with no idea of agriculture, of the use of metals, or of the services to be derived from animals; without clothes or fixed abode, and with no other shelter than a mere shed of bark to keep off the cold winds; and with no arms but a club or spear.”

Although these people inhabit one of the most fertile countries in the world, with a mild and equable climate, suited to all the productions which strengthen the body and gratify the appetite of man—yet they derive no other sustenance from the earth than a few roots and plants—and are frequently driven by the failure of these, and of fish, which is their principal resource, to the most disgusting food, as frogs, lizards, serpents, spiders, the larvæ of insects, and especially a large kind of caterpillar, which is found in great abundance on some of their trees.

Who can, for a moment believe, that this besotted and ignorant and degraded people are cast in the same intellectual mould with those races who have produced a Homer, a Demosthenes, a Milton, a Chatham and a Franklin?

And these general traits of character, exist in a more or less modified form, in most of the dark races—in the American Indian, the Africans, and Mongolian nations of Asia, in the Malays and most of the inhabitants of the South Sea islands—we see every where the same

unrelenting and exterminating cruelty to enemies—the same brutal apathy and indolence—and the same unmanly treatment of their defenceless women.

We would not be understood, however, as asserting, that all the nobler qualities of the mind are wanting in the dark races. We know that courage in repelling danger and fortitude, in enduring suffering, and even some of the softer virtues, may be occasionally witnessed among them, in all their native loveliness and beauty—but when they are so exhibited, they are usually either exceptions to the general rule or closely allied to the neighboring vice. The Mongolian tribes of central Asia, when united under a Tenghis Khan or a Tamerlane, could achieve the most brilliant victories and overturn kingdoms and empires—but their wars were wars of extermination, to destroy and darken, not to build up and enlighten.

In order to appreciate fully the intellectual differences in the human race, we must not take two approximating varieties, between which, perhaps, the distinction is not very striking, and in some aspects of the case hardly perceptible—but we must compare the two extremes—as for instance the Caucasian and Malay, or the Caucasian and Ethiopian—and the most incredulous, I think, can hardly doubt, that *here* an essential difference exists. And indeed a regular gradation in their intellectual powers, can be observed through the Caucasian, Mongolian, American, and Ethiopian varieties. And this gradation is in pretty exact proportion to the more or less perfect form of the head—the anterior and superior parts of the brain, being larger and more fully developed in the first, and more and more flattened and compressed as we descend in the scale.

It may be objected to this theory that some of the white races have, in former times, been in a semi-barbarous state, little, if at all superior, to that of many of the inferior varieties at the present day. But this objection, upon examination, will be found rather specious than solid.

In the first place, no period can be found in the history of the Caucasian race, when their situation was in any respect as low and degraded as that of the dark races. Agriculture and the pastoral state, and even some of the mechanic arts have—so far at least as the most minute research into their former history and manners have informed us—always existed among them. And besides, if we admit that this race were once sunk to the lowest depth of ignorance and barbarism, how does it happen that they, and they *only*, have emerged from this state—have gone on progressively advancing in civilization and knowledge to their present pitch of refinement, while the other races remain in nearly the same situation in which they existed centuries ago?

The present and past state of the Chinese empire, is another striking illustration of the truth of the position we are endeavoring to establish. Here we behold a whole nation, which three thousand years ago enjoyed a considerable share of civilization—which had made some progress in the arts and sciences, and advanced far enough, if they had been endowed by nature with a high intellectual capacity for improvement, to have reached the noblest pitch of mental greatness, and taken an elevated rank among the most gifted nations of the earth; but instead of this, we see them year

after year, and century after century, plodding on in the same beaten path, with no inventions in the arts or discoveries in science to mark and distinguish their progress—resembling in this respect the brute creation—which, guided by instinct, never excels or falls short of the skill displayed by their predecessors, rather than rational beings—endowed with natures susceptible of continued and indefinite advancement. A single glance at the history and present situation of any European nation, will present in vivid colors the great difference between them and the Chinese in this particular. Look at the English, the French, or the Germans—five hundred years since, they were perhaps, little if at all superior to the inhabitants of China or Japan—but while the one has remained nearly stationary, or made but trifling advances, the others have marched on, with rapid and gigantic strides, in the path of knowledge and improvement. Science has diffused its genial influence over every corner of Europe, dispelling the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition—and the various mechanic arts have been carried to a degree of perfection, never dreamt of in the philosophy of the Chinese.

It is worthy of remark too, that it is only among the white races that any correct notions of religion, or rational views of a superintending Providence can be found. While the darker varieties have, from time immemorial, been immersed in the lowest and most disgusting species of idolatry, or have been totally ignorant of the existence of a God, and of a future state of rewards and punishments—the Caucasian race has either possessed a perfect form of religion, as Judaism and christianity—or where they have been Pagans and ignorant of the Bible, their ideas of their own responsibility, and of the true character of the Supreme Being, have been more rational and more nearly allied to the truth. The comparatively reasonable system of Heathenism, contained in the Grecian and Roman mythology, with its elegant and fanciful allegories, when compared with the senseless and often disgusting jargon of the Hottentot and Ethiopian, strikes us, at least, as the production of a higher and more cultivated intellect.

In forms of government, also, is the same marked superiority manifest. Not only are the white races the only ones who have enjoyed a free and republican government—but, with the exception of the Mongolian variety, the only race among which a *form* of government can with strict propriety be said to exist at all. For surely, the casual and irregular and ill-defined authority, which the chiefs exert over savage tribes, can hardly be dignified with the name of government. The complicated and extended, but useful and important machinery of a well regulated empire, can no where be found among savage nations—and hence the number subject to the same authority, must necessarily be very limited—and in fact seldom exceeds a few hundreds or thousands. Among barbarous tribes, no institutions can be found which secure freedom of conscience and opinion to all—which protect the feeble and defenceless against the strong and powerful—and which are administered upon principles, and according to rules, which have obtained the consent of all. In the language of another—"The spirit of liberty, the unconquerable energy of independence, the generous glow of patriotism, belong chiefly to those nobler organiza-

tions, in which the cerebral hemispheres have received their full development. The republics of Greece and Rome, of Italy in the middle ages, of Switzerland and Holland, the limited monarchy of England, and the United States of America, have shown us what the human race can effect, when animated by these sacred feelings—without which, nothing has ever been achieved truly great or permanently interesting. This is the charm, that attaches us to the history, the laws, the institutions, the literature of the free states of antiquity—and that enables us to study again and again, with fresh pleasure, the lives and actions of their illustrious patriots."

Notwithstanding, however, the decided superiority of the white races, we do not mean to assert, that there are not individuals among our darker brethren, capable of fathoming the most abstruse questions in philosophy, and of taking a high comparative rank among the gifted spirits of our race—nor even that the whole of the inferior varieties are not susceptible, to a limited degree, of civilization and refinement.

Numerous examples may be found among the Africans even, of individuals who have made great proficiency in some of the sciences, in polite learning, and the useful and ornamental arts.

A negro by the name of Hannibal, became a colonel in the Russian service, and was much distinguished for his attainments in mathematics and physics.

In 1734, Arno, an African from the coast of Guinea, took the degree of Doctor of Laws at the University of Wirtemberg, and, according to Blumenbach, displayed extensive and well digested reading in the physiological books of the time.

John Capitein, who was bought by a slave dealer when eight years of age, studied theology at Leyden, and published several sermons and poems. His dissertation, "*de servitute Libertati Christianæ non contraria*," went through four editions in a very short time.

These, and numerous other instances which might be adduced, however, are merely individual cases, and prove nothing as to the general comparative capability of these races for intellectual improvement—as this is a question, which must be decided by more extended and varied observations.

The different varieties of the human race, do not exhibit the same difference in their moral, which is so manifest in their intellectual character. And indeed, it is very doubtful, whether *any* well founded superiority in this respect can be established among the white over the darker nations. That particular vices are more prevalent in some portions of the world than in others, and even that some nations are more moral and more virtuous than others, cannot be denied—but this is generally owing to local and peculiar circumstances in their situation; and at any rate, this superiority of virtue and order can never be predicated of a whole variety, which should be the case, if it were commensurate with the intellectual distinctions we have been endeavoring to demonstrate.

Most travellers among the more barbarous and uncultivated nations agree in representing them as hospitable, generous, and benevolent, to as great an extent, as the same virtues will be found among the civilized nations.

The travels of Barrow, Park, and others, in different parts of Africa, abound with anecdotes highly honorable to the moral character of the ignorant and unpollished inhabitants of that quarter of the globe. In speaking of the Hottentots, Barrow observes:

"They are a mild, quiet and timid people; perfectly harmless, honest and faithful; and though extremely phlegmatic, they are kind and affectionate to each other and not incapable of strong attachments. A Hottentot would share his last morsel with his companions. They have little of that art or cunning which savages generally possess. If accused of crimes of which they have been guilty, they generally divulge the truth. They seldom quarrel among themselves, or make use of provoking language. Though naturally fearful, they will run into the face of danger, if led on by their superiors—and they suffer pain with patience and fortitude."

I am aware, that the inferiority of the dark to the white races, has been abused as an argument in favor of involuntary slavery. It has been contended, that as the difference between them and ourselves is so great, it is obviously the order of nature that they should be subservient to our wishes, and be made to minister to our wants and caprices. But a precisely contrary inference would be drawn from this fact by every well-regulated and benevolent mind—that it gives them so much the stronger claim upon our charity and humanity—that if we have more knowledge than they, we should instruct them—if we are more refined and polished, we should civilize them—if we are more powerful, we should protect them—if we alone possess a knowledge of the true God, we should deem it a privilege, as well as a sacred duty, to extend to them the light of revelation and the blessings of christianity.

THE HEN.*

Was once a hen of wit not small,
(In fact 'twas most amazing,)
And apt at laying eggs withal,
Who, when she'd done would scream and bawl,
As if the house were blazing.
A turkey-cock, of age mature,
Felt thereat indignation;
'Twas quite improper, he was sure,—
He would no more the thing endure;
So after cogitation,
He to the lady straight repaired,
And thus his business he declared:
"Madam, pray what's the matter,
That always when you've laid an egg,
You make so great a clatter?
I wish you'd do the thing in quiet,—
Do be advised by me, and try it!"
"Advised by you!" the lady cried,
And tossed her head with proper pride—
"And what do you know, now I pray,
Of the fashions of the present day?
You creature ignorant and low!
However, if you want to know,
This is the reason why I do it:
I lay my egg, and then *review* it."

* Selected.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.*

We are true lovers of our country. We are genuine admirers of our country's literature. We read every thing that issues from its prolific press. We have *travailed* over the travels of her sons. Their novels are *not* novel to us. Their romances are *hi-stories* with us. In short, nothing is written *on*, and nothing is printed *in* America that we do not peruse, including *all* the "Fourth of July" orations. "What an extraordinary patriot!" exclaims one of our credulous readers, after getting through the latter part of the last sentence; "what! read *all* the Fourth of July orations?" Yes, even so, my good friend; but truth requires that we should give you some explanation on this score. We will illustrate by giving an anecdote in point:

A father, who was weary of receiving duplicate originals from his son in college, took the following method of putting a stop to the evil. He wrote thus to his lineal descendant:

"My dear Bob,—For the last three years I have received a weekly epistle from you; and after a diligent comparison of the one hundred and fifty-six letters I have thus obtained, I find their purport and substance to be substantially the same, and as follows: 1st. A statement of your continued health, and a wish expressed that the few (the very few) lines you send, may find me in the enjoyment of the same blessing. 2nd. An assertion that you are improving vastly in your studies, and in the affections of your tutors. 3rd. An intimation, very forcibly conveyed, that you are in want of money. Now, my dear Bob, as I am anxious that you should improve more and more in your studies and the affections of your tutors, I have hit upon the expedient of economising your time, by furnishing you with a quire of printed letters, containing the substance and purport of your one hundred and fifty-six communications, and you will have nothing more to do, than to date and direct one weekly to your affectionate father, J. B."

Now, do you understand us, kind friend, when we assert that we have read all the orations of the "glorious day?" We mean, then, that we have read *two* or *three* of them, and as we found the two or three to be something upon the same principle as the printed letters of Bob, we take it for granted we have read *all*.

This digression and this story have carried us away from the description and discussion of the immortal book, whose name heads our article. With our hand upon our hearts, we say, that we have never read any thing like it. It is a happy union of rhyme, wit, pathos, satire, description. It teems with sentiment. It is prolific of condensation. It abounds with colored, wood engravings, and pictorial representations. It is the most unique specimen of Yankee enterprise and talent.

But these are *generalisms* which require some special proofs to sustain them. We proceed to the delightful task. We open at random.

"Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn.
What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?"

*The only pure edition. Boston—printed and published by Munroe & Francis—p. 96.

Now we ask the reader to pause and admire each line, (for each line contains a moral,) of this poem. Observe how cautiously and properly the master, employer or parent (whichever he was,) of the "little boy blue," approaches him. Notwithstanding the breach of trust, the palpable omission, the dormant position of the delinquent, the master flies not into a passion, he suffers not the sheep to remain in the meadow, and the cow in the corn, whilst he gratifies his excited feelings by stripping and *striping* the juvenile youth azure. No, he goes to work very differently. He first applies himself to the correction of the *evil*, instead of the *offender*. He directs the latter to blow his horn. It is done; and having been done, he next proceeds to give (what all good masters and parents should always do,) his reason for the order, which reason is to be found in the second line,

"The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn."

The reason having been given, he then bursts forth in the tones of indignant reproach—

"What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?"

We are to suppose, (although the poem does not say so,) that this reproach was made with some *emphasis*—that it was accompanied with some *black* and *blue* marks or memorandums, which would be a kind of *tade mecum* to the "little boy blue," inasmuch as they would be inscribed upon a tablet, and written upon a *parchment*, very well adapted to retain the impressions. Altogether, then, we say, the poem is an exquisite production. And the engraving is alike excellent. It also requires a description. In the back ground is a village church, the loftiness of whose spire may be imagined, when we assert, that it touches the clouds; but the haystack is a more astonishing one than we have ever witnessed. It "o'ertops the rainbow's home,—it out vies the rainbow's hues." If we had not met with it in so veritable a book as Mother Goose's Melodies, we should be inclined to doubt whether such a haystack ever existed. Finding it there, we cannot doubt that such a haystack has existed—in the imagination of Mother Goose. We must, as impartial critics, notice what we consider an instance of bad taste. A *rake* (we don't mean the "little boy blue") is lying by the haystack. Now whether this be allegorical or rustical, it is bad taste. There is no moral beauty in a rake of any kind. It should have no place in so moral a poem, or book, as the one under discussion. We are also called upon to notice what may be called a *glaring* defect in the engraving. We allude to the dress of the "little boy blue." He is clothed in a suit of *crimson*. We think this an inconsistency, unless, indeed, it is intended to show that *all* his habits are bad. Still we do not understand why he should be *dressed* in *red*, and *ad-dressed* as "little boy blue." We think both him and this matter, should be *re-dressed*. We hope that future editions of this book will be *read*, but that the "little boy blue" will not be *red*. Perhaps, after all, we are hypercritical. Perhaps he is called "*blue*" to represent a *quality*, a state of mind or body of the *minute youth cerulean*. Perhaps the painter or the poet was *blue*. Perhaps—but pshaw! what is the use of bothering the little brain we have. There is a mystery in all great works—in all small men. The author of Junius is unknown. The meaning of Mother

Goose must remain, like the haystack and the village spire, *in the clouds*.

Let us shut the book and open again at random. Here goes. Page 72. Let us see what we have got. By all that's good, a *matrimonial moral*.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean."

"Pshaw!" says some censorious reader—"Now we are going to have the history of that daily occurrence, that hourly episode, a *Hymenial squabble*. I suppose Mrs. Sprat said to Mr. Sprat, 'Sir, you are a selfish brute—you are a gormandizing monster—a gross eater; and I assure you, Mr. Sprat, that although I have *now* the misfortune of being *your* wife, I am still a mourner for my dear *late* husband.' And I suppose Mr. Sprat rejoined, 'And I assure you, Mrs. Sprat, that your dear *late* husband has not a more sincere mourner than your present unfortunate spouse; and that it would give me a melancholy pleasure to lay you down beside the dear departed, and to raise a tablet to your *joint* virtues, with this inscription, 'they were lovely in life, and in death they are not divided.' I suppose," continues the censorious reader, "this is what the poem tells us." Not at all—dear old lady. Not at all. "Well then," exclaims the classical reader, "you are going to give us a second edition of the old Roman story of the grandsons of Tarquinius Priscus, and the daughters of Servius Tullius. You are going to remind us, that the Roman king married his angel daughter to the fiery grandson of Tarquin, and his devil daughter to the mild scion of Priscus in order 'to *cross* (?) their tempers, by giving each to him of a contrary turn of mind"—*Consequence was*—as Samuel Weller, Esquire, says—the angels were killed, and the devils after some *slight* murders, &c., came together; and now you are going to give us an humble illustration of the truth of this story in the history of Mr. and Mrs. Sprat." Not at all, learned sir—not at all. "Then, what are you going to give us?" exclaims a fair reader. Well, dear young lady, we should like to give you a kiss, if you were near enough to us; but as you are not, we are going to show you, upon the undoubted authority of Mother Goose, that matrimony is not so complicated a machine as you take it to be; that with common patience and forbearance, persons of different sexes and contrariant dispositions, may live together like Law and Justice are said to do, in beautiful and harmonious concert. Behold the proof.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So"—

Mark, gentle, fair, censorious, classical reader, mark the moral—observe the sequel—

"So, twixt them both they—cleared the cloth,
And lick'd the platter clean."

And to make the impression more lasting, there is the pictorial representation of Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, with great unanimity, "licking the platter clean."

Patience, kind readers, patience! I will soon be done. I am sure if you have had perseverance enough to read through "the last new novel," your patience is nonsense proof. Let us open once more. Page 57.

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer."

Now, match me that, my masters, for brevity and condensation of expression. How different from the inflated verbosity of the present poets. Suppose now, for example, the three wise men of modern Gotham, should go to sea in a bowl—(and by-the-bye, we expect they have all been *half seas* over with a *bowl*)—what an excitement would be produced—what a fuss would be made. The Courier, the Star, the Herald, would have “black lines drawn around and through them;” paragraph upon paragraph would be written—column (typographical) upon column, would be devoted to the history of their fate—their sufferings—their virtues. Mother Goose, although she had quite as much capital to bank on with *her* three wise men, records *their* fate, *their* sufferings, *their* virtues, in four lines. No doubt, as she says, “if the bowl had been stronger, the story had been longer.” We are very glad the bowl was weak.

Again—page 67,—

“John O’Gudgeon was a wild man,
He whipt his children now and then;
When he whipt them, he made them dance
Out of Ireland into France.”

The only remark we have to make upon this is, that although it may be very laudable, (and Solomon says it is,) in a parent to whip his children “now and then,” and though it may be rare fun and uncommon diligence to make them dance “out of Ireland into France,” yet our opinion of the poetry in which the sentiment is clothed, is, that it would require a miracle to make any man write *worse*.

We conclude our extracts, by giving page 75 entire, to which we will add nothing, for the simple reason that we have nothing to add.

“Five children playing on the ice,
All on a *summer’s* day,
As it fell out, they *all* fell in,
The *rest* all ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on bare ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not *all* been drown’d.

You parents, that have children dear,
And you too that have *none*,
If you would have them safe *abroad*,
Pray keep them safe *at home*.”

We close this critique with the observation that Messrs. Munroe and Francis, the enterprising publishers, have immortalized themselves as long as Mother Goose lives; and we add, that acting upon the principle of the Parisian widow, who erected a splendid mausoleum to the memory of her departed husband, with this inscription, “This tablet is reared by his disconsolate widow, who keeps perfumery and gloves in Rue St. Germain, No. 156, and will be happy to serve all who call”—so we say to Mother Goose, to Messrs. Munroe and Francis, to the Messrs. Harpers, to Mr. Colman, to all and singular the booksellers, that for a *quid pro quo*, we are willing to read, (!) we are willing to review (we are content to be martyrs,) any of their *heavy—light* productions, and to draw out the beauties, and shove in the defects thereof, in the same manner, and with the same talent, that we trust we have exhibited in criticising the “Melodies of Mother Goose.”

A GEORGIA REVIEWER.

Savannah, Georgia.

AUTUMNAL STORMS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

Off in the West there is a sea of blue :—
While gloomiest vapors, clustering on high,
Tell that the hour of storm is drawing nigh ;
For dark they rise, and darker to the view.
Oh, coldly from the East careers the gale—
Sharp as Adversity or the pang of grief,
Which sere the heart like Autumn’s wither’d leaf,
When those we love in their affection fail.
Now from the scattering mists, relentless Rain,
Falls in chill drops, precursors of the shower,
That soon will prostrate the unsheltered flower,
Blooming of late securely on the plain.
It comes ! in sudden gusts it rushes down—
And angry clouds o’er all the landscape frown.

II.

The Northern wind hath blown his bugle blast :—
And troops of clouds come hurrying on the fields
Of the dark sky, and wide their banners cast,
And lift above the earth their massive shields.
Now, all unordered, all unmarshalled, they
Make preparation for the dire affray ;
Their weapons are the sleet, the rain, the hail—
Concealed behind those parapets of mist :
Lo ! now, their keen-edged fury doth assail
The guarding atmosphere, and o’er the land—
Save where its breast is cased in rocky mail,—
Pours devastation, at thy stern command,
Oh, Northern wind ! Nor will the war desist,
Till thou art conquered by some hostile gale !

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON LOVE.

BY A BACHELOR.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Thus sings Coleridge, bard of the visionary eye, and thus all nature and all experience proclaim.

We are told that God is Love; and this divine principle was made to act a primary part in all the ancient systems of theology and cosmogony. Aristophanes in his *Aves*, rendering an account of this primitive philosophy, observes, that “at first was nothing but Night and Chaos, which producing an egg, from thence proceeded Love, that mingling again with Chaos, begot heaven and earth, and animals and all the gods.” In the earliest opinions of mankind there appears a certain harmony, which would seem to indicate a common source, and the passage just quoted from the Greek poet, will not fail to call to mind the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters, of the Mosaic Record. But this Love does not correspond with the sense in which the term is popularly employed—and we are told, indeed, in the following old version of the Wings of Simmias Rhodias, a hymn made in the honor

of Love, that it is not Cupid, the soft and effeminate son of Venus, but another kind of love.

I'm not that wanton boy,
The sea-froth goddess' only joy ;
Pure heavenly love I hight, and my
Soft magic charms, not iron bands, fast tye
Heaven, earth and seas. The gods themselves do readily
Stoop to my laws. The world dances to my harmony.

This is clearly the animating soul of nature, the *ratio mersa et confusa*, which is so beautifully depicted in the well known lines of Virgil, a passage which—to employ the phrase of a quaint old writer—has a “strong spice and haust-gout” of Pantheism.

Principio cælum ac terram, camposque liquentes
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totosque infusa per artus
Mens agitât molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

Which—not having a copy of “glorious John” at hand—we venture to paraphrase thus :

Earth, Heaven's expanse, the liquid fields of light,
The silvery moon and stars serenely bright,
One life pervades, whose animating soul,
Extends through every part and stirs the mighty whole.

Moreover, this cannot be that love either, which is described in Plato's Symposium, which “is nothing but *φιλοχαια*, or the love of pulchritude as such, which though rightly used, may perhaps wing and inspire the mind to noble and generous attempts, and beget a scornful disdain of mean, dirty and sordid things ; yet is capable of being abused also, and then it will strike downwards into brutishness and sensuality. But at best it is an affection belonging only to imperfect and parturient beings ; and therefore could not be the first principle of all things. Wherefore, we see no very great reason but that, in a rectified and qualified sense, this may pass for true theology—that Love is the Supreme Deity and original of all things, namely—if it be meant eternal, self-originated, intellectual Love, or essential and substantial goodness, that having an infinite overflowing fulness and fecundity, dispenses itself uninviciously, according to the best wisdom, sweetly governs all, without any force or violence, (all things being naturally subject to its authority and readily obeying its laws,) and reconciles the whole world into harmony. For the Scripture telling us that God is Love, seems to warrant thus much to us, that love in some rightly qualified sense, is God.”

These speculations may seem barren of interest or instruction, yet we confess that both from taste and reason, we are fond of those lofty contemplations which give dignity to our nature, and elevate its sentiments and affections to something of a divine origin and sympathy. Indeed, those who take a merely physical and grovelling view of human nature in this regard, voluntarily degrade themselves ; and of them it may be said what Bacon has so finely observed of another class of material philosophers : “They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility ; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body ; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base, ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity and the raising of human nature ; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to

him is instead of a God or *melior natura*. Which courage is manifestly such, as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain.” So it may be remarked, that those who take an elevated and spiritual view of love, give a nobility, purity and permanence to that passion to which it could not otherwise attain.

Indeed, human love seems to ascend by gradual transition to the divine, from which it cannot be disjoined altogether. Something superior to the idea commonly conveyed by the term, has always been recognized by high and spiritual natures, of which the Socratic and Platonic passions are illustrations. Socrates, who defined Love to be “a desire for happiness, through the medium of beauty,” delivers himself as follows : “There is but one eternal, immutable, uniform beauty ; in contemplation of which, our sovereign happiness does consist : and therefore a true lover considers beauty and proportion as so many steps and degrees, by which he may ascend from the particular to the general—from all that is lovely of feature, or regular in proportion, or charming in sound, to the general fountain of all perfection. And if you are so much transported with the sight of beautiful persons, as to wish neither to eat or drink, but pass your whole life in their conversation ; to what ecstasy would it raise you to behold the original beauty, not filled up with flesh and blood, or varnished with a fading mixture of colors, and the rest of mortal trifles and adornments, but separate, unmixed, uniform and divine,” &c. In the Sacred Scriptures the phraseology of love is constantly employed in a manner which has led some weak and ardent minds to sensualize religion itself. With such persons, the song of Solomon is a favorite book, in which they discover peculiar treasures of grace, and from which they derive a language and illustrations in harmony with their excited feelings. From the origin of christianity, there have always been those who confounded the sentiments and mingled the phraseology of earthly love with the divine. That voluminous and ingenious collection of curious opinions and facts, Bayle's Dictionary, presents many proofs of this assertion, some of which are as amusing as they are strange. The evanescent popularity of certain sects, has been in a great measure owing to the ardent and almost amatory phraseology with which they promulgated their peculiar tenets. The *Quietists* of France—who, if we mistake not, derived their origin from Spain—indulged in a strain strongly imbued with the fervor and phrases of earthly passion, as may be seen in the spiritual songs of Madame Guion, whose saintly enthusiasm captivated the loving soul of Fenelon. The Moravians have been accused of a similar error—we know not with what justice—though we recollect a hymn of that truly pious and benevolent people, in which the epithets *fair* and *ruddy* are applied to the Saviour. For a similar cause, the followers of Wesley have incurred the coarse ridicule of Anstey, the author of that amusing work, the Bath Guide, as well as of other profane scoffers, which has perhaps been slightly, we will not say justified, by the extravagances of some of the weaker brethren. We know one clergy-

man who enjoys a great popularity among a certain class, which is chiefly owing to his effeminate manner, soft voice and sentimental air, combined with an impassioned and insinuating address. He is in manner, at least, a pulpit Lothario—the very sybarite of saints. Spurious religious enthusiasm has certainly a singular connection with sensual ardor—so much so, that the morals of a rhapsodical sentimental religionist, without rational and well-matured principles, are ever to be suspected. Such persons always find their first disciples and apostles among weak and susceptible women.

Still we believe that there is not only a love in religion, but also a religion in love, and that when this is pure and exalted it is more than any other feeling expressive of the spiritual and immortal part of our being; approximating us to the nature and happiness of those higher essences, whose thoughts and affections are not depressed and manacled by the bonds of flesh and blood—for they too love, according to the declaration of Raphael, the “sociable angel” to our first parent:

Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy; and without love no happiness,
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence; and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.

But to come down from these elevated regions—through the pure ether of which it is sometimes refreshing to soar, as with angelic wings—we shall now treat somewhat discursively, indeed, of that earthly passion of love, which is the delight or torment, the boon or bane of the children of men.

And first, a word to those who deny its reality or scoff at it as an idle fancy or vain delusion. With such, reason and facts avail little towards conviction; yet, if properly constituted, experience will sooner or later bring to them sweet or bitter proof. *Nemo me impune lacessit*. It was Voltaire, we believe, the sneering sceptic and unrivalled master of irony, with the sardonic, Mephistopheles grin—the impersonation and type of the hard, polished, disenchanting philosophy of the eighteenth century—who erected in his garden a statue of Cupid, and inscribed upon its base, “Whoever thou art, that approachest, do homage to him who either was, is, or shall be thy master!” Swift, the bitter, relentless contemner and satirist of humanity, who seemed actuated by a fiendish desire to strip our nature of its dignity and charm; who perversely scattered the feculence of a grovelling and disordered imagination upon beauty, delicacy and sentiment; even he, passed much of his life in the company of two amiable women, to whom he seemed bound by a singular infatuation, yet whose happiness he cruelly sacrificed by a conduct so utterly strange, if not selfish, as to defy all scrutiny into its cause. Pope, from his sympathy with Swift, his satire on women, his personal deformity, and the mocking pleasantry with which he generally alludes to the passion, would seem to have been a sceptic; and yet the fervor of his *Eloisa*, the lines to an unfortunate lady, and his devotion to Martha Blount, indicate that he too had a soft place in his heart, in spite of his admiration for the Epicurean philosophy, so exquisitely depicted in his character of Voiture.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the trifle life away,
Till age at length his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.

Notwithstanding his coarse habits and perverted sentiments, Rousseau was at times a grievous victim to the passion and power of love. It was not sensibility which he wanted—with which, on the contrary, his heart overflowed. A morbid imagination, unsettled principles, the propensities of an impassioned constitution, corrupted and defiled by early abandonment, degraded in him a nature gifted with the noblest and finest faculties. Poor man! broken in health and spirits; prematurely old through disease, misfortune and a singularly agitated life; the sport of passion and outcast of fortune; he, at the unsentimental age of forty-five, almost fainted by the road side, with love for a woman, who, he admits, was neither very young nor very handsome. No one can read his fervid account of the feelings which overpowered him in his morning walk of miles, made expressly to entitle him to the customary salutation of a kiss from Madame d'Houdetot, without being convinced that the passion was deep in the “lake of his heart”—*nel lago del cuore*. Sobieski the Great, was the most uxorious and meanly compliant of husbands. The late viceroy Constantine, a man of so harsh and brutal a character, that common prudence compelled his family to substitute his younger brother in his place on the Muscovite throne, was softened and restrained only by his amiable consort, a Polish lady of delicate frame and feeble health. “*Teterrima causa belli*,” it may have been, which assembled the kings and chieftains of Greece upon the plains of Troy—yet how terrible in its consequences was the beauty of Helen, and with what fame it has filled the world! Ulysses the astute, and the pious Æneas, could not altogether defy the fascination of female charms; and to come down to a later period, the high Roman sacrificed for the sake of the Egyptian queen, “a world well lost.” Huge Samson laid his lion head upon the lap of Dalilah, and permitted the Philistian traitress—we had almost said—to spin from his poll the manly locks in which dwelt his strength.

'Twas love that brought upon his knees,
That hectoring kill-cow Hercules,
Transformed his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.

But there is no occasion to refer to extraordinary personages, whether fabulous or real, for striking examples of the power of this passion over minds and tempers which would be deemed the least susceptible of its impression. We see every day, in ordinary life, the most singular transformations of character, and other surprising effects, produced in persons who would scarcely be supposed amenable to such a control. The hard lawyer, the greedy merchant, the bitter bigot, the frivolous man of the world, are all brought in turn and bound hand and foot at the shrine of Cupid. The strong man becomes weak; the passionate calm; the violent “roars you as gentle as a sucking dove;” the gay becomes sad; the melancholy cheerful; the sloven, an *arbitrator elegantiarum*. Witness its effect upon a proud and beautiful young woman, too confident in her indif-

ference, as pictured by the delicate pencil of La Bruyere, whom we thus venture to translate: "There lived in Smyrna a very beautiful girl called Emire, who was even less known throughout the city, for her beauty, than from the severity of her manners and the indifference which she felt for all men, whom she beheld, as she declared, without peril, and without any other emotions than those which she entertained for her friends or for her brothers. She attached not the smallest credit to the extravagances which in all ages have been ascribed to love; and those which she had witnessed herself, she could not comprehend. She knew no passion but that of friendship. A young and charming person to whom she was indebted for this experience, had rendered it so agreeable to her, that her sole anxiety was to prolong it, and she could not imagine by what other sentiment the esteem and confidence with which she was so well satisfied, could be cooled and surpassed. She spoke of nothing but Euphrosine—it was the name of this young friend—and all Smyrna talked of nobody but of her and Euphrosine; their friendship passed into a proverb. Emire had two brothers, who were young, of great beauty, and with whom all the women of Smyrna were smitten; she loved them as a sister loves her brothers. There was a priest of Jupiter, who had access to her father's house, who was pleased with her, who ventured to declare himself, but received nothing but contempt. An old man, who, confiding in his birth and fortune, had the same audacity, met with a similar fate. She triumphed—and hitherto, it was only in the midst of her brothers, a priest and an old man, that she proclaimed herself insensible. It seemed that Heaven was resolved to expose her to stronger trials, which seemed but to render her more vain, and to confirm her reputation as a girl whom love could not touch. Of three lovers, who came successively captivated by her charms, and the depth of whose passion she did not fear to behold—the first, in a transport of feeling, plunged a dagger in his breast, at her feet—the second, overwhelmed by despair at not being listened to with favor, sought his death in the Cretan war—and the third died of languor and want of sleep. He who was to revenge them had not yet appeared. The old man, who had been so unfortunate in his attachment, had been cured of it by reflections upon his age and the character of the person whom he had sought to please. He asked her consent to continue to see her, and she permitted it. One day, he brought with him his son, who was young, of an agreeable countenance and elegant person. She saw him with interest, and as he was very silent in the presence of his father, she thought him rather dull, and wished that he had been blessed with more wit. He saw her alone, talked sufficiently, and with sprightliness; but as he looked at her but little, and spoke still less of her beauty, she was surprised, and indeed somewhat indignant, that so handsome and witty a person should be devoid of gallantry. She spoke of him to her friend, who desired to see him. He had eyes for Euphrosine alone—he told her that she was handsome—and Emire, who had been so indifferent, became jealous, perceived that Ctesiphon was sincere in what he said, and that he was not only gallant but tender. Thenceforward, she felt less at ease with her friend; she wished to see them together once more, to be convinced; and a second inter-

view taught her more than she wished to know, and changed her suspicions to certainty. She avoids Euphrosine—no longer finds in her the qualities which had charmed her—loses her taste for her conversation. She is fond of her no longer, and this change tells her that love has taken the place of friendship in her heart. Ctesiphon and Euphrosine see each other every day with increasing attachment; they think of marrying; they are actually married. The news spreads through the city, and it is proclaimed that two persons, at length, have experienced the happiness, so rare, of espousing the objects of their love. Emire hears it and is in despair. She feels the whole force of her passion; she visits Euphrosine, for the sole gratification of seeing Ctesiphon again; but this young man is still the lover of his wife, and finds a mistress in his charming bride; in Emire he recognizes only a person who is dear to her. The unfortunate girl loses her sleep and appetite; she becomes weak—her mind wanders—she takes her brother for Ctesiphon, and speaks to him as to a lover. She is undeceived, and blushes with shame; she soon falls into greater extravagances—ceases to blush for them—no longer, indeed, perceives them. Then she begins to fear men, but it is too late; for her mind is unseated; she has intervals of returning reason, which but add to her misery. The youth of Smyrna, who beheld her once so proud and insensible, confess that the gods have punished her too severely."

We have cited this remarkable extract, for the beauty of the picture and the delicacy of the style, rather than its justness, although we have met with an instance where love produced in a less degree, the effects so powerfully and touchingly described, in which, however, the disappointment proceeded from obstacles foreign to the parties interested. We do not think it possible, that such a passion could spring up and grow to such a head in the heart of a woman spontaneously and without the nourishment of a corresponding affection. Love rarely or never originates in the female breast, which is thus protected and strengthened by a wise law of nature. It must be the result of attentions and devotion, real or feigned—for woman is to be softened only by kindness, and her love always begins with sympathy; she is therefore said to yield, to be melted, to surrender.

But the most curious examples of the power of this passion, are exhibited by self mortifying puritans, whose very creed inculcates the eradication of all that is inviting in fancy or attractive in sentiment. Alas! the conventicle affords not a better protection than the chapel, and the nasal twang is sometimes constrained to break forth into amorous ditties. Poor Dr. Watts, of hymning celebrity, whose amiable character could not be hardened by the rigidity of his creed, was sorely exercised by the tender passion. The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Dr. Doddridge, did not altogether defend him from a weakness, the too ardent confession of which has somewhat scandalized his pious admirers. The devotion of Mrs. Hutchinson to "her Colonel" could not be excelled by the tenderness of the fairest lady of the polite court of Charles for her sighing cavalier. Women—

To whom the saints were so beholden—
Rubb'd down the teachers tird and spent
With holding forth for parliament.

The substitution of a *crop* for the *lovelocks* of the

gallant cavaliers, could not entirely cool the ardor of the roundheads. Tom Paine pithily remarked, that if the quakers had had the making of the world, what a drab-colored creation it would have been. They might have clothed external nature in the sober livery of their sect, yet their hearts would not have been drab-colored. In spite of all these harsh and crabbed opinions and expedients, Nature will speak out and vindicate herself. One of the most loving faces we ever beheld, peeped forth from beneath the quaker bonnet. The young and dashing Count Segur was captivated by a fair quaker girl of New England, whose charms he has not failed to celebrate in the recollections of his age. "Marry for love alone, but see that thou love that which is lovely," was the pure, wise and tender precept, of the broad-brimmed founder of Pennsylvania.

It is vain to dispute, resist, or to resolve, we are all obnoxious to this irresistible power, whose sway every man, unless he be more or less than man, must acknowledge, at some period of his life. Be he soldier or scholar, ambitious politician, votary of pleasure, or slave of business, it matters not—sooner or later his heart is touched—his spirit is moved within him—and he loses the mastery of his affections. And when this eventful period has arrived, how altered are the thoughts of his mind and the sentiments of his heart! Perhaps he does not suspect what it is that possesses him—perhaps he resists with efforts which but entangle him the more. He wanders about, restless, uneasy, dissatisfied. He feels himself under a power which he can neither dislodge nor control. Like the stricken deer, he rushes on with the herd, or plunges in the deepest recesses of the thicket, in the vain search for relief. More generally, however, he swallows the potent drug with avidity, and yields himself a willing victim to the intoxicating draught. He no longer lives for himself alone; his existence becomes bi-partite or dual. An eye has met his which is gifted with a strange fascination; a voice has fallen upon his ear charged with the sweetest melody; which dwells in his memory as if it were ever heard, and is repeated in his dreams as though an angel discoursed unto him "most excellent music." And ah! with what untold delight does he not listen to the voice of the charmer! Then his heart acknowledges the truth of the sentiment—"A beautiful face is the fairest of spectacles, and the most exquisite harmony is the sound of the voice of her we love." Then every other passion, if not eradicated, is at least suspended. Ambition flings aside the sword and forgets the glittering vision of a sceptre: the cravings of sense are hushed, avarice ceases to count its hoards, interest drops the quill and closes the ledger. There is but one feeling in the heart; there are but two persons in the world. Then frail, delicate woman, is gifted with a giant's power over the strong man. He trembles in her presence, and is withered by her frown. He does homage to her as to a divinity, and deems it even heroic to bow his strength to her weakness. Then it is happiness beyond compare, to be near her, to be in her presence, within the sound of her voice; to catch even the rustling of her robe, the echo of her footsteps, the shadow of her form. A flower which she has plucked, an object which she has touched, a lock of her hair, becomes a priceless treasure. He presses it in secret

to his heart, which swells, as it were, to embrace it. To be seated at her footstool, is a greater privilege than to press the golden cushions of a throne; to clasp her hand, a higher boon than to grasp a sceptre. Appetite fails; sleep deserts the couch which is no longer that of repose. A languor diffuses itself through his frame, which is more delicious than the energy of health and the vigor of action. The long night is too short to think of her; and when the dim outlines of objects are discerned through the casement, and the birds are heard to stir among the branches before their voices salute the dawn, the approach of day is welcomed, only that the eye may once more rest upon her and be happy. Then the mind is redolent of poetry; the heart fragrant with sentiment. Then the flowers exhale unwonted perfume—the air is balmy as that breathed by the life-giving winds of heaven. Then all nature is clothed with hues of unearthly brightness, and the common landscape is transformed into another garden of Eden. The trail of the serpent is no longer seen upon the flowers of paradise, and the universe smiles as though it had never been defaced by sin or depopulated by death, "beautiful in the uncultivated loveliness of gardens long run wild;" radiant with

The purple light of love and bloom of young desires.

Then too, there is a charm in solitude never felt before, and which nothing but the presence of the loved one can surpass. To lie stretched for hours in dreamy contemplation, musing unutterable things; to wander in the silent fields, or pierce the deep recesses of the forest, while the mind glows with thoughts, and the heart thrills with emotions which lap the spirit in Elysium; "to outwatch the Bear" beneath the Chaldean canopy of stars, until the feelings are sometimes so overwrought that tears course down the manliest cheek; these are the delights of the solitary lover. The heart labors as though it were compressed within the bosom, or dissolves in tenderness. If sickness chase the rose from the cheek, or sadness dim the eye of the living idol, how deep is the sympathy awakened. Then is the force of genuine love increased tenfold. It seems as if there could be no higher pleasure in life, than to soothe her sufferings, to sympathise with her sorrow, to support her wounded spirit; that it were a privilege, indeed, to consecrate existence, in bearing or at least sharing the burden of her grief. Beauty is never so powerful, as when downcast and distressed. The flower is fairest when it begins to droop. The anger of the justly offended hero, in Samson Agonistes, almost vanishes, when the chorus, announcing the approach of the "bosom serpent" who had betrayed him, exclaims—

But now with head declined,
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.

How touchingly does Milton describe his own reconciliation with his penitent wife, when he represents Adam moved to forgiveness by the resistless tears of our common mother.

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
Immoveable till peace obtained from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented,
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,

Now at his feet submissive in distress ;
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid :
 As one disarmed, his anger all he lost ;
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.

There is indeed much power in the tear of woman, and she knows it well. Shakspeare calls it "woman's weapon." The poets when they wish to give the highest charm to beauty, describe it as pensive, languid, touching, drooping, tearful. "Downcast and beautiful those eyes."

She looked as if she sat at Eden's door,
 And wept for those who could return no more.

Or let the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye.

How moving is this picture in Milton's affecting sonnet on his deceased wife, the one whom he seems to have loved with deep tenderness, only interrupted by her early death !

Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
 Brought to me, like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.

The painters, too, have shown the same instinctive sentiment in the choice of their subjects. Esther pleading with Ahasuerus for her kindred and people ; the Jewish women bewailing the massacre of the innocents ; Ruth the Moabitess, a desolate gleaner in the field of Boaz ; Jephtha's daughter, the Iphigenia of the Bible, preparing to submit with filial piety to the cruel vow of her agonized parent ; Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not ; these and other kindred personages have ever been the favorite subjects of the pencil. What is it that renders the Beatrice Cenci so beautiful, but the pale sadness which is diffused over the delicate features of the doomed maiden ? Cleopatra is always represented at the moment, when the asp is fastening his deadly fangs in her lovely bosom. Why do we gaze with such deep emotion upon the "Niobe, all tears," but from our sympathy with the maternal anguish, which agonizes without disfiguring her beautiful face ?

The most remarkable examples of connubial devotion have been manifested in cases where its object was delicate and suffering. Almost the only tender remark to be found in the writings of Swift, is one in a letter to St. John, where, alluding to the afflictions of lady Bolingbroke, he touchingly remarks, as if to soothe or console his friend, that it is ever the fate of the most estimable women to be martyrs to suffering. Indeed, we go farther, and assert, that much of the charm and influence of woman is owing to her weakness and dependance—her "fine defects of nature;" without which she would scarcely awaken sympathy or inspire tenderness, as is observed in those of a bold and masculine character. Perhaps the constant care and solace which delicate and suffering persons require, maintain those habits of attention and devotion, which nourish and preserve affliction, as well in those who render, as in those who receive them. "We love those to whom we do good," is a maxim equally old and just. Thus, by a kind disposition of Providence, has strength been founded upon weakness, and evil been transmuted to good.

Let other bards of angels sing,
 Bright suns without a spot,
 But thou art no such perfect thing,
 Rejoice that thou art not.

Such if thou wert in all men's view,
 An universal show,
 What would my fancy have to do ?
 My feelings to bestow ?

Selfish the passion of love is not, whatever shallow observers may assert. It is on the contrary, at least in noble natures, a generous devotion, which finds its highest delight in the sacrifice of convenience, pleasure, interest ; in a word, of self. It is La Rochefoucault, we believe, who says, that the reason why lovers are never tedious to each other, is that their conversation is always about themselves. This sentence like most of those of the French philosopher, is rather pointed than just. The true explanation is found in the deep interest and ardent attachment which are mutually felt. One of the most pleasing and generous effects of love, is its adoption of the ties of nature. It embraces the whole kindred of the person loved—parent, sister, brother—with the tender attachment inspired by natural affection. Perhaps there is no better test of genuine love, than is this drawing which is felt towards all those who are connected with its object. It is a new birth and adoption into the family fold.

Those, too, who would confound it with merely sensual feeling, forget that one of its most marked effects, is the reformation and purification of him who is brought under its influence. To him every thing gross, becomes revolting ; every idea which degrades woman, painful and intolerable. A high respect, a reverential regard, is, indeed, the very essence and foundation of love. It is a passion which has made almost as many conversions as religion. It is, in fact, a religion of the heart. It fills the soul with pure desires, and inspires the mind with elevated aspirations. The lover is fired by a noble ambition, to render himself worthy of her whom he delights to regard, as all purity, goodness and truth. He seeks after "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." With what regret, nay remorse, does he not look back, even upon the venial and natural errors of his past life.

And with a heart repentant of all crimes,
 Pardon he asks for youth, ten thousand times.

He is deeply penitent, and anxious to consecrate the future to holier thoughts and nobler pursuits.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
 Upon the irrevocable past,
 The penitent sincere,
 May for a worthier future sigh,
 While trickles from his downcast eye,
 No unavailing tear.

Of this effect of love Petrarch is a noble example. Poet, scholar, philosopher, statesman, he is proud to proclaim that his turning from the paths of sin and folly to the steep ascent of virtue and of piety, was the consequence of his love for the saintly Laura. Fervently though he admires her person, his passion is excelled by respect for her purity and reverence for her character. While celebrating her charms with all the warmth of passion and enthusiasm of love, he yet constantly reverts to her spotless sanctity, and unbending severity of virtue. To his enraptured eyes, she is more than woman. Though clothed in fleshly apparel, she is a spirit sent from on high to guard and guide his erring steps ; to throw a sanctified influence upon his path ;

to lure him upwards, and beckon him with rapt eye and heavenward finger, to the abodes of celestial bliss. Here earthly passion mingles with love divine, and is spiritualized and exalted into something of a heavenly nature. How superior is this holy enthusiasm to the fervor of mere passion, and the sentimental extravagances of romance. The one is the pure and steady light of a star in the firmament; the other, the lurid glare and evanescent flash of a meteor across the heavens. This quickly goes out in vapor and darkness; that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." It is not a little strange that the two noblest examples of love upon record, should be presented by a people who are generally more remarkable for the warmth than the delicacy of their sentiments. But superior natures belong to no clime, country, or nation. The fiery and indomitable spirit of the poet of the "Inferno" melted and bowed down before the image of the beatified Beatrice. He never alludes to her but in a strain of mingled tenderness and awe. He clothes her with a grave and majestic air, a certain religious austerity, at the same time that he describes her melting with tenderness for the lover of her youth. Though transfigured and crowned with stars, she has not forgotten, amid the glories of Heaven, her earthly sympathies and attachment; she watches over him as his guardian angel in the skies, and pleads for him at the footstool of grace, with the earnestness of unutterable love. How radiant the sainted woman shines in his immortal verse:

Donna mi chiamò beata e bella,
Tal che di comandar io la richiesi.
Lucevan gli occhi più che la stella:
E cominciai a dir soave e piano
Con angelica voce in sua favella.

"A lady called unto me, beautiful and blessed; such that I besought her to command me. Her eyes glittered brighter than the star, and she began to speak softly, melodiously, with an angelical voice." Ah! and it is the voice of an angel alone that should utter such a strain, which falls upon the ravished ear as it were an echo of heavenly harpings. Thus spiritualized and exalted, love is purified from the dross of earth, and rises far above the weakness of humanity. What a difference between these high and holy emotions, and the gross, animal feelings of low and grovelling natures. Who having once tasted of such pure and celestial nourishment, can stoop again to the garbage of vulgar appetites? But it is only high and spiritual natures, that are susceptible of this exalted passion. These pure and sublime sentiments vindicate the high origin and destiny of man, and assert his kindredship with beings of a superior order. Transient though they may be, and subject to partial disappointment upon earth, it is our hope and trust that they point and tend to another sphere of existence, where they are destined to find a full and lasting fruition, unstained by the soil of earth, unchecked by the bonds of mortality.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

Of all that is most beautiful, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purple gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

And if we cultivate our faith in this ennobling belief, and strive to elevate our souls to this pure and high standard of sentiment, we can do much to heighten, dignify and preserve the enjoyments of earthly love. Passion should not be limited to the person, which, however beautiful and precious, is frail and subject to change and decay—but embrace also the spirit, whose worth is higher, and whose charms are enduring.

Look at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at day break, droop ere even song;
And grieved for their brief date, confess that ours
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
Is not so long!

If human life do pass away,
Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
Whose frail existence is but of a day;
What space hath virgin's beauty to disclose
Her sweets and triumph o'er the breathing rose?
Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid:
O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted maid!
Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous youth,
"To draw out of the object of his eyes,"
The while on thee they gaze in simple truth,
Hues more exalted, "a refined form,"
That dreads not age nor suffers from the worm,
And never dies.

We should never forget that this tenement of clay which we worship, however fair and bright, is but the transient dwelling of an immortal spirit, which is destined to triumph over the frailties and survive the wreck of humanity. Let this idea be ever present, and it will confer a nobility and duration upon human affection, which nothing else can supply. It cannot fail to inspire a mutual reverence, which will render love sacred, and protect it from those damps and misgivings, that degradation and decay, to which it might otherwise be exposed from the weakness and variableness of human nature. But language cannot do justice to this part of our subject, which must be left for its best elucidation to those

Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
Through the pure light of female eyes,
Their sanctity revealing.

GRIEF.

In deep grief, we wholly forget what experience has taught every one—that all things and circumstances must be modified or changed by time. And in our state of drunkenness from the cup of affliction, we imagine that our present condition must be eternal, unchangeable, and ever the same. It is wonderful how quickly dejection—a state in which we view all things as clothed with the blackness of darkness, sometimes follows after joyfulness—a state in which we view all things as wrapt with a mantle of light. One dark or rosy idea, has the power of thus tinging with its own hue, the whole universe of things.

Williamsburg, Va.

G.

AMATOR LOQUITUR.

Queen of the quiet night!
Where roams my absent love?
Drinks she with me delight,
Beneath thee, as we rove?
She's far, she's far away,—
Where roams she! Say, oh say?

Zephyr! thy silken wing
One little moment fold:
Say—to her wilt thou sing
What now thou'rt told?
Then speed thee hence, and say
"He thinks of thee, though far away!"

Star of the dewy eve!
Does not her heart, like mine,
Though far apart, receive
Thine influence divine?
Stay, sparkling planet, stay!
Shine o'er the wanderer's way!

I look upon the streams
Of my loved native river,
And, as the moon's soft beams
Upon its bosom quiver,
I ask them, as they're playing,
"Where is the dear one straying?"

Bend hither, gentle cloud!
Flit not so swiftly past!
Come from yon fleecy crowd,
Flying away so fast!
Thou wilt the wanderer see;
Oh! tell her to think of me!

J. F. O.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. II.

Boston has been termed the "Literary Emporium." This title is said to have been bestowed by Edmund Kean, the tragedian. Not to disparage so distinguished an authority, I must express my ignorance of the peculiar claims which the capital of New England has to so enviable an appellation. Within the last score of years, she has sent forth but few original works, and those few,—with the exceptions of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and such collections as Channing's Discourses and Webster's and Everett's Speeches, and Sparks's Writings of Washington,—have not produced any great impression throughout the country. New York and Philadelphia have, within the same period of time, poured forth volumes after volumes of original and edited works, which have elevated the standard of our literature, been republished in England, and removed from us the reproach of being a mere nation of tradesmen. The foolish question of "Who reads an American book?" is now no longer asked, and there are free communion and correspondence between literature on both sides of the Atlantic. It is, by no means, my intention to enter into the general subject of the progress of literature in the United States, (although that

would be a grand theme for any one, who had the information and the ability requisite for its proper treatment,) but I have made these remarks simply to introduce, to the many intelligent readers of the Messenger, some account of what is now doing in the literary world of New York, and of that publishing house, which rightly enjoys a higher distinction than any other in the country, from the character of its partners as well as on account of the extent and importance of its operations. I allude, of course, to Harper and Brothers.

This firm comprises four partners—brothers. Their names are James, John, Joseph and Fletcher. James and John commenced business, as printers in a small establishment in Dover street, twenty-three years ago. The first book which they published and in which the imprint appeared, "J. & J. Harper," was Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." This was successful—and its name and success afforded a happy prognostic of their future career; for, since the publication of that celebrated philosophical treatise, they have made many successful *essays on the human understanding*. The brothers are, at present, (to use a good Americanism) *located* in Cliff street. Upon the building, which they occupy, appears the same sign, which was placed there thirteen years ago, "J. & J. Harper's printing office." Shortly previous to their removal to this place, Joseph was received into the firm, and about one year afterwards, Fletcher, the youngest, became a co-partner. Thus united by the bands of interest as well as the stronger ties of fraternal affection, these four men present to the world an admirable illustration of the truth of the moral drawn from the fable of the bundle of rods. They have never separated, never dissevered their concerns, but have remained firmly bound and united together. Accordingly their prosperity has been large and constant. They are all married men and have, each, "sons and daughters." Their father, "the old man, is yet alive." I saw him the other day, a fine, bluff, hale, hearty, ruddy-cheeked farmer, who has outlived the allotted span of "three-score years and ten," yet has he not known a day of that "labor and sorrow," which the scriptures speak of as the doom of age. I talked with him about the country and the crops, and, hearing every word that I uttered as distinctly as I heard his, he told me stories about by-gone times, and, in ready answer to my questions, related instances of the mutations of our human affairs. It was truly an interesting spectacle to behold the good, old gentleman,—standing like a sturdy oak, strengthened by the storms of eighty winters,—in the midst of his men-children—whose children's children may, as I warmly hope,

"Make smooth the pillow of his final rest."

To convey a striking idea of the manner in which the brothers ("the boys," as their father calls them,) live together, I need only mention, that as long as they have been in business, and notwithstanding the difference of expense of each one, according to his mode of life or the size of his family,—they have never kept any separate accounts or had any settlement with regard to monies drawn from the house for their separate support.

The sheet, which they publish annually, and which is called their "Trade List," will show you the vast

number of their current publications, both standard and occasional. I send it herewith; but you must bear in mind that they have issued hundreds and hundreds of transitory books, which are at present entirely "out of print." They sometimes get letters from the West Indies and other distant ports—where the last Waverley novel still forms a topic of conversation—for some work, which was published by them many years ago, and of which no vestige remains, except, perchance, a thumb, worn, dilapidated copy in the nook of some out-of-the-way circulating library. Had either of them taken care to preserve a copy of each of their publications, he would have possessed a curious library, in strange and various styles of typography. What book, among all, ever published by "the Harpers," think you, most sagacious Messenger, had the largest sale? You will hardly guess it. "ABERCROMBIE ON THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS." It is a volume of the Family Library, and its sale, to this date, has exceeded twenty thousand copies. The other volumes in this valuable collection have sold "excellent well," varying from seven to twelve thousand copies each. There are eighty-five volumes in the series. Bulwer's novels come next in the order of sale. Of the "half-dollar edition" of *Rienzi* (incredibly cheap!) fifteen thousand copies were sold. Among American writers (strange as it may appear!) Paulding's works have commanded the widest circulation. A different idea from this is probably entertained by those persons who chuckled over Mr. Willis's late slashing review in the *Corsair*; which, by the by, I regretted to see transferred to your pages, although you also gave the antidote administered to the public by the *Courier and Enquirer*.—*such as it was!* Mr. Willis's statements were untrue. Mr. Paulding is popular and his books *do* sell. Moreover, they were never sent to the editors of the *Corsair* for their commendation, as was intimated: at least they were never sent by the publishers. The cause of Mr. Willis's attack was a "secret grief," "a silent sorrow." You must know that he is quite a "*preux chevalier*," a gentleman who is extremely punctilious with regard to matters of personal attention and *etiquette*. He would probably be less disturbed by the most desolating criticism of his poems than by the least personal disrespect. When Mr. Willis was ruralizing with his *then* coadjutor, General Morris, on the romantic banks of the Hudson, Paulding was in the vicinity at the house of his relation, Hon. Gouverneur Kemble. Willis was never called upon by the Kembles or invited to their festivities, and he attributed the slight to the influence of Paulding. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*" The critic gave out that he was incited to his severity by the fact of Paulding's having abused his early productions in the *Courier and Enquirer*; but the least inquiry would have satisfied him upon that point; for Col. Webb is not the man to have hesitated, a single instant, to declare himself the real author of all the pasquinades, which had appeared in his journal, about Mr. N. P. Willis.

I have fallen into this digression purposely to make known the true issue in the case of Willis vs. Paulding; but now *revenons à nos moutons*. I should have used the expression American novelists, not writers, in speaking of Paulding; for none of his productions can have been sold to the extent of Stephens' "Incidents of

Travel," or Miss Sedgwick's domestic tales "The Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man," "Live and let Live," &c. It is not difficult to account for the extraordinary success of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land." Just after its publication, Mr. J. S. Buckingham, arrived in New York and commenced his lectures. He drew ten thousand people together, and to his audiences he commended in high terms the work of Mr. John L. Stephens. This he also did in other parts of the country. The consequence was an unprecedented demand for the book and the furnishing of the author's pockets to the pretty amount of some five or six thousand dollars! Look, besides, at the sacred associations which these Travels suggested! They passed over the very scenes of the Bible; they told the old names, with which our ears had long been familiar; and our minds, as we dwelt upon them, were filled with a "dim, religious light," and a pleasant, solemn music, like that which floats under the arches of a vast cathedral. The second series, "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia and Poland," was successful on the name of the first, but was far inferior. Besides being much less interesting, it lacks the quiet simplicity and perspicuous ease. The author of these works is now preparing for his mission to Guatemala—he is to be accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, of panoramic celebrity, who will take drawings of the famous ruins of the city of Palenque in South America, for the purpose of illustrating a work that Mr. Stephens proposes to write. Before Mr. Stephens shall have attained his "middle age," he will accumulate a competent fortune from his writings—an extraordinary fact in the history of American authorship, and the more remarkable when it is considered that he was not educated to literature.

I will now say a few words, though fewer than it deserves, about Harper's "School District Library." A more useful and valuable compilation of books of this kind in one published series was never made. It embraces history, voyages and travels, biography, natural history, the physical sciences, agriculture, manufactures, the arts, commerce, *belles lettres*, and the history and philosophy of education. The first series consisted of fifty volumes, and these were put up in a neat case, and sold for TWENTY DOLLARS! A second series is now in the press, which is to include, additionally, all of "Sparks's American Biography," to be sold at one half their original price. This is certainly "diffusing useful knowledge;" it is of itself sufficient to form an era in the history of learning. The Library is used in all the district schools of the "empire state," and is highly recommended by the late and present secretaries of state and commissioners of common schools, and by the late governor. As there is nothing sectional about it, nothing suited to one part of the country more than another, what could you do better than introduce the second series into the schools of the "Old Dominion?" With a few additions, such as a history of Virginia—but hold! I look at the list, and lo! there is already a "History of Virginia with engravings," and there is moreover, to commend the whole, a "life of Washington." It strikes me he was a Virginian! There is a life too of captain John Smith. Was not he a Virginian? One would think indeed that this Library had been compiled as much for your state as

for ours. Your board of education should look to it; nothing cheaper; nothing better could be universally introduced into your common schools.

Of equal though not of such general value as the "School District Library," is professor Anthon's "Series of Classical Works." These have, as I have been glad to observe, been discriminatingly and satisfactorily commended from time to time in the Southern Literary Messenger, as well as in the New York Review, the Knickerbocker, the Democratic Review, the New Yorker, the New York Mirror, and other periodicals of high repute. How vividly do I remember the toil and struggle with which, when a lad at school, I dug into the unilluminated text of the old editions, with their horrid marginal references, and impenetrable notes! I used to think it a sin, to peep into a translation for the solution of a knotty sentence—and, as for pretending to comprehend what I could translate, dear me! I never dreamed of such a thing. I should have devoured an English note or explanation with the avidity of a starved urchin; but no, the notes were in a barbarous latinity, ten times more difficult to get at than the text. Oh, the agony of my young spirit, when I carried up my weary, aching head and my detested task to the pedagogue, who, with ferule-tripod in hand, governed the waves of boyish tumult—and looked to me far more terrible than Virgil's Neptune. Pardon me this divergence a little farther still, my dear Messenger, while I describe my school-dictator in the verse of a poet, unknown to us—but who was in nature as he was in name a *Bird* of song*—

"——The grandeur of his face
Was like the ancient Roman's, wisely stern;
He did not *teach*, but ordered us to *learn*!
In all the solemn labor of the school,
He thought, and looked, and moved, and spoke by rule,
And, as he shook his learned head, and cast
His eye around, that threatened as it past,
Each glance was measured, every shake so true,
That e'en the motion of his ponderous queue
Seemed like a formal pendulum of lead,
To time the mental clock-work of his head!
* * * * *
Such was the man, who, at my father's board
Dined twice a year, and, from his brain, ill-stored,
Quoted with pride—methinks I hear him speak—
Three scraps of barbarous Latin, four of Greek,
Which made my father stare, my mother sigh,
And wish her son just such a prodigy!"

Thanks to the progressive spirit of the age and the democratic principles of small boys, such pedagogues are now-a-days rarely seen; and thanks, a thousand times repeated, to the publishers and editor, who, by giving such books, as those in the Classical Series, have made the rough paths plain and the crooked paths straight to the tender and inexperienced feet of youthful students. Professor Anthon's editions should go into all seminaries and colleges. We ought to mention as an important companion to them "Leverett's Latin Lexicon;" for it is better than any heretofore published either in England or in this country. It is, as I learn from the *dicta* of scholars as well as from my own investigation, throughout strictly correct. You will be gratified to learn that Professor Anthon has in preparation and in the press a classical dictionary, intended to take the place of that very deficient one, translated from

* The late James Bird, an English poet.

Lemprière, which has been so long used in English schools.

The mention of a work in press reminds me of my intention to tell you something about the lighter, literary matters that are talked of just now. Your friend, professor Ingraham, has nearly ready a new novel called "The Quadron." A taking title—and doubtless, like his other romances, it will be replete with spirit-stirring incidents and marvel-making scenes. The scene is laid in New Orleans. He is passing his summer among the life-giving breezes of Schooley's mountain. It is said that he intends a voyage to England in the autumn, in company with the brilliant editor of the Louisville Journal, George D. Prentice. I hear that W. Gilmore Simms has in contemplation a romantic history of the Marion and Sumpter wars in South Carolina—a noble idea and in the hands of a highly accomplished writer. You ought to anticipate its appearance by giving us some extracts in the Messenger. It may be in full progress by this time. Halleck has been persuaded at last by the Harpers (they must have *harped* on one string for a long time,) to publish "Fanny," and his Croaker pieces. They appear in a neat volume, with a vignette view of Weehawken, concerning which he most exagggeratingly sings—

"Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of Nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy is met;
And never has a summer morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene—"

I would quote on for the length of six stanzas, if the passage had not been in two-thirds of the newspapers in the Union—because they are worth all the rest of the *poetry* in the volume. But poetic license never revelled in more outrageous hyperbole. Weehawken is a pretty place and commands some fine views; but there are a dozen spots in the vicinity of New York much more beautiful. Halleck's versification is often melodiously musical. Take the following specimen from his epistle to Walter Bowne:

Where are they now? With shapes of air,
The caravan of things that were,
Journeying to their nameless home,
Like Mecca's pilgrims from her tomb;
With the lost Pleiad; with the wars
Of Agamemnon's ancestors;
With their own years of joy and grief,
Spring's bud and Autumn's faded leaf;
With birds that round their cradles flew;
With winds that in their boyhood blew;
With last night's dream and last night's dew.

The rhymes of the first three couplets are execrable; the poetry of the last three verses is very beautiful—and the whole flows as sweetly on as if it melted from the lips of a silver-tongued improvisatrice. The best of these poetical *jeux d'esprit*, these minglings of fancy and fun, is the epistle to Recorder Riker. The first quotation prefixed to it, is extremely felicitous. The pun is perfect.

"On they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft *Recorders*."

Milton.

I cannot deny you the pleasure of two more samples of Mr. Halleck's versification. It is nearly as faultless as Campbell's. Of the following, the first need not be understood—read it for the sound! The second is a graceful tribute to the genius of two contemporaries.

"Thus shades the green and growing vine
The rough bark of the mountain pine,
Thus round her freedom's waking steel
Harmodius wreathed his country's myrtle;
And thus the golden lemon's peel
Gives fragrance to a bowl of turtle."

"*Hillhouse*, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to Heaven—whose poet-dreams
Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harps of seraphim,
By bards that drank at Zion's fountains
When glory peace, and hope were hers,
And beautiful upon her mountains
The feet of angel messengers;—
Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart, its teachers and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caresses
Lessons of truth and gentleness
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way;
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb;
But those that graced his own Green River,
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charm'd by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever."

The little volume before me comprises simply Halleck's playful pieces; his Alnwick Castle, and other poems of a more serious cast, are soon to appear in a new edition, with probably some new stanzas, if the poet be not too incorrigibly lazy. You will learn my opinion of this author's rank as a poet from an article in a late number of the Democratic Review, entitled "Recent American Poetry." That article ought to express my opinions, since I wrote it myself. I shall not bid you good bye for this month, most patient Messenger, until I tell you of *two* new works which are shortly to be ushered before the public, which will make some pleasant noise in the literary circles. "Hyperion," by Professor Henry W. Longfellow, is printed and ready to be published. Why it is not, Mr. S. Colman can tell, not I. I have read every word of it with complete delight. It is a prose-poem of the most quaint and delicate workmanship. There is just narrative enough to it to serve as a thread to hold many pearls, not "at random" but in order "strung." The scenes are laid on the European continent. I will say no more now, as I mean that you shall have a notice of it, at least. The printing of the other work has just been commenced by the Harpers. They are not to issue it till after its publication in England. When that will be, who knows but Colburn? It is called "Morton's Hope." The editor of the New Yorker has seen it, and describes it, as written in a clear, vigorous and beautiful style. He says, in his last week's paper, that it will elicit "higher praise from higher sources than any work of the kind ever before given to the public in this country." By the way, I hear that the Harpers are to bring out the lyrics of your friend and correspondent, Park Benjamin. What do you think of it? Is he wise to venture upon such a collection of his "unconsidered trifles?"

I should have mentioned, as an evidence of the extent of the work and business of these publishers with the musical name, that they employ one hundred and twenty-five men and seventy-five girls, (very pretty ones too!) that they occupy two large buildings, and that they have invested in stereotype plates, full two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. "No more, at present," from your faithful

PROBUS.

New York, August 13, 1839.

NEW WORKS.

We would remark here, once for all, that we have only read portions of the works mentioned below. Our brief reviews, therefore, are not entitled even to the usual weight of opinions, but only of opinions founded upon partial examination. We begin with

Sejanus, and other Roman Tales. New York—F. Saunders—1839.

One of the most beneficial and interesting modes in which fiction can be employed, is that of illustrating historical events. Even to those well versed in the records of the past, a well-written and skilfully conducted tale, selecting its actors, incidents and machinery from those things which have really occurred and are chronicled among the annals of nations, will render facts long since learned, fresh and familiar; and those events of which he has read in dry and ponderous tomes, reanimated and arranged by the power of genius, with the light of its imagination shed over the whole, clothed in the garb of romance, linked with the minute action of particular characters and moving amid glowing scenery, will leave a more vivid idea of that which was reality, and impress the memory deeper than before. But the writer of fiction should ever possess the consciousness that he writes not merely for the literary man and the scholar, but to a great extent for those to whom history is only known in its prominent features and general outline. Those whom absorbing devotion to business and severe labor hinder from perusing the more substantial works of literature; or rather, whose inclination prevents—will seize upon the novel and the tale to while away their hour of relaxation or of idleness. He, then, who interweaves some historical truth among the web and woof of his story—giving it dramatic force and the interest of romance—may bestow much real benefit, as well as amusement, upon a large portion of those for whom he caters. The fact, moreover, that it is founded on history—that those who move in his legend have really trodden this earth and spoke and acted among humanity—that such and such events have actually taken place and left their marks and their monuments, will add to and deepen the interest of the reader.

We think it highly probable that this method was one secret of the triumph of Sir Walter Scott over his predecessors. Instead of sentimental heroes and sighing and thwarted "love-y-ers"—instead of wo-begone and persecuted damsels stalking through eight volumes, wearing the bloom off their cheeks, and every now and then "bursting into a flood of tears"—instead of mysterious chambers, curtained skeletons, rusty daggers, wax-lights and trap-doors—he seized upon real life and blended history with his fictions. We open his books and the slogan comes pealing down upon us from crag and glen, the psalm of the stern covenanters goes up from hill and heather, and the mail-sheathed hosts and tossing plumes of chivalry, rush in upon the arena before us. We see the giant Coeur de Lion as he embraces the royal Saladin; we hear the cry of the heralds and the shouts of the multitude as they burst from the lists at Ashby. True, he did not neglect those all-essential ingredients of romance which those before him had em-

played—but he threw them in a new light—he connected them with treasured themes and interesting facts. Hence one great excellence of his works.

The volume before us is composed of tales founded upon events of Roman history. The period chosen is a deeply interesting one—that in which the shadows began to fall upon the imperial city, and the principle of decline to work with its weakening influences upon her palaces and altars. High and eloquent themes for the writer of fiction lie around the blood-washed throne of Nero, and all through the lapse, until the dark and hurrying hosts of the barbarian rushed in upon her like waves of desolation.

The author of this work, as some of our readers at least know, is Mr. Maturin, a son of the celebrated writer of that name. We do not know that these tales are any better if as good, as those written, we think, by Brooks a few years since—at least judging, in both cases, by specimens. There is no great skill displayed in plot, but they are well written and evince merit.

He seems, like his sire, somewhat fond of the horrible, although his taste does not evince itself in creations so supernatural and wild as those of the author of *Melmoth*. The promise of this work will, we trust, brighten into a steady and secure reputation. We give one extract—the last interview of Sejanus with his wife—as a specimen of the author's powers, from which, it is possible, our readers may be better enabled to form an opinion than from our crude and short critique.

"Nay, why art thou here?" said the prisoner, as he turned impatiently from Apicata, and, as conscious of his own pollution, shrank from her embrace. "Have I asked this of thee, to come and look upon me chained like one whose hour is appointed? Prythee, tell me not now of love, for mine hath been unhappy and accursed." "Had'st thou made thy wife," rejoined Apicata, her voice struggling with the bitterness of tears, "the truster of this foul secret, the unholy love thou speak'st of had not now a single pang for thee. But I will not chide thee now," she continued, clasping to her breast her degraded husband, while a smile faintly strove with her wild expression of grief. "Think not, in this last and dismal hour, which parts our love forever, making me lone and widowed, and this, thy child, fatherless—think not, though the gods desert, and man frowns on thee, that the same fate which makes the cold and senseless world thine enemy, can chill the heart of wife or child to thee. Nay, turn not from me—we will not part—they dare not—" "Dare not!" retorted Sejanus, "What dares not the torrent when ruled by the tempest? What dares not the lightning when cloud meets cloud? But why—why," he added, "linger out the agony of our parting moments? Better the bolt should fall upon its victim, than hover on in silence and in vengeance." "I came not here," replied Apicata, clinging to him with that ardor which seemed to omen a last embrace, and mock the hopes she strove to lend—"I came not here to listen to despair—to add weight to the fetters which encompass thee, or gloom to the dungeon which cuts thee off from life and joy. I came to speak of hope, of pardon, and of freedom. Cæsar hath been ever gracious to thee—can he turn in silence from the prayers of mother and child?" "No more—no more;—no wife—no child," cried the wretched man, subdued to tears, the associations of home kindling once again the embers of expiring nature, and softening the obduracy of guilt—"No wife—no child," he continued, clasping his hands to his eyes, as though to exclude the objects which reminded him of honor, happiness, and innocence. "They are here—here, amid the terrors

which surround, and the dangers which await thee," exclaimed Apicata, weeping on the hand she pressed in her's; "kneel—kneel with me, my child," she added, addressing her young daughter, whose tears gave strength to the appeal of the kneeling mother—"look on us at thy feet—look on and bless us. We will not part from thee, though man should doom, and death claim thee. The hand that lights thy pile, shall build one even for us."

As Apicata and her child knelt before him in their attitude of prayer and grief, the wretched man endeavored to conquer those recollections of home and happier hours, awakened by their presence—ashamed to show the feelings he could not subdue, he started impatiently from the spot, and walked to the remote end of the cell. The struggle was vain. Though power and ambition had alienated him from the ties and feelings of home, and obstructed the stream of Nature, poisoning her waters, and checking her impulses, yet the terrible summons of the last hour, and the warning voice of death, which sent its hollow echo through the dungeon, awoke once again within the heart, the father and the husband. He turned, and clasping his child to his bosom, wept upon it. It was long since that heart had known a single throb of Nature; yet, in the hour of parting and of death, she returned to weep amid the waste she left a paradise.

"My child—my child," he said, kissing it tenderly, his voice feeble and broken; "pardon that I have forgotten thee—have passed in heedlessness those happier hours, when I might have caught thy smile, and treasured it as a beam upon my path—when I might have heard thy voice of gladness, and deemed it some sweet strain to charm me from ill, and guide me on to good. Thy tears—thy tears, my child—they come too late. Wretch that I am! The child weeps upon the sire!—The gods—the gods, my child, preserve and guard thee ever!"

The last pulse of nature had scarcely died in that sad embrace, when a wild and furious shout, which resembled more the roar of distant waters than the union of human voices, broke on the ear of the wretched pair. To the murderer, it bore the omen of judgment. He clasped his child with a convulsive energy to his heart—he wept once more upon it—and once more mingled blessings with his tears. Apicata still hung upon his neck, trembling as those fearful sounds rose and died in the distance. As they approached, the name "*Sejanus*," uttered with savage execration, by thousands that seemed to have but one word to speak, reached them with an appalling distinctness. The unhappy groupe clung still more closely together, as though Nature rallied her energies to meet the fearful hour which was to destroy and paralyze them. The tempest had slumbered but for a moment, only to renew its strength. Again it rose, the tones more wild, and the curses more bitter, as proximity gave them additional power—"Sejanus to the Gemonie!*" The Tiber! To death with the murderer!" Such were the fearful expressions which reached the cell from that yelling ocean of human beings, as they moved onward to the prison from the Temple of Concord, where the Senate had met and condemned Sejanus; the mighty mass animated by the one murderous cry, and bound by the one iron chain—Vengeance!

In the pauses of that fearful yell, not a word had passed between wife and husband. Sejanus' eyes were fixed upon the open space before the dungeon. Flight could not preserve him—his pursuers were even now at his prison door. As the shouting rose more strongly, he endeavored to move from the spot, for the purpose of concealing himself in some remote corner of the cell. He could not stir. Unconsciously he bore the helpless form of Apicata, who had swooned in his arms, and his

* The *Gemonie Scalæ*, were a flight of steps at the foot of the Capitoline hill, where were exposed the bodies of malefactors, and thence dragged by hooks to be plunged in the Tiber.

† The Senate met in different temples.

child still clung to him, embittering his agonies with its tears and lamentations.

Still rapidly came on the fierce and disordered mass, and louder rose upon his affrighted ear the cries of the many-mouthed monster for vengeance. More fervently in that moment of despair he clasped the fainting form to his breast, and felt even the pulseless, inert burthen link him more strongly to hope. Savage and merciless though the crowd might be, could it while the ties of nature thus coiled around him—wife and child speechless in his embrace—cry aloud for his blood, and wreak its vengeance?

While the miserable man thus clung to a shattered raft amid the waste which swam before, and the storm which pealed around him, the yelling of the mob and imprecations on his name came on still nearer, like waves that gather in the distance, and, bearing on the fragments of the wreck, fling the ghastly offering at our feet. A moment more, and the leaders stood before their victim.

They looked on him, pale and trembling in the embrace of his wife and child, but the sternness that bowed the iron and resolute visage of each, showed that the heart was impervious to the silent appeal of nature. Still on they came, tumultuously; every shout a curse upon his name—every cry, for vengeance. The eyes of Sejanus passed unconsciously from one to the other, as in fierce and impenetrable array they ranged themselves before his dungeon; some armed with clubs, others with swords, as design had provided, or chance flung them in their way. A dim and confused mass floated before his imagination: he could not trace a single feature, nor recognise a single voice, but the dreadful perception weighed upon his mind of one vast body knit together for the same dreadful purpose—death and destruction.

"Away, away with him! the rope! the hook!—the murderer to the Tiber!" burst with a simultaneous discord from the multitude—and, as they shouted, the ghastly instruments of execution were exhibited, and one mighty rush on the moment filled the cell. Sejanus spoke not, stirred not; he stood perfectly motionless, save for a convulsive tremor of the arm as it unconsciously clasped more closely, for the last time, the pledges which life had left him.

Regardless of the protection vouchsafed to him in the presence of wife or child, they grasped him violently and bound him. One shrill cry from the wretched man, as he struggled with his foes, for mercy, woke Apicata from her trance. The child knelt to its father's enemies, clasped its hands in the speechless terror of childhood, and what it could not ask with words, implored with tears. By its side knelt its mother, her hands clasped to her fevered brain, and the frenzied expression of the eye, denoting the pain and agony of the heart.

"Death! death!" rang on all sides with fearful force making the dungeon vocal with the terror of its echo, and the demon-fierceness of its instruments. Vain and impotent were the struggles of the wretched man against the overpowering mass that pressed upon him, each eager in the work of blood, and deeming vengeance alone the expiation for the murdered heir of the Cæsars. In the pauses of their unbridled rage rose the voice of Sejanus for "mercy!" stifled with terror and the exhaustion of physical struggle, like the choked voice of the sinking swimmer amid the momentary slumber of the tempest.

"Mercy? mercy? Ha, ha! Mercy to the murderer? Away with him!" was the infuriated and deriding answer, as almost with one hand, they grasped and tore him from the innocent forms which still clung to him.

"Have ye no mercy? mercy for his wife and child?" cried Apicata, following them on her knees as they tore him from her presence, her hands locked with a convulsive agony, "a wife—a woman, kneels, implores ye as men. Leave not," she continued, clasping her child and presenting it to the multitude, with that passionate and unuttered eloquence of gesture which nature

lends the mother in the moment which threatens her offspring; "leave not this child fatherless, she hath not wronged ye. Her tears speak her innocence, and beg in silence for the father."

She spoke to stones, to men hardened by the contemplation of the crimes they came to avenge, and deaf to every sound save the reiterated cry which burst from their own lips—"death! death!"

"The rope! the hook! the Tiber!" rose once more around and above them. The hideous images created by these words inspired Sejanus with a wild and terrific energy, which for the moment baffled even the strength of numbers. He rushed upon his most forward antagonist, and, seizing a club, hewed his way through the pressing crowd. It was vain, however, as the delusive strength which precedes the final throes of life, lending the hope of a moment to the dying; the club was stricken from his hand, and gasping, shrieking, and struggling, he was overpowered and borne down breathless to the earth.

"Guilty! guilty!" shrieked the doomed man, his smothered voice scarcely rising amid the pressure and the tumult, "still, mercy—mercy—oh! spare—"

A blow laid him dead at their feet, in the very moment of entreaty; the rope had been adjusted round his body, and, amid a burst of savage exultation which seemed to anticipate even posthumous revenge, he was dragged from the prison.

Mother and child were now the solitary tenants of that dismal cell. Some moments after they had left the prison, she endeavored to collect her scattered senses; she looked round wildly; she could individualize neither object nor place; time seemed to fly with a speed which bore away the reality of the image, only to leave its horror in the dream; the dim perception of furious clamor rang in her ear, and the figures of armed men surrounded her in a dense and congregated mass; a frown knit every brow, and sternness compressed every lip; yet was every thing in that moment confused and impalpable.

Amid this vague and wilder thought, she felt the arms of her little daughter Claudia clasping her neck, she heard her soft and sorrowful voice, as vainly she breathed accents of tenderness and consolation. The voice of her child was a link to the horrors of the scene she had witnessed; with the force of a spell it re-painted the murderous mob, as they pressed around, and trampled to the earth her husband; she heard her husband's dying shriek; she saw once again the terrible and convulsive struggle of his last moment. As she dwelt upon the vision, imagination gave it a deeper coloring, and a tangibility more hideous even than sight itself; she seized her child and rushed from the spot, where she had knelt, and beheld her husband's murder. But nature was faint and sick with the horrors that had curdled her warmest stream, and burst her strongest ties; she tottered forward a few steps, bearing her child, and sank with it lifeless on the dungeon-floor."

The Characters of Schiller. By Mrs. Ellet. Boston—Otis, Broaders and Co.—1839.

We think that the readers of this work will feel disposed to say, that Mrs. Ellet has furnished them with a rich mental banquet. At least, we have read some seventy or eighty pages in it and say so ourselves. The style is elegant, and the analysis of character well conducted. Of this, we give the following specimen—that of Philip the second:

"Philip, as first in place, claims our attention; hard-hearted, cold-blooded, selfish and cruel by nature, limited in his intellect, unrestrained by moral principle, and of unbounded pride, he is thoroughly a tyrant. His ruling motive is a desire to extend and consolidate his own power; to this the promptings of nature and the dictates of humanity have been ever sacrificed. He

has no sympathy with a single fellow being; he has passed through life without a friend; uncared for by those most dependent upon his caprices, forever confined within the narrow circle of his own immediate self-interests—the gloom of his soul never lighted up by a single spark of any great or generous emotion. Yet we do not see him brooding over his cold and solitary destiny; he sways a mighty sceptre with an iron hand, with an indomitable will, and finds his employment and pleasure in subduing the force of others, in adding to the vast distance that already separates him from inferior mortals. To elevate himself, and through himself, all that bears relation to his greatness, is the sole aim of his existence; an aim which he pursues steadily and unswervingly, and to which he would render all things else subservient. His bigotry and relentless tyranny have plunged the Netherlands into misery, and excited them to revolt; but the flinty despot dreams not of retracing a step of his course, to secure their allegiance; the thought of their sufferings, of conciliating clemency, finds no place in his mind; he discerns afar off the goal of his wishes, unlimited sovereignty;—the path to it is through blood and misery, over the trampled bodies of thousands of his subjects—the desolation of widows—the ruin of orphans—the blight of a prosperous and happy land—but he pauses not, though the sympathies of Europe for an outraged nation call on him to forbear! His understanding, fettered by selfishness, admits not the idea of the spirit of independence that is abroad; he hopes to conclude his work by the same means that begun it; to fling

“Himself against the wheel of a world’s fate.”

“This very resistless and relentless will, this immutable direction of purpose, invests Philip with a species of grandeur, a dignity, which revolting and appalling as it is, infallibly secures him from contempt. His cold cruelty excites our hatred; his despotic power, and the deliberate barbarity with which he uses it, awaken fear; but scorn is not for him; he is a dark and dreadful being, locking up in his breast, inaccessible to human emotion, designs and resolves fit for the conception of a demon—walking among men the object of mysterious terror, to blast and to destroy. His gloomy and austere superstition strengthens and heightens his other evil qualities, by stamping his actions with its terrible sanction. His jealousy is the offspring of pride; a pride of no generous origin, and producing no salutary effects; such a passion as might dwell in the bosom of the enemy of mankind. In the depths of his soul no soft or beautiful image is ever reflected; the stern and the hateful alone abide in those recesses unvisited by kindly gleams of sunshine. This picture is gradually unfolded to us in the course of the tragedy.”

We venture to say, that those who are not acquainted with the writings of the great German dramatist, will derive much instruction from the perusal of this work, and those who are, much gratification.

Harry Franco; a Tale of the Great Panic. New York—F. Saunders—1839.

We do not know whether we would be right in saying that the present is a period remarkable for the *cacethes scribendi* in the way of novels—but of the fact that the market is filled with works in this department of literature we are distinctly aware. But, if copy-rights can be sold and readers obtained, we have no objection in this point of view—it is a consolatory truism that we are not obliged to read all that is issued. There must, however, we would say, as a necessary consequence in such a mass, be much that is indifferent—much trash. We are gratified to see the intellectual developing itself among our national characteristics, but

we are by no means so infatuated as to suppose that one half—we will say one third—of what is written in this way, will reach a second edition, if they escape oblivion for a twelve-month—much less that they will add anything solid or brilliant to the monuments of our national literature.

These remarks are general, and are not meant particularly to apply to the work before us; although those who have taken more time and instituted a more thorough examination, for the purpose of passing judgment, may decide that they do so apply.

For our own part, we have been pleased with the portions of Harry Franco which we have read. It is filled with well-told adventures, is interesting and instructive. The style is easy, and the incidents, on the whole, natural and life-like. We commend it to our readers, especially to the young who are setting out in the world, to battle with its storms, and to encounter its snares and temptations.

We repeat that we were gratified with what we read. We, of course, do not pretend to offer special criticisms upon the work. We commend it to public favor, and hope that the author will not let his pen lie idle or cease from his literary labors.

North American Review—No. CIV. July, 1839.

This work is too well known to need commendation from our pen. It has long sustained a high place in our literature, and we trust that it receives the support which it merits. Those interested in metaphysics, will find an article suited to their taste, in this number, in the paper upon *Kant and his philosophy*, while all will be gratified by that entitled *Self Cultivation of the Christian Minister*. We commend the North American Review, earnestly, to public favor—to the patronage of our countrymen.

Literary Examiner, or Western Monthly Review—by E. Burke Fisher—Pittsburg, Pa.

We have been favored by the publisher with the second and third numbers of the “Literary Examiner or Western Monthly Review”—(the first it is presumed has miscarried)—published in the city of Pittsburg and edited by E. Burke Fisher—a gentleman of fine literary attainments. The work is of beautiful typography and each number contains nearly eighty pages of interesting matter. Many of the articles which our leisure has enabled us to read, are written with great ability, and there are none we believe not entitled to the character of respectable mediocrity. The tone of the numbers before us is both moral and patriotic, and the editor evinces the laudable resolution not to be behind in the race of periodical literature. We wish him and his infant enterprise success most cordially. And why should he not succeed? Pittsburg alone, it has been recently stated, including its environs, contains a population of fifty thousand,—and the rapid increase of our whole country is truly astonishing. Well does Capt. Marryatt say that statistical works on the United States, though accurate when written, cease to be so by the time they pass through the hands of the compositor and pressman. The fact is, that literary periodicals are as much the cause as the effect of literary appetite,—just as rail-roads increase travelling, whilst at the same time they accommodate it. Able, high-

toned and pure spirited works, like the "Examiner," are destined to exercise an important influence in our country. The world seems to be in a state of fermentation, and we have our full share of it. It is not to be denied that doctrines, sentiments and theories are promulgated and designs meditated, which are at war with the cause of virtue and sound morals, and if not counteracted will sooner or later destroy every thing like individual and national safety and happiness. Hence the necessity for all good men, who have the means, to encourage every thing calculated to arrest the march of corruption and decay. We must never cease in our efforts to promote the great cause of universal education. We must strive to purify public opinion and elevate the standard of public and private morality. We must endeavor to inspire the love of virtue and a taste for the beautiful and good both in art and nature. Our countrymen are too much wedded to the sordid pursuit of gain. How to grow rich, seems to be the only problem worthy of solution. To be free, virtuous, and happy, are objects of comparative insignificance!

The editor of the Messenger is one of the agents for the Examiner, and will with great pleasure receive subscriptions.

THE COPY-BOOK—NO. VIII.

A letter from Theodorick Bland, Jr., to his lady—copied from the original, and never before published.

My Dearest Patsy,—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of your three letters, (besides one I received on the road, favored by Capt. Nelson,) the first dated the 10th day of inoculation, the second the 3d day of February, and the last the 1st day of February. I am now set down with the serious intention of answering them, and of indulging myself after two or three days marching and counter-marching, in a little chat with my angel, my Patsy. But not like you, I have begun, and perhaps may end, with an account of myself. Oh, Patsy, why do you not speculate always of yourself, of your state of health, of your thoughts, and your actions;—of your thoughts, I confess you do;—but do not suffer them to run wild in the exuberance of your fertile, (for our situation) too fertile imagination. Believe me, my dearest wife, that Providence, to whom you fervently pray, will hear your prayer, and shield your husband from harm. The horrors of war, I mean the dangers of the field, are fewer than your fears and feelings suggest to you. I have been in the field; I have seen the enemy drawn up; and am safely returned to a mansion, as peaceful, though not so pleasant as our little farm. We have this day been amused with a distant engagement, which we since learn was at a place called Quibble Town, where there was an incessant fire of cannon and small arms for near three hours; the particulars are not yet come to hand. I was two days ago with part of my regiment, and a body of troops under the command of General Sullivan, on a foraging party; our plan was executed: one or two of the light horse fired a shot or two at a small party of the enemy; a party of foot marched up to attack them, but they retreated and left us the field, without the least damage done on either side. We brought off five or six hundred cattle, and about as many sheep, belonging to Tories, who had joined, and were about to join the enemy. Colonel Scott, of Virginia, had an engagement six or eight days ago, in which the enemy are said to have lost thirty men killed, and about sixty wounded; but from a tardiness in another officer, was obliged to retreat, leaving eight men killed, and ten or twelve wounded. The enemy were near treble his number, and he behaved gallantly. But oh, my dear, shall I tell you of the disgrace of our countryman, —. It will fly soon enough; I shall therefore say no more: a court martial has been this day held on him, and the best that can happen to him, will be to be broke with infamy. But what are these things to my Patsy? They are the common talk of the camp, and I thought I would give it to you. In your letter of February 1st, you tell me you *have been* (exceedingly) ill for five days; but think, my dear, how cruelly you have stopped: you do not tell me you are now well, nor can I know, but by the *have been*, and inferring from your hand-writing, and your going to the glass. You do not know, my dear, what doubts I

have had with myself, and what altercations in my own mind, whether you went to the glass, or the glass came to you. Such things as these are easily cleared up. Do not, my dear, torture me at a distance, with "but enough of myself." Of whom else is it I wish to hear? For God's sake, my dear, when you are writing, write of nothing but yourself, or at least exhaust that dear, ever dear subject, before you make a transition to another; tell me of your going to bed, of your rising, of the hour you breakfast, dine, sup, visit; tell me of any thing, but leave me not in doubt about your health. You began well, * * *

* * * but then you abruptly break off, and say, "but my fate cannot yet be determined." Has the doctor said so, or do I mistake the idea? Heaven grant I may. How cruel is this, my dearest girl, to leave me in suspense? Why, my dearest girl, will you torment yourself, in your letter of the third, by anticipating evil to yourself and me, and by a comparison of your situation with those who are *apparently* happier? Consider, my Patsy, you are a philosopher—you are a heroine—your feelings I love, but why turn them to your torture, or my anguish? You dive not, my dearest, into the dreary mansions, and lonely retreats of those who pass your window, with cheerful faces, and hasty steps. You feel not their woes—you see not their troubles; they may have husbands pining in dungeons, children ready to devour the scanty morsel that hard labor, and frugal industry may have scarcely earned, unknowing where the next morsel is to come from. They may have their nearest connections swallowed up at sea, or devoured by the horrid engines of destruction—they may not have a pillow whereon to rest their weary heads. From these, I thank my God, my Patsy is yet secure. Could you behold the distress that ravaging war has occasioned, in this once delightful spot, this garden of the world, you would say 'twere wise to keep it from our doors at all events. What is the sacrifice of a few years to the good of the human species? what heart can behold the outrages committed here, and sit with inactive silence and look on with obdurate apathy? Fear not, my Patsy,—yes, "you will again feel your husband's lips flowing with love and affectionate warmth." Heaven never means to separate two who love so well, so soon; and if it does, with what transport shall we meet in Heaven? And does poor Dido sympathise with her dear mistress? take care of her, for her master's sake; but let not any accident that may befall her, add one atom to my dear's distress. Are you not an artful slut?—I too could, nay almost had made a blot. Did you not know the eloquence of that black spot in your letter? Why was the ink lighter colored than the writing? Was it not diluted with a precious drop from my dearest Patsy's eyes. I thought it was, and kissed it: henceforth I shall think a blot the most elegant writing. Not one letter. Yes, my dear, I have stolen from the silent night two hours about a week ago, and sent my heart to you in a sheet of paper. Have you not received it? I left it at head-quarters, and will inquire after it tomorrow—no, I cannot. To-morrow I shall go to Brunswick, if nothing happens to prevent it, by order of the general, with a flag of truce. It will be, I believe, a pleasant expedition. Perhaps I may meet some of my old acquaintances. You say, my love, you must see me for a very particular reason. As soon as it can be done with honor, my Patsy shall be gratified; but that, alas, (is now) impossible. I will not flatter, my dear; but why sit down in silent melancholy? Why make yourself, and me too, unhappy? No, my dearest girl, let me hear that you are easy, sprightly, gay and cheerful. It will not retard our happy meeting, nor sour our separation. Why, when the cup is bitter, will you add gall to it? Your prudence has suggested to me what I did not think of. What gold and silver you can conveniently spare, you may leave with Mr. Powell. Render him and his lady my best thanks for their kind regard and civility to my Patsy, and apologise for my not waiting on them before I left Philadelphia. You may give *** a kiss for his kindness to you, and that will pay the ***** well enough. I know I value it at above one hundred pounds. Tell him I will pay him money for inoculating the negroes, as much as he asks. His man is good for nothing; I have cursed him ten thousand times. His kindness is nevertheless in letting me have him. If Isaac can be conveniently spared, after being well smoked, washed, and dried, send him to me, and take Kit; if not, send Kit, after a thorough cleansing—it would be bad to communicate the small pox. Captain John Nelson, of my regiment, will accompany you to Virginia, if you go soon; but I will write another letter in a day or two. God bless you—my paper is out, and my candle burnt down. THEO'K BLAND.